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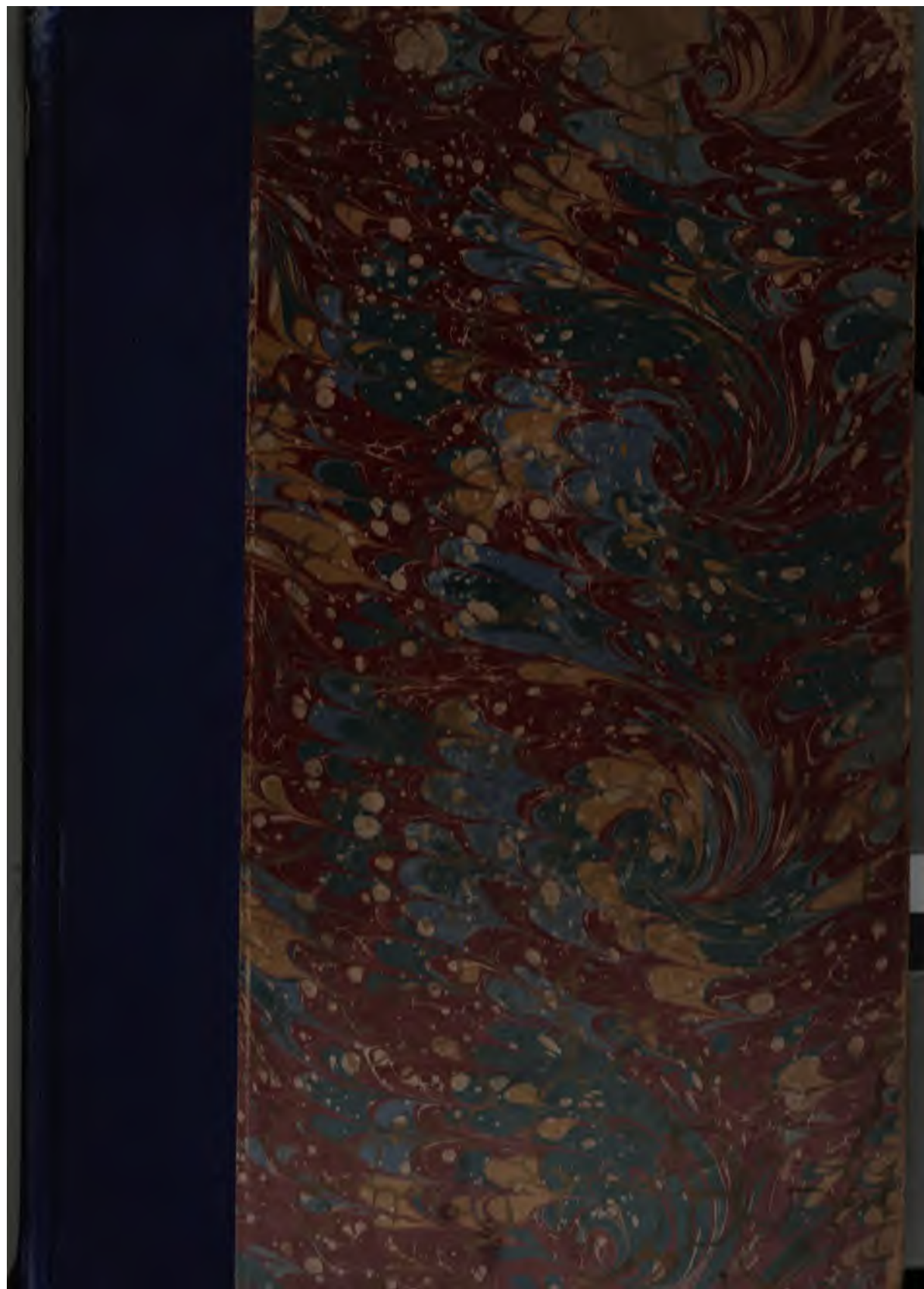
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IN MEMORY OF
JAMES RICHARD JEWETT
Class of 1884
Professor of Arabic
1911-1933

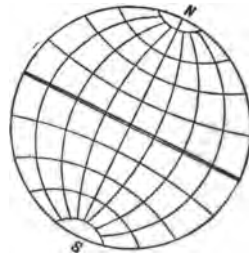
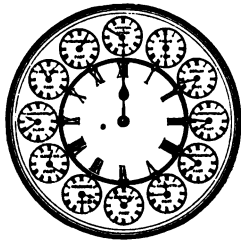
GIVEN BY HIS SON
GEORGE FREDERICK JEWETT
Class of 1919

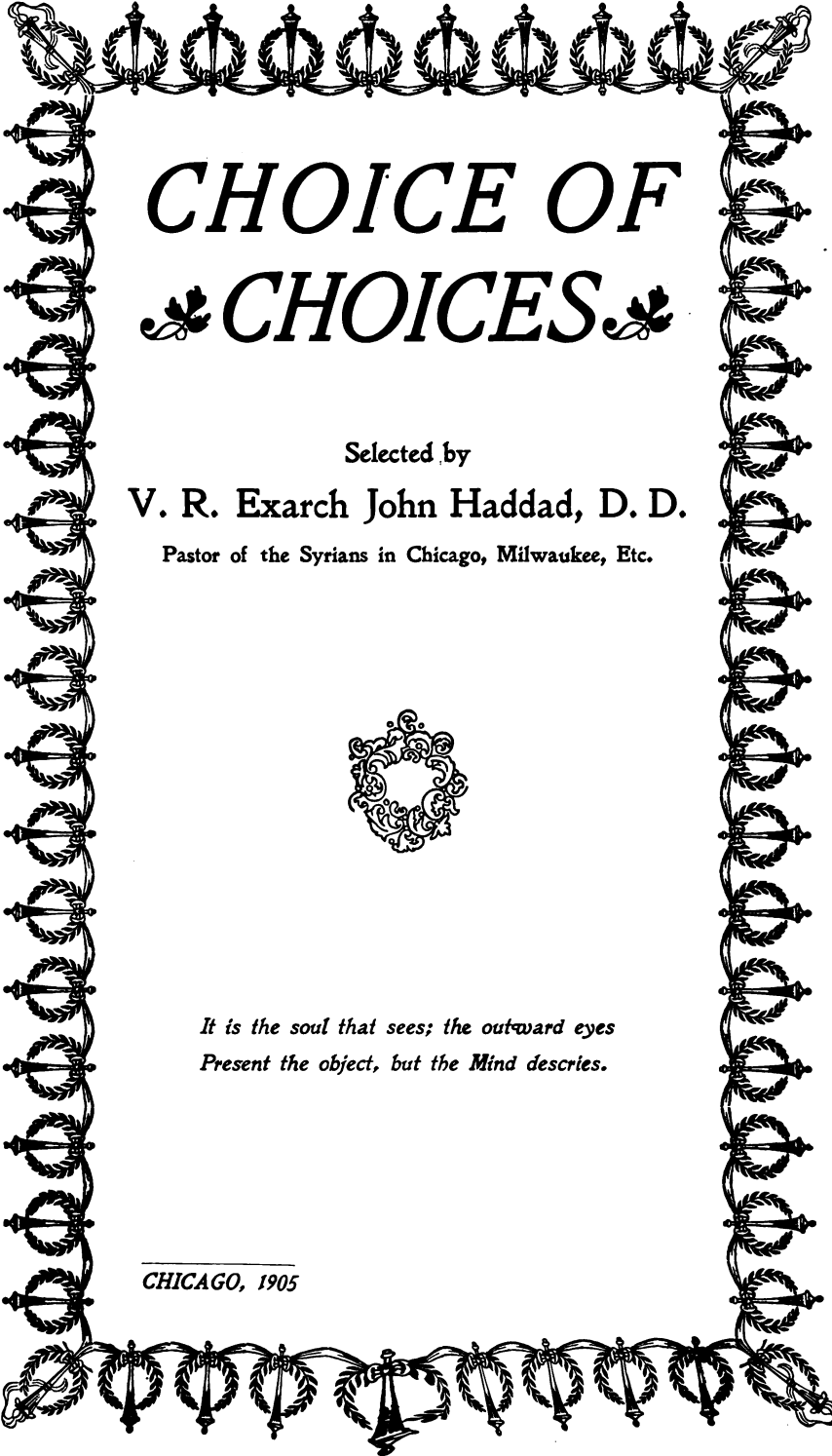
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P. R. Exarch John Haddad, D. D.
Pastor of the Syrians in Chicago, Milwaukee, Etc.

إِذَا رُمَتْ أَقْسَامَ الْإِلَادِ وَوَصَفَهَا
 إِلَيْكَ كِتَابًا ضَمَّ أَبْدَعَ مَا تَرَى
 وَمَا تَحْنُوِي دُنْيَاكَ بِالطُّولِ وَالْعَرْضِ
 مِنْ الْخَمْسَةِ الْأَقْسَامِ مِنْ كُرْوِ الْأَرْضِ
 دَسَمْتُ بِوِ رَسْمَيْنِ رَسْمِي وَرَسْمَهَا
 قَرَسَمِي بِهَا يَتَى وَلَكِنْ أَنَا أَمِضِي





CHOICE OF CHOICES.

Selected by

V. R. Exarch John Haddad, D. D.

Pastor of the Syrians in Chicago, Milwaukee, Etc.



*It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind describes.*

CHICAGO, 1905

~~Anahe 5636~~

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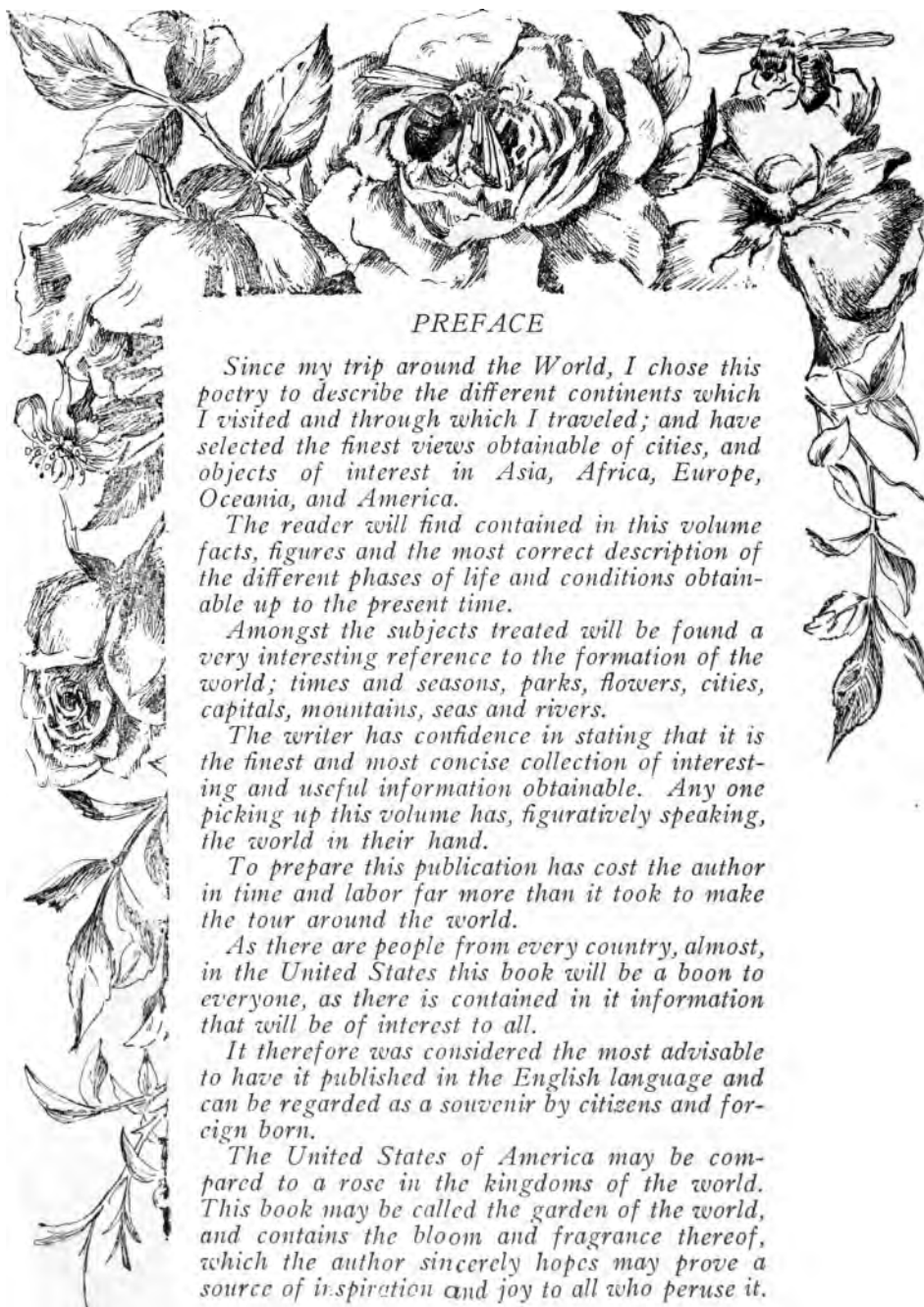
To
**Theodore
Roosevelt**

*President of the
United States
and King of Peace,
who had two wit-
nesses—the Czar of
Russia on his right
and the Emperor of
Japan on his left
hand, I dedicate, as
a Souvenir of Peace,
this book which con-
tains a description
of the World with
illustrations.*

J. H.



His Excellency Michael Gaddad
General in Austrian Army
Who defrayed the Expense of this Book



PREFACE

Since my trip around the World, I chose this poetry to describe the different continents which I visited and through which I traveled; and have selected the finest views obtainable of cities, and objects of interest in Asia, Africa, Europe, Oceania, and America.

The reader will find contained in this volume facts, figures and the most correct description of the different phases of life and conditions obtainable up to the present time.

Amongst the subjects treated will be found a very interesting reference to the formation of the world; times and seasons, parks, flowers, cities, capitals, mountains, seas and rivers.

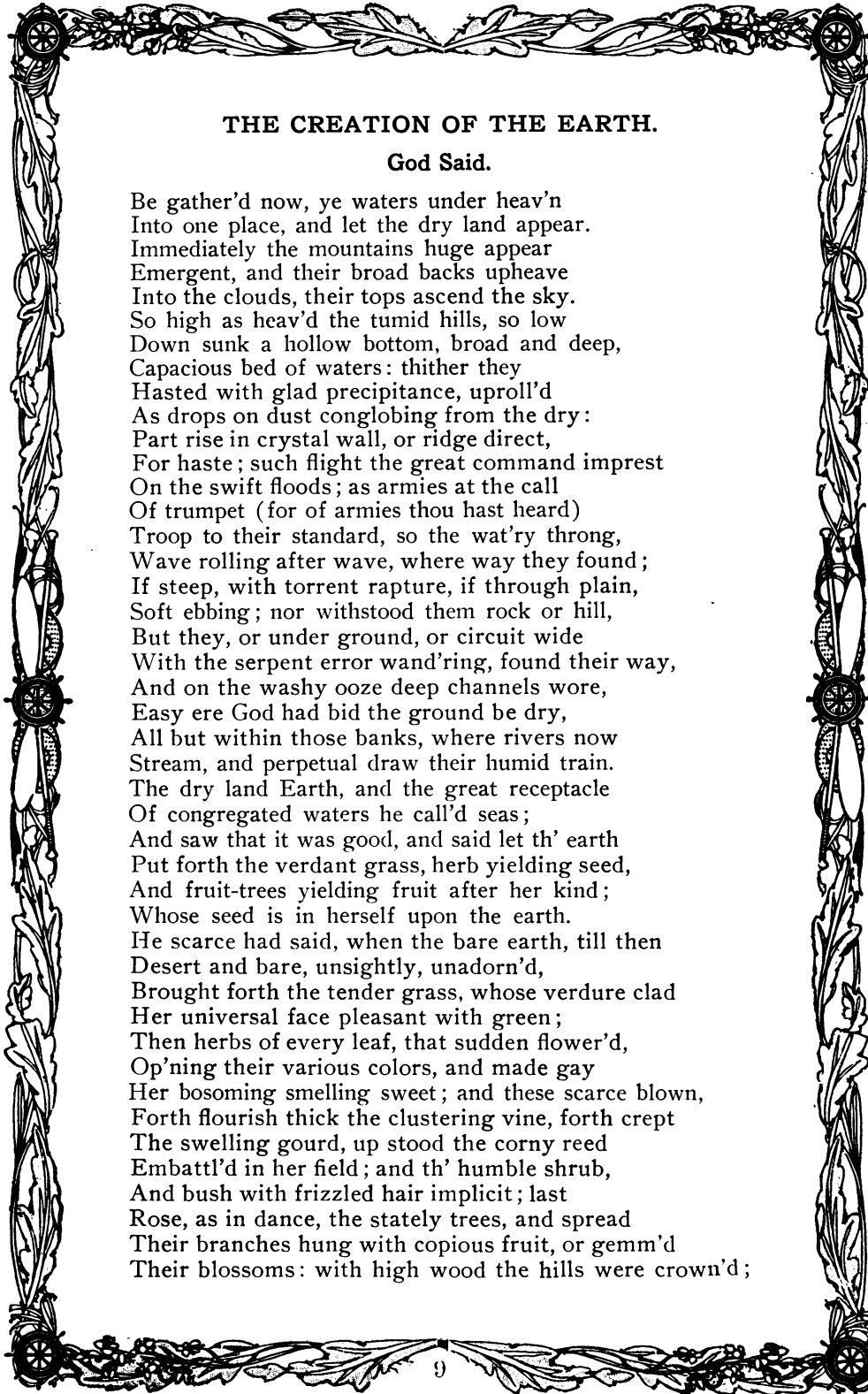
The writer has confidence in stating that it is the finest and most concise collection of interesting and useful information obtainable. Any one picking up this volume has, figuratively speaking, the world in their hand.

To prepare this publication has cost the author in time and labor far more than it took to make the tour around the world.

As there are people from every country, almost, in the United States this book will be a boon to everyone, as there is contained in it information that will be of interest to all.

It therefore was considered the most advisable to have it published in the English language and can be regarded as a souvenir by citizens and foreign born.

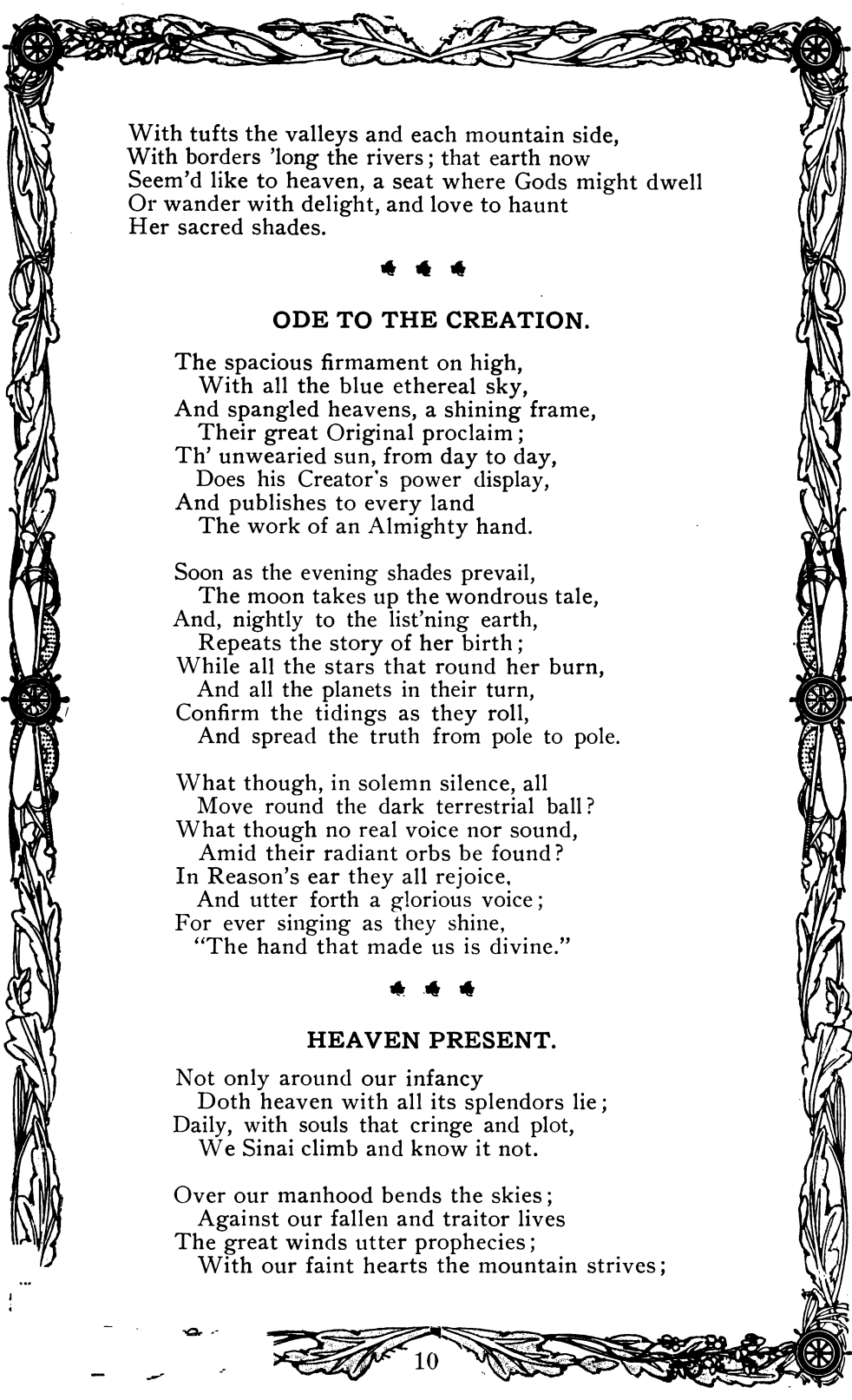
The United States of America may be compared to a rose in the kingdoms of the world. This book may be called the garden of the world, and contains the bloom and fragrance thereof, which the author sincerely hopes may prove a source of inspiration and joy to all who peruse it.



THE CREATION OF THE EARTH.

God Said.

Be gather'd now, ye waters under heav'n
Into one place, and let the dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky.
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry:
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command imprest
On the swift floods; as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With the serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore,
Easy ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd seas;
And saw that it was good, and said let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-trees yielding fruit after her kind;
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face pleasant with green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd,
Op'ning their various colors, and made gay
Her bosoming smelling sweet; and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattl'd in her field; and th' humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit; last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high wood the hills were crown'd;



With tufts the valleys and each mountain side,
With borders 'long the rivers; that earth now
Seem'd like to heaven, a seat where Gods might dwell
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades.



ODE TO THE CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

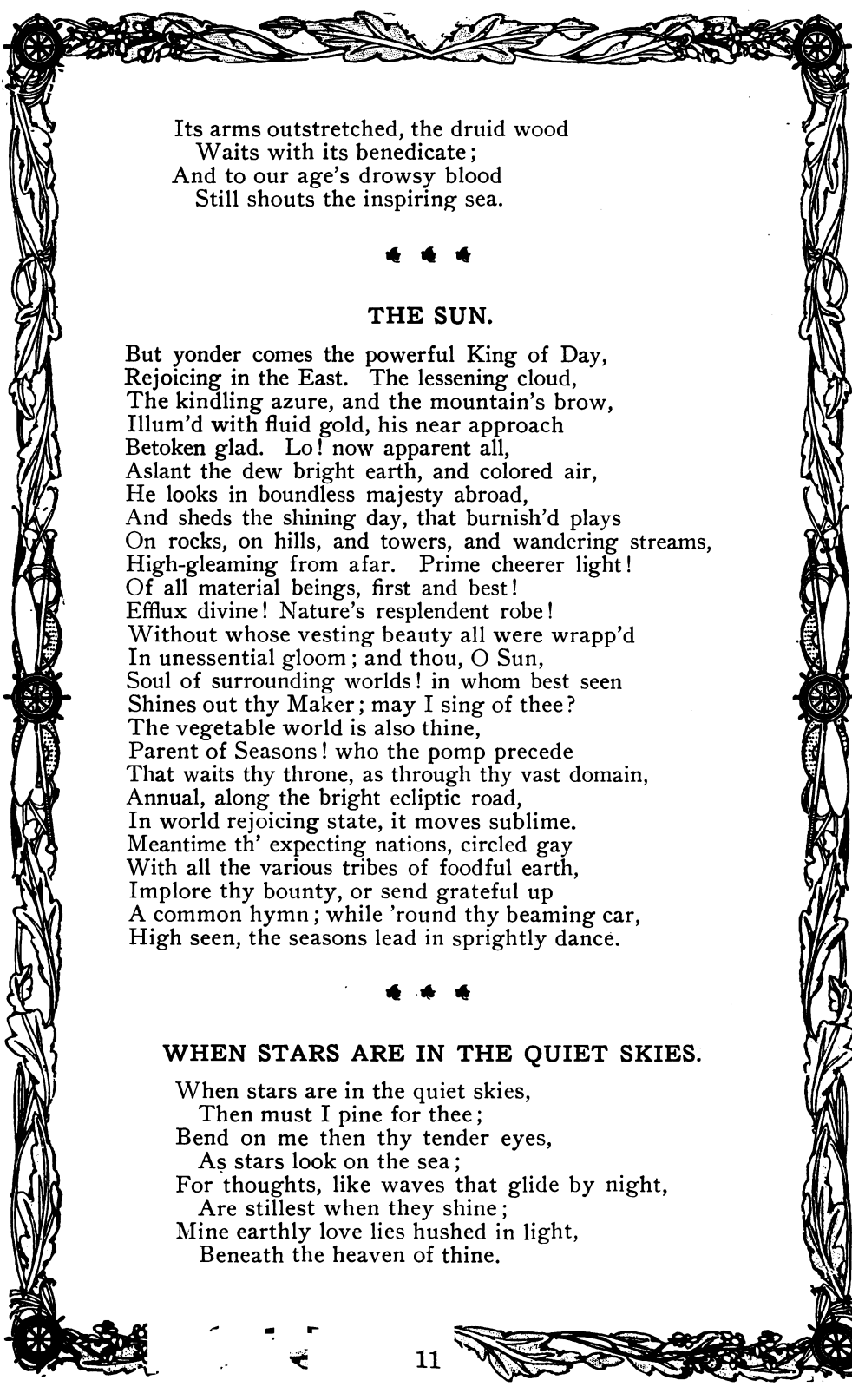
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."



HEAVEN PRESENT.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinai climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bends the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;



Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicate;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.



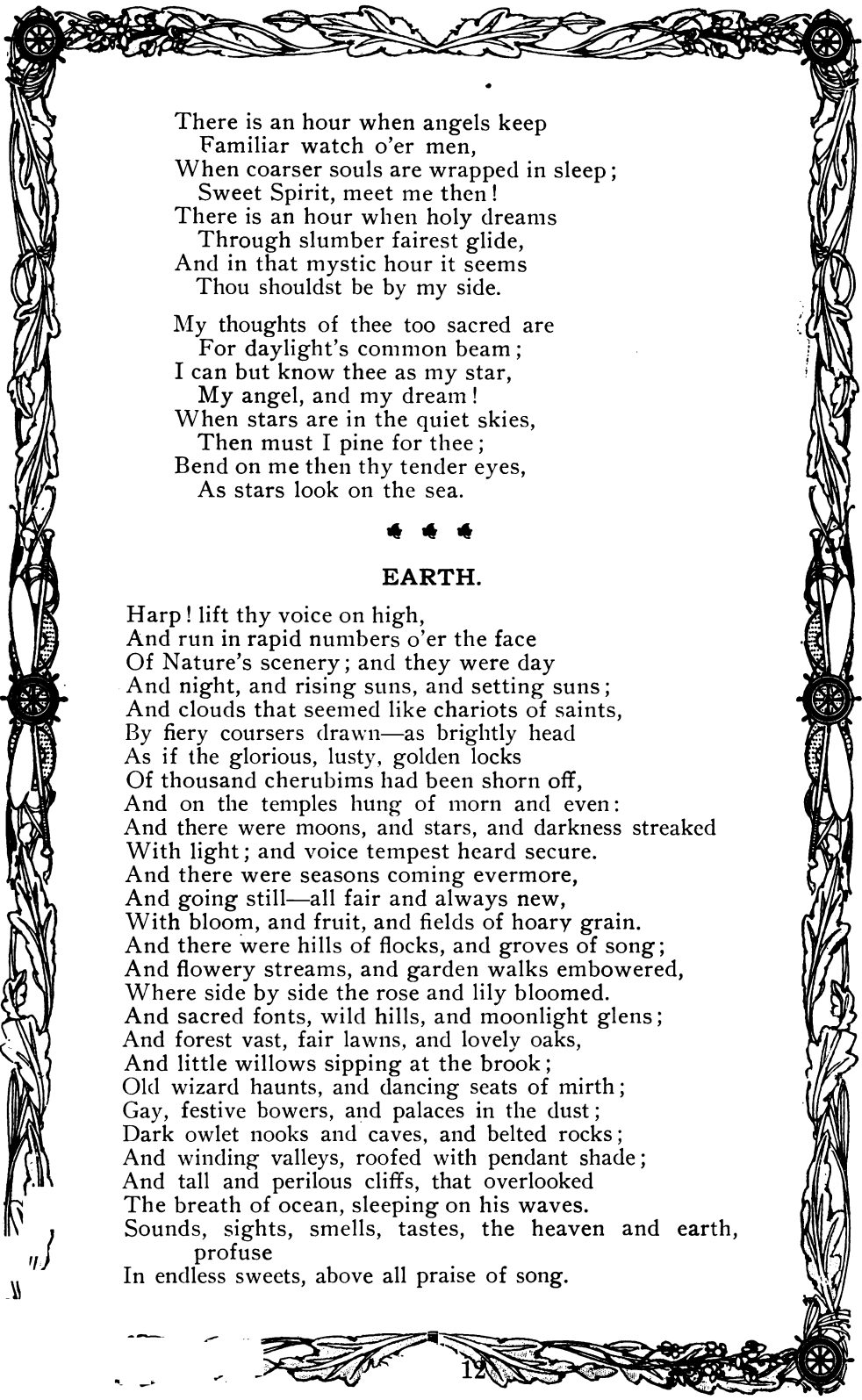
THE SUN.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the East. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew bright earth, and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, on hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer light!
Of all material beings, first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun,
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker; may I sing of thee?
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn; while 'round thy beaming car,
High seen, the seasons lead in sprightly dance.



WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then must I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea;
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light,
Beneath the heaven of thine.



There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep;
Sweet Spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then must I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.



EARTH.

Harp! lift thy voice on high,
And run in rapid numbers o'er the face
Of Nature's scenery; and they were day
And night, and rising suns, and setting suns;
And clouds that seemed like chariots of saints,
By fiery coursers drawn—as brightly head
As if the glorious, lusty, golden locks
Of thousand cherubims had been shorn off,
And on the temples hung of morn and even:
And there were moons, and stars, and darkness streaked
With light; and voice tempest heard secure.
And there were seasons coming evermore,
And going still—all fair and always new,
With bloom, and fruit, and fields of hoary grain.
And there were hills of flocks, and groves of song;
And flowery streams, and garden walks embowered,
Where side by side the rose and lily bloomed.
And sacred founts, wild hills, and moonlight glens;
And forest vast, fair lawns, and lovely oaks,
And little willows sipping at the brook;
Old wizard haunts, and dancing seats of mirth;
Gay, festive bowers, and palaces in the dust;
Dark owlet nooks and caves, and belted rocks;
And winding valleys, roofed with pendant shade;
And tall and perilous cliffs, that overlooked
The breath of ocean, sleeping on his waves.
Sounds, sights, smells, tastes, the heaven and earth,
profuse
In endless sweets, above all praise of song.

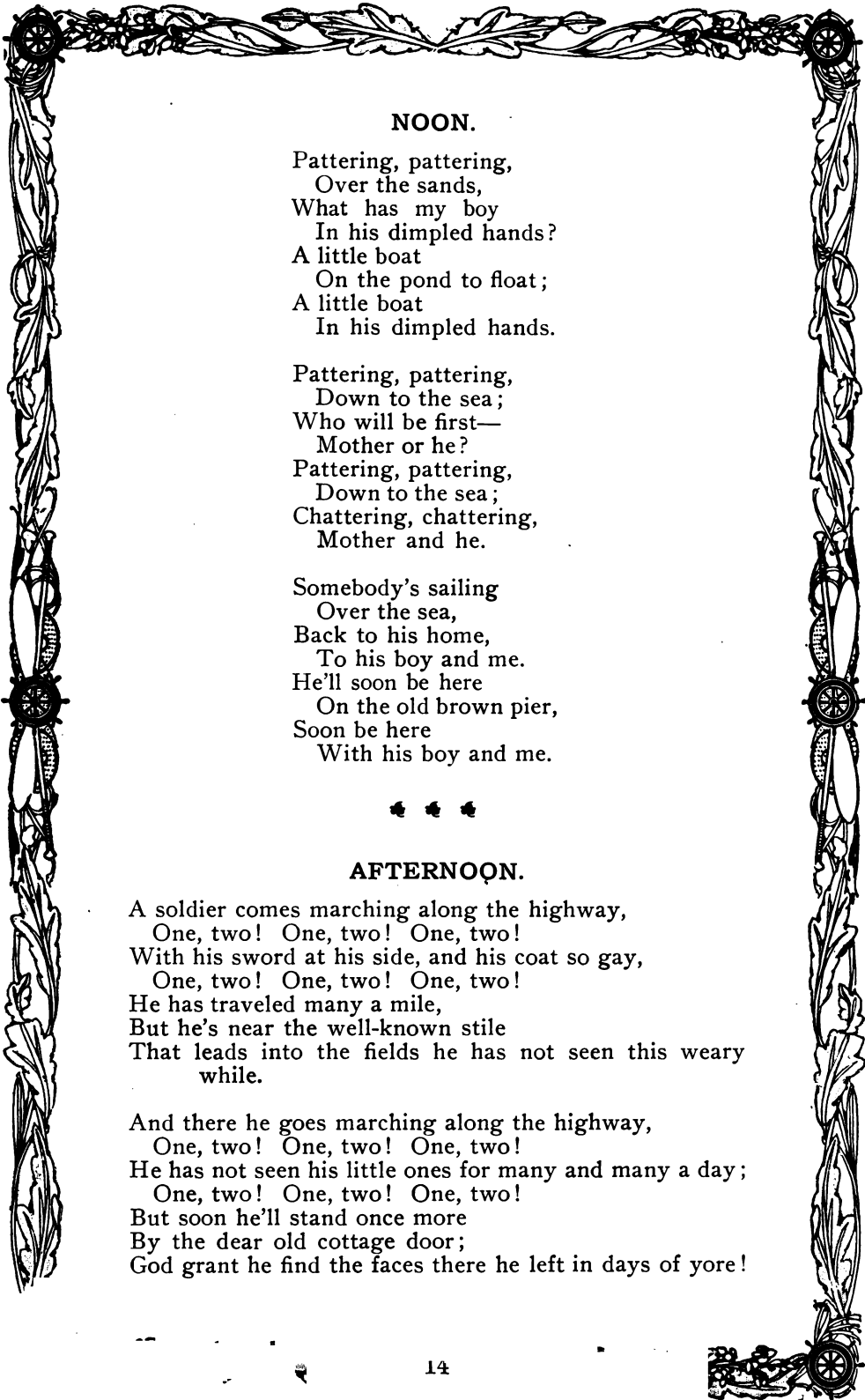
BREEZES OF THE MORNING.

These are the gardens of the desert, these,
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name,
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away;
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath,



LA FRANCE ROSE

The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges! Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not, ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific; have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?



NOON.

Pattering, pattering,
Over the sands,
What has my boy
In his dimpled hands?
A little boat
On the pond to float;
A little boat
In his dimpled hands.

Pattering, pattering,
Down to the sea;
Who will be first—
Mother or he?
Pattering, pattering,
Down to the sea;
Chattering, chattering,
Mother and he.

Somebody's sailing
Over the sea,
Back to his home,
To his boy and me.
He'll soon be here
On the old brown pier,
Soon be here
With his boy and me.



AFTERNOON.

A soldier comes marching along the highway,
One, two! One, two! One, two!
With his sword at his side, and his coat so gay,
One, two! One, two! One, two!
He has traveled many a mile,
But he's near the well-known stile
That leads into the fields he has not seen this weary
while.

And there he goes marching along the highway,
One, two! One, two! One, two!
He has not seen his little ones for many and many a day;
One, two! One, two! One, two!
But soon he'll stand once more
By the dear old cottage door;
God grant he find the faces there he left in days of yore!

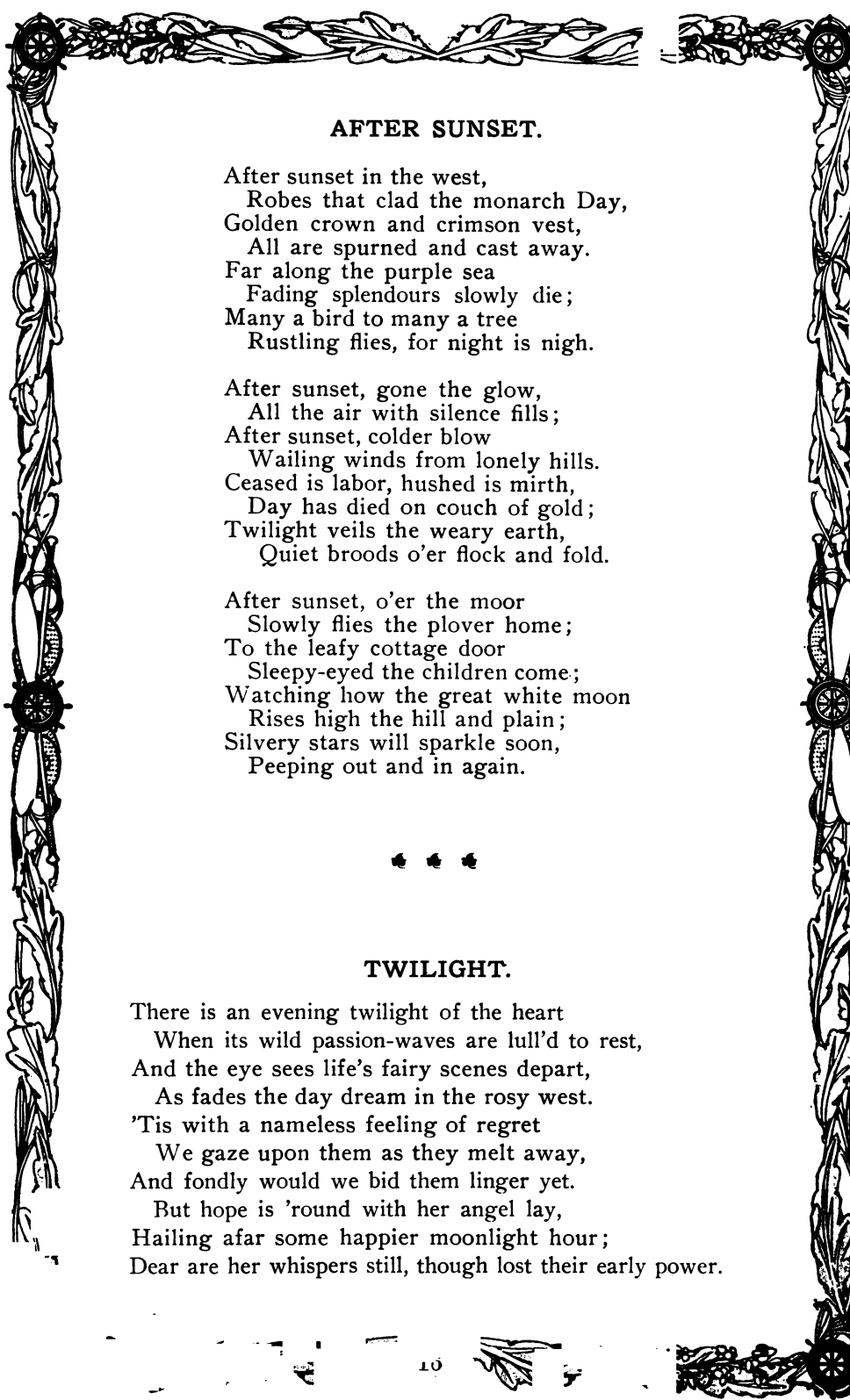
SUNSET.

Sunset is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day. This very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms,
Whose cloudy manes are wet with heavy dews,
And dews are drizzling from her chariot-wheels
Brainful of dreams, as summer hives with bees.



FLAT LILY BOUQUET

And 'round her, in the pale and spectral light,
Flock bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings.
The flying sun goes down the burning west,
Vast Night comes noiseless up the eastern slope,
And so the eternal chase goes 'round the world.



AFTER SUNSET.

After sunset in the west,
Robes that clad the monarch Day,
Golden crown and crimson vest,
All are spurned and cast away.
Far along the purple sea
Fading splendours slowly die;
Many a bird to many a tree
Rustling flies, for night is nigh.

After sunset, gone the glow,
All the air with silence fills;
After sunset, colder blow
Wailing winds from lonely hills.
Ceased is labor, hushed is mirth,
Day has died on couch of gold;
Twilight veils the weary earth,
Quiet broods o'er flock and fold.

After sunset, o'er the moor
Slowly flies the plover home;
To the leafy cottage door
Sleepy-eyed the children come;
Watching how the great white moon
Rises high the hill and plain;
Silvery stars will sparkle soon,
Peeping out and in again.



TWILIGHT.

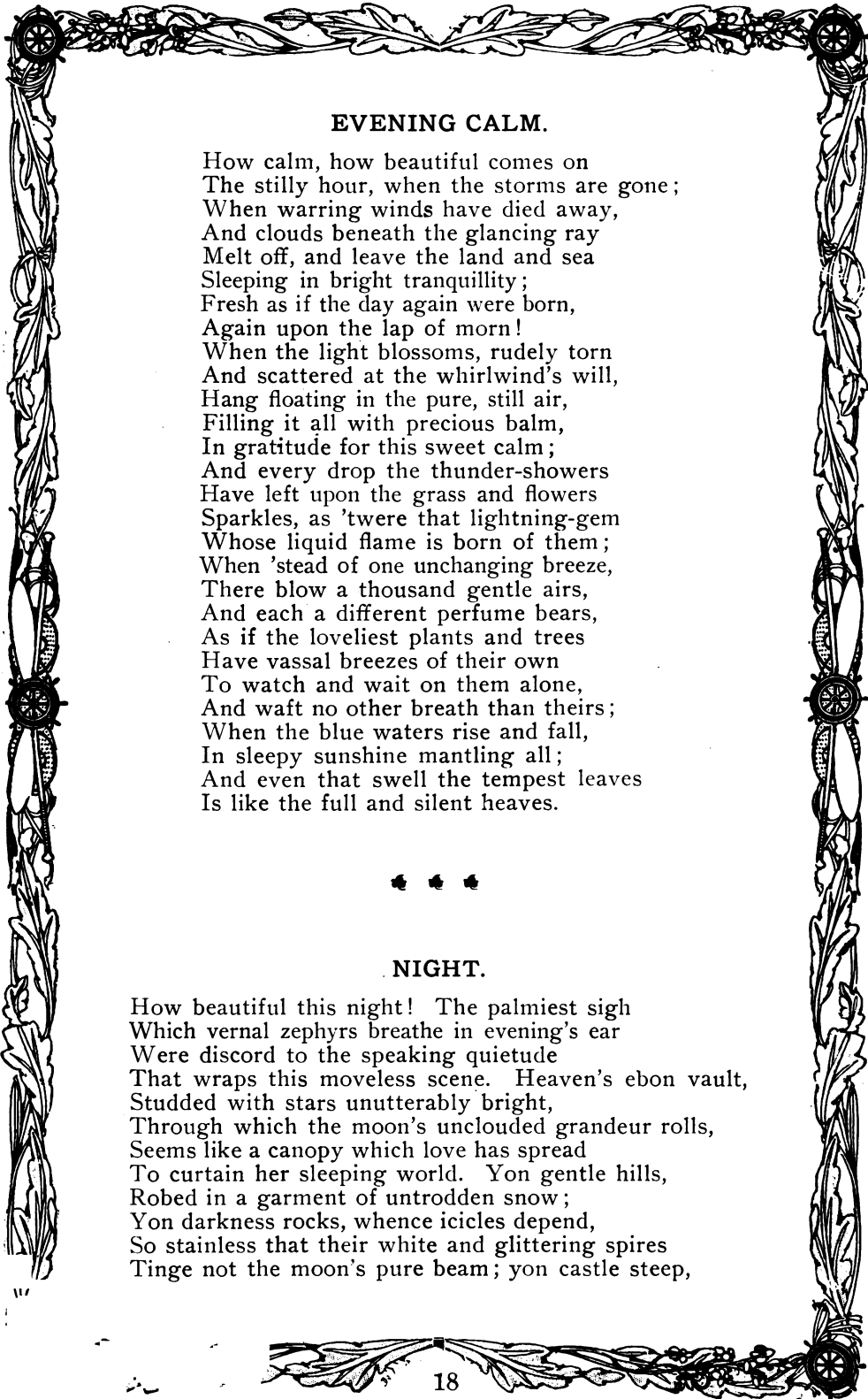
There is an evening twilight of the heart
When its wild passion-waves are lull'd to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day dream in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet.
But hope is 'round with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth the cheek was crimson'd with her glow;
Her smile was loveliest then; her matin song
Had heaven's own music, and the note of woe
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born;
We knew not, cared not; it was born to die,
Flush'd with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gaze upon the pure sky,
And mocked the passing clouds that dimm'd its blue,
Like our own sorrows then, as fleeting and as few.



LILY BOUQUET

And manhood felt her sway, too—on the eye,
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,
Her promised bower of happiness seem'd nigh,
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight.
And though at times might lower the thunder-storm,
And red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form.



EVENING CALM.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when the storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity;
Fresh as if the day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure, still air,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them;
When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Have vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs;
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves.



NIGHT.

How beautiful this night! The palmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darkness rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castle steep,

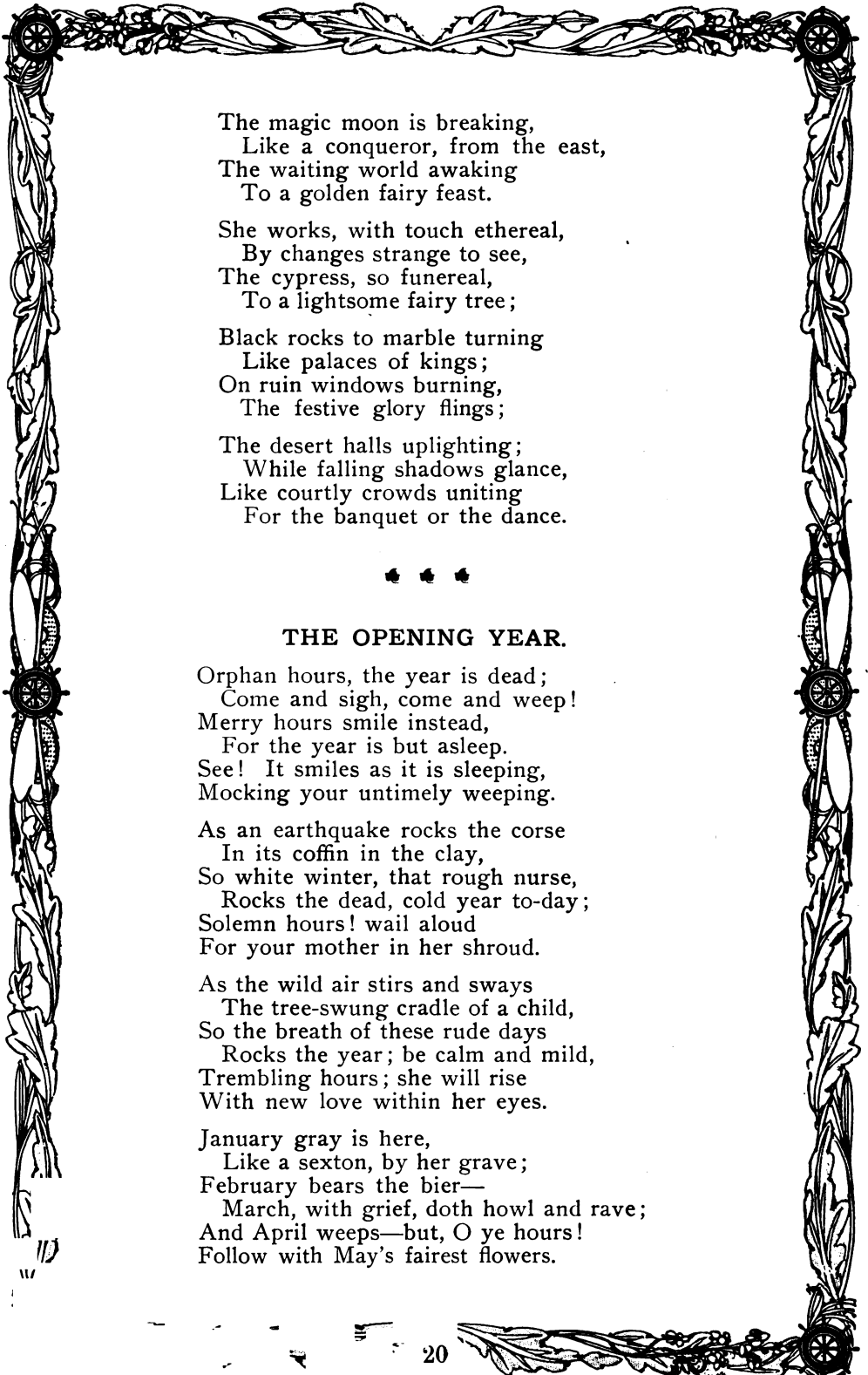
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone
So cold, so bright, so still.



DAHLIA

MOONRISE.

What stands upon the highland,
What walks across the rise,
As though a starry island
Were sinking down the skies?
What makes the trees so golden?
What decks the mountain-side
Like a veil of silver folden
'Round the white brow of a bride?



The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east,
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.

She works, with touch ethereal,
By changes strange to see,
The cypress, so funereal,
To a lightsome fairy tree;

Black rocks to marble turning
Like palaces of kings;
On ruin windows burning,
The festive glory flings;

The desert halls uplighting;
While falling shadows glance,
Like courtly crowds uniting
For the banquet or the dance.



THE OPENING YEAR.

Orphan hours, the year is dead;
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See! It smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks the corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead, cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year; be calm and mild,
Trembling hours; she will rise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton, by her grave;
February bears the bier—
March, with grief, doth howl and rave;
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

FEBRUARY.

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long,
Thou dost expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long, delay no more.
What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer noons?



TUBE ROSE AND BUD



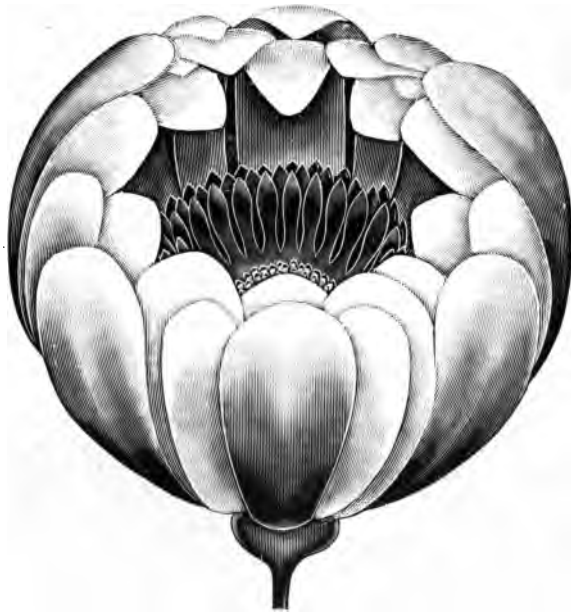
TULIP

Bring orchids—bring the fox-glove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums dropping wells of fire.
O thou new year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen blood,
And flood a fresher throat of song.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the valley flies.

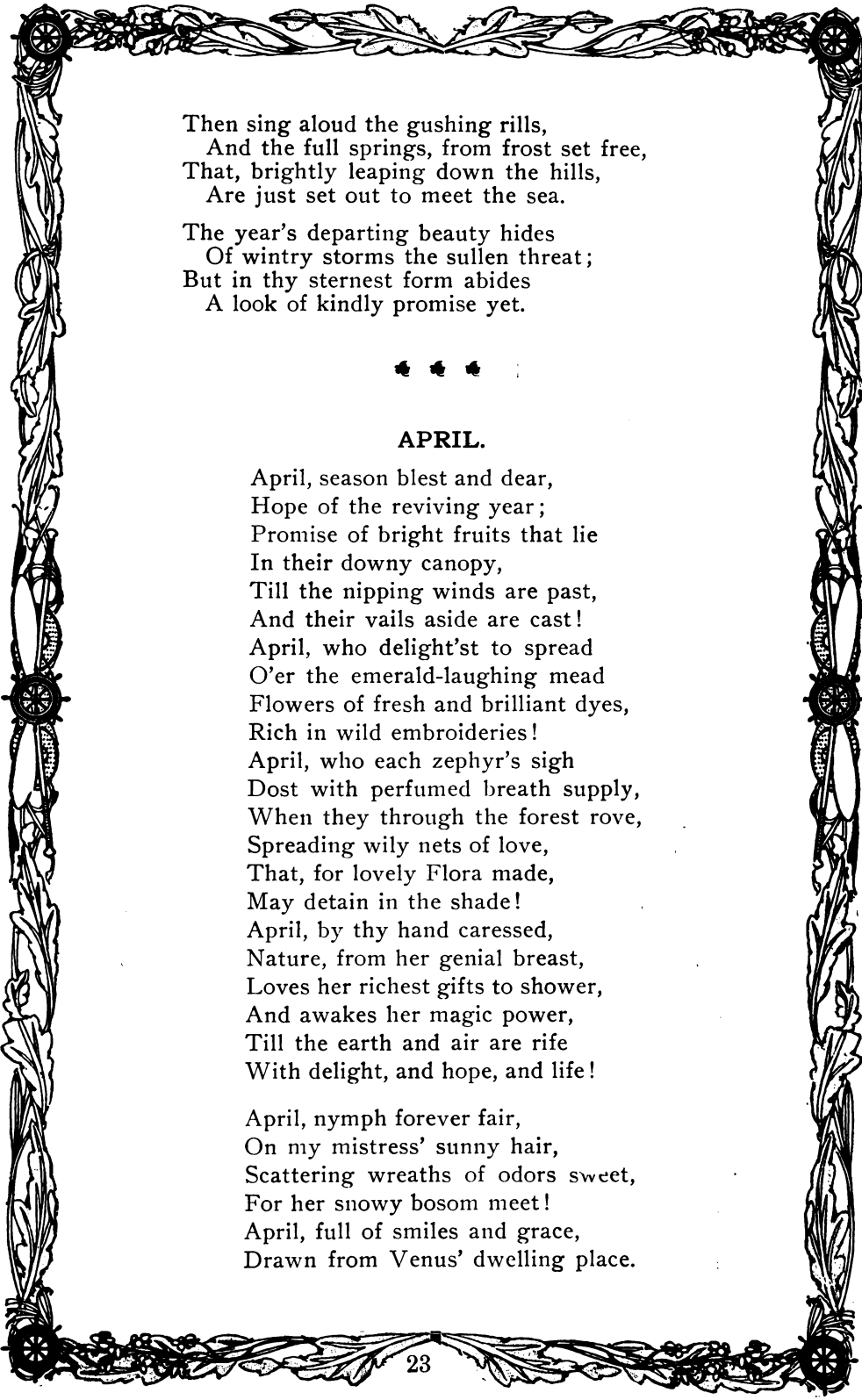
Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee!
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.



POND LILY

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentler train,
And wear'st the gentle name of spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.



Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest form abides
A look of kindly promise yet.



APRIL.

April, season blest and dear,
Hope of the reviving year;
Promise of bright fruits that lie
In their downy canopy,
Till the nipping winds are past,
And their vails aside are cast!
April, who delight'st to spread
O'er the emerald-laughing mead
Flowers of fresh and brilliant dyes,
Rich in wild embroideries!
April, who each zephyr's sigh
Dost with perfumed breath supply,
When they through the forest rove,
Spreading wily nets of love,
That, for lovely Flora made,
May detain in the shade!
April, by thy hand caressed,
Nature, from her genial breast,
Loves her richest gifts to shower,
And awakes her magic power,
Till the earth and air are rife
With delight, and hope, and life!

April, nymph forever fair,
On my mistress' sunny hair,
Scattering wreaths of odors sweet,
For her snowy bosom meet!
April, full of smiles and grace,
Drawn from Venus' dwelling place.

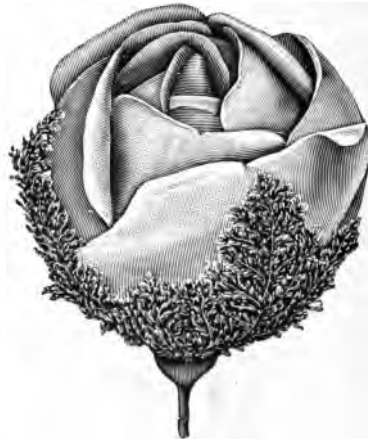
MAY.

Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamingly they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide.
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills;
The sweet, blue-bosom'd violets
Are blowing by the rills;



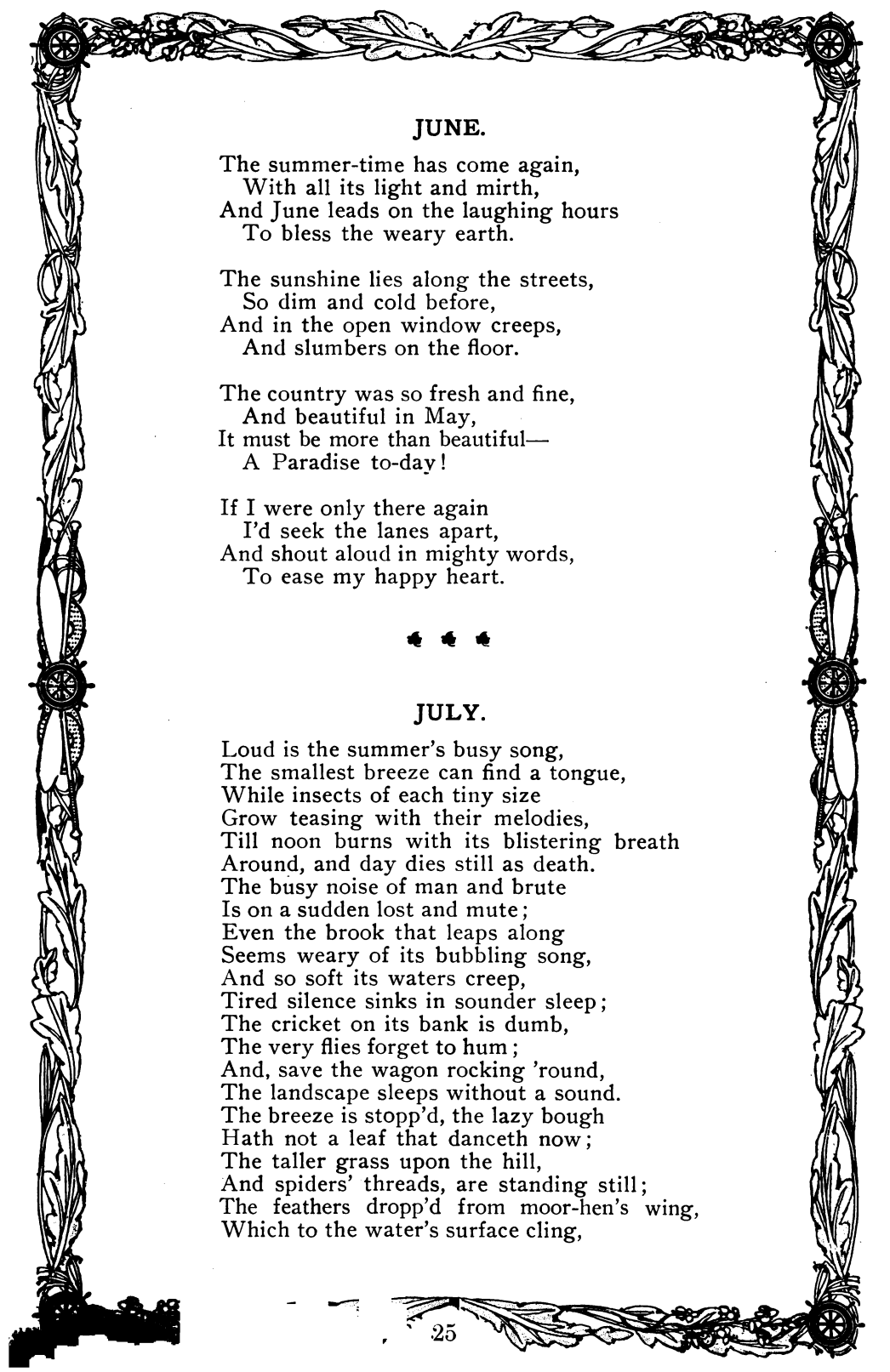
ROSE



BUD ROSE

The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the somber firs.

There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—
Sweets for the sucking bee;
The sick came forth of the healing South;
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry
That is told by the golden hours.



JUNE.

The summer-time has come again,
With all its light and mirth,
And June leads on the laughing hours
To bless the weary earth.

The sunshine lies along the streets,
So dim and cold before,
And in the open window creeps,
And slumbers on the floor.

The country was so fresh and fine,
And beautiful in May,
It must be more than beautiful—
A Paradise to-day!

If I were only there again
I'd seek the lanes apart,
And shout aloud in mighty words,
To ease my happy heart.



JULY.

Loud is the summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day dies still as death.
The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along
Seems weary of its bubbling song,
And so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep;
The cricket on its bank is dumb,
The very flies forget to hum;
And, save the wagon rocking 'round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound.
The breeze is stopp'd, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that danceth now;
The taller grass upon the hill,
And spiders' threads, are standing still;
The feathers dropp'd from moor-hen's wing,
Which to the water's surface cling,

Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
 As stones beneath them in the stream;
 Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs
 Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;
 And in the oven-heated air
 Not one light thing is floating there.

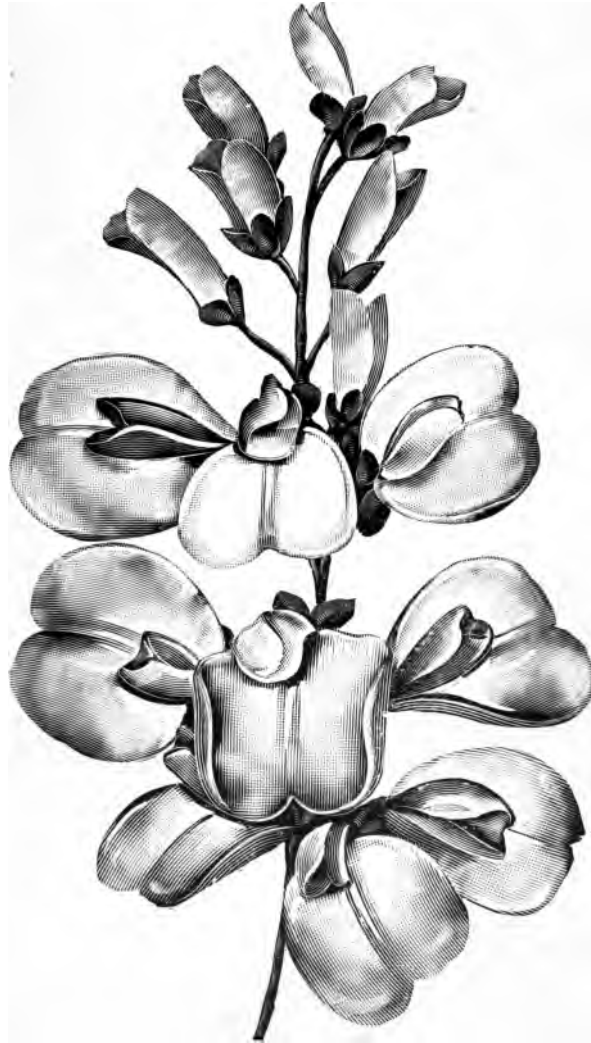


AMARYLLIS

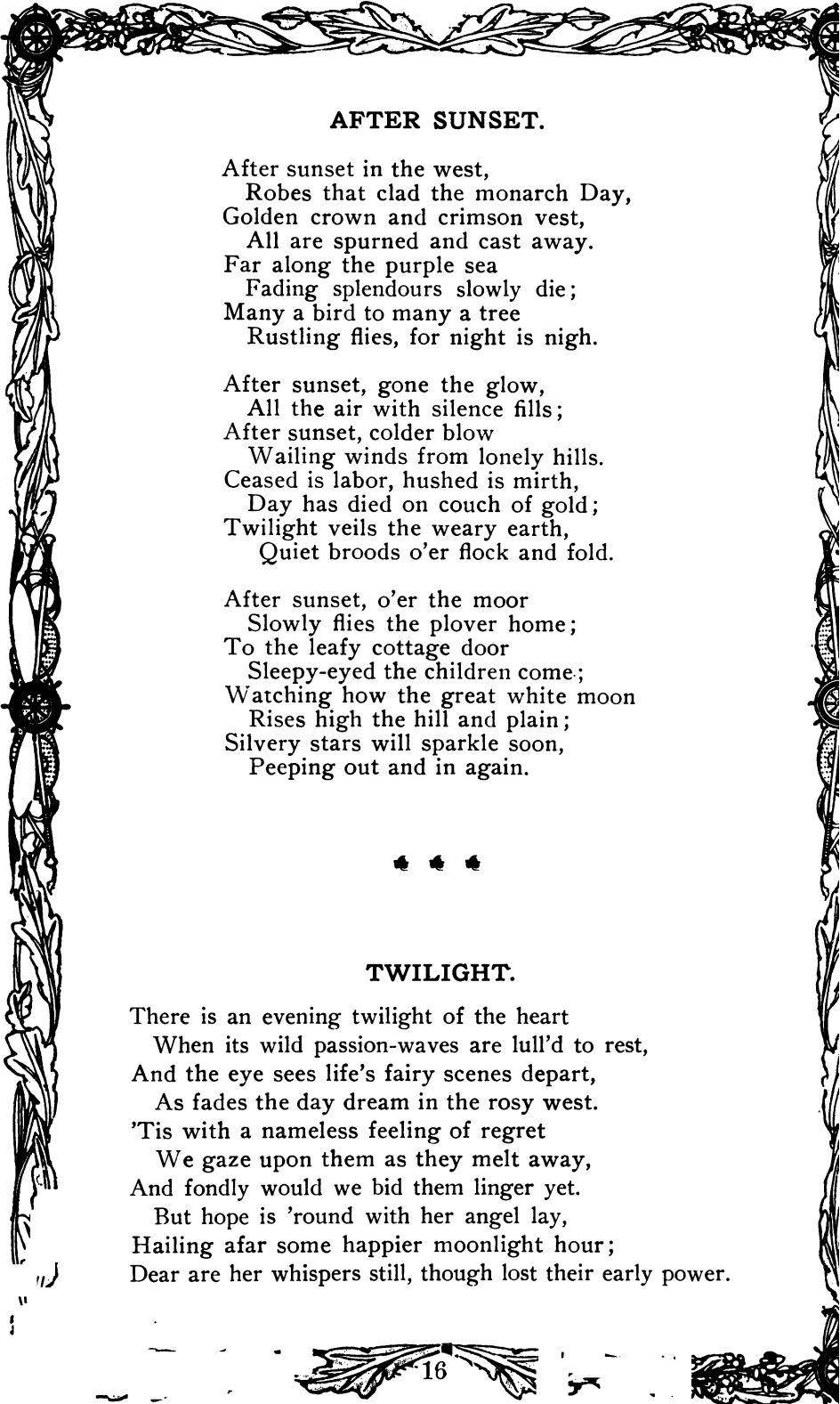
AUGUST.

An August day! A dreamy haze
 Films air, and mingles with the skies;
 Sweetly the rich, dark sunshine plays,
 Bronzing each object where it lies.
 Outlines are melted in the gauze
 That Nature veils; the fitful breeze
 From the thick pine low murmuring draws,
 Then dies in flutterings midst the trees.
 The bee is slumbering in the thistle,
 And, now and then, a broken whistle,
 A tread, a hum, a tap is heard
 Through the dry leaves, in the grass and bush,
 As insect, animal and bird
 Rouse brief from their lethargic hush.
 Then e'en these pleasant sounds would cease,
 And a dread stillness all things lock:
 The aspen seem like sculptured rock,
 And not a tassel thread be shaken,
 The monarch pine's deep trance to waken,
 And Nature settle prone in drowsy peace.
 The misty blue, the distant masses,
 The air in woven purple glimmering;

The shiver transiently that passes
Over the leaves, as though each tree
Gave one brief sigh—the slumberous shimmering
Of the red light invested seem
With some sweet charm, that soft, serene,
Mellows the gold—the blue—the green—
Into mild-temper'd harmony.



WISTARIA



AFTER SUNSET.

After sunset in the west,
Robes that clad the monarch Day,
Golden crown and crimson vest,
All are spurned and cast away.
Far along the purple sea
Fading splendours slowly die;
Many a bird to many a tree
Rustling flies, for night is nigh.

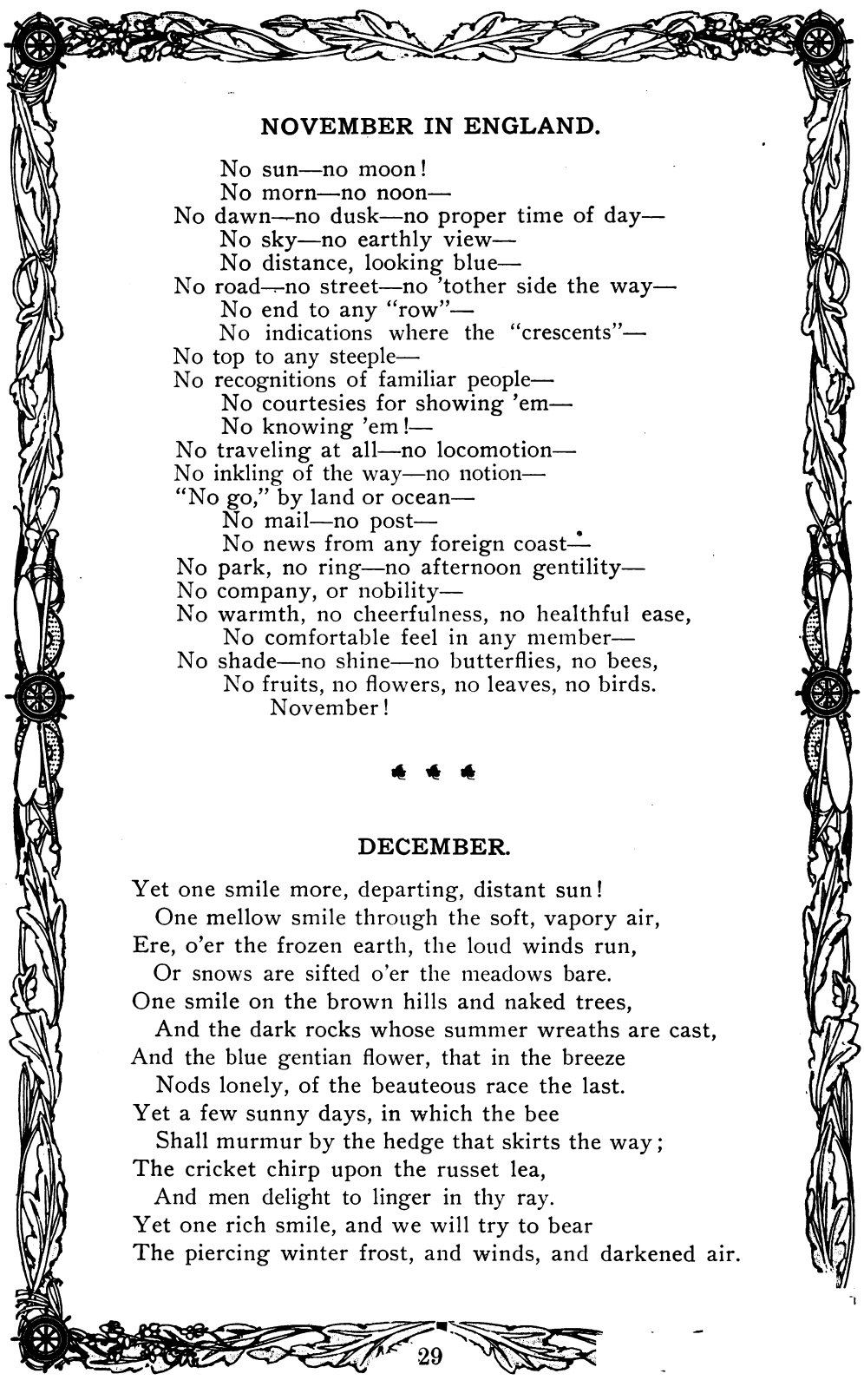
After sunset, gone the glow,
All the air with silence fills;
After sunset, colder blow
Wailing winds from lonely hills.
Ceased is labor, hushed is mirth,
Day has died on couch of gold;
Twilight veils the weary earth,
Quiet broods o'er flock and fold.

After sunset, o'er the moor
Slowly flies the plover home;
To the leafy cottage door
Sleepy-eyed the children come;
Watching how the great white moon
Rises high the hill and plain;
Silvery stars will sparkle soon,
Peeping out and in again.



TWILIGHT.

There is an evening twilight of the heart
When its wild passion-waves are lull'd to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day dream in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet.
But hope is 'round with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.



NOVEMBER IN ENGLAND.

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance, looking blue—
No road—no street—no tother side the way—
No end to any "row"—
No indications where the "crescents"—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!—
No traveling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go," by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park, no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company, or nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade—no shine—no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds.
November!



DECEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft, vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower, that in the breeze
Nods lonely, of the beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way;
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And men delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

THE SEASONS.

The blasts of Autumn drive the winged seeds
Over the earth; next comes the snow, and rain,
And frost, and storms, which dreary Winter leads
Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train.
Behold! Spring sweeps over the world again,
Shedding soft dew from her ethereal wings;
Flowers on the mountain, fruits over the plain,
And music on the waves and woods she flings,
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.



COLEUS

O Spring! Of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! Brightest, best and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark Winter's sadness,
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?

Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding sheet.

Virtue, and Hope, and Love, like light and Heaven,
Surrounded the world; we are their chosen slaves.
Has not the whirlwind of our spirit driven
Truth's deathless germs to thought's remotest caves?
Lo, Winter comes! The grief of many graves,
The frost of death, the tempest of the sword,
The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves
Stagnate like ice at Faith, the enchanter's word,
And bind all human hearts in its repose abhorred.



WINTER.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirements, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening know.

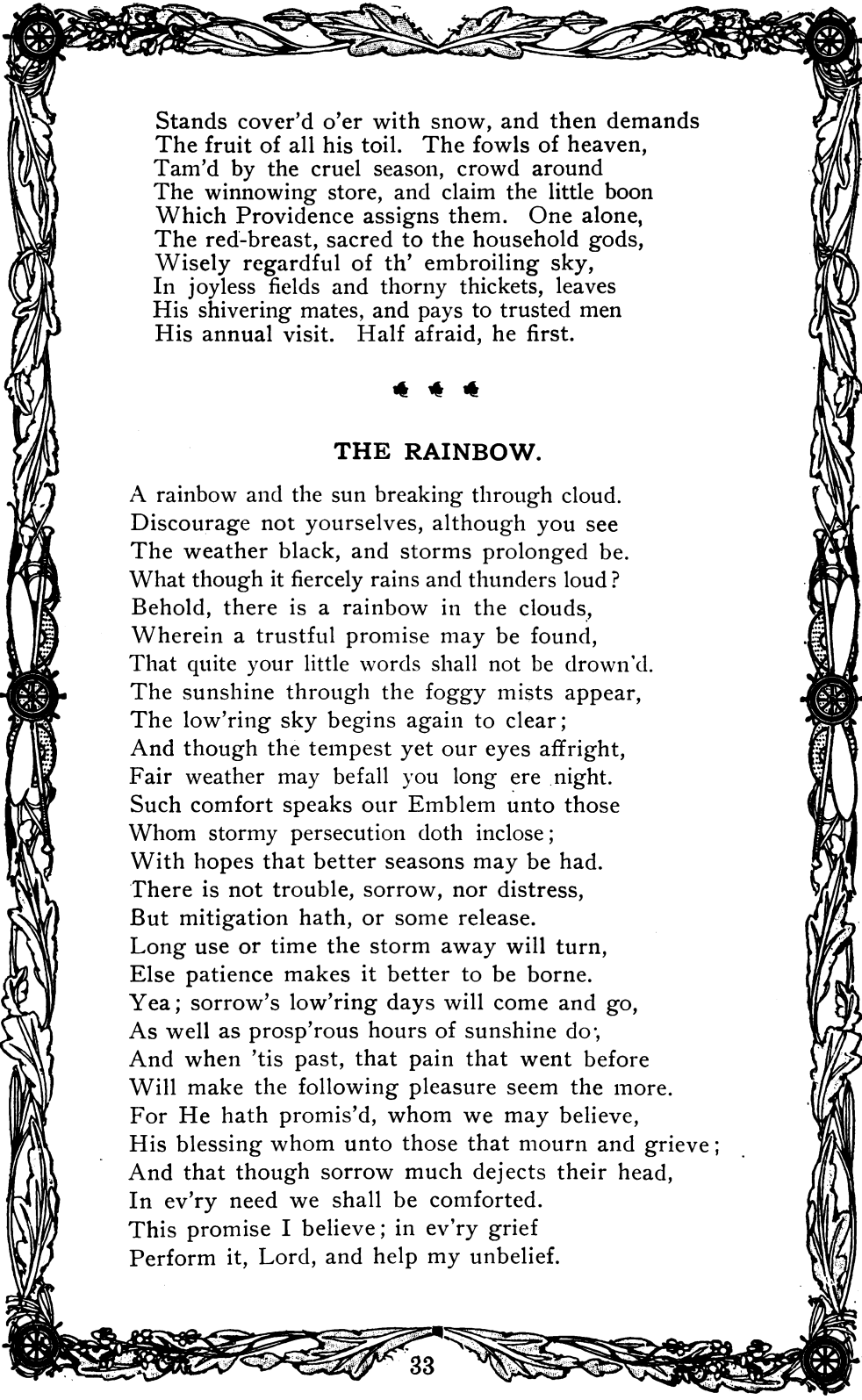
A WINTER SCENE.

The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun,
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hush'd air whitening shower descends,
At first thin, wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming sky



LILY OF NAZARETH

With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their wintry robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and still,
Is one wild, dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox



Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted men
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first.



THE RAINBOW.

A rainbow and the sun breaking through cloud.
Discourage not yourselves, although you see
The weather black, and storms prolonged be.
What though it fiercely rains and thunders loud?
Behold, there is a rainbow in the clouds,
Wherein a trustful promise may be found,
That quite your little words shall not be drown'd.
The sunshine through the foggy mists appear,
The low'ring sky begins again to clear;
And though the tempest yet our eyes affright,
Fair weather may befall you long ere night.
Such comfort speaks our Emblem unto those
Whom stormy persecution doth inclose;
With hopes that better seasons may be had.
There is not trouble, sorrow, nor distress,
But mitigation hath, or some release.
Long use or time the storm away will turn,
Else patience makes it better to be borne.
Yea; sorrow's low'ring days will come and go,
As well as prosp'rous hours of sunshine do;
And when 'tis past, that pain that went before
Will make the following pleasure seem the more.
For He hath promis'd, whom we may believe,
His blessing whom unto those that mourn and grieve;
And that though sorrow much dejects their head,
In ev'ry need we shall be comforted.
This promise I believe; in ev'ry grief
Perform it, Lord, and help my unbelief.

THE CLOUDS.

I saw two clouds at morning
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease;
A purer sky, where all is peace.



THE FROST.

The frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

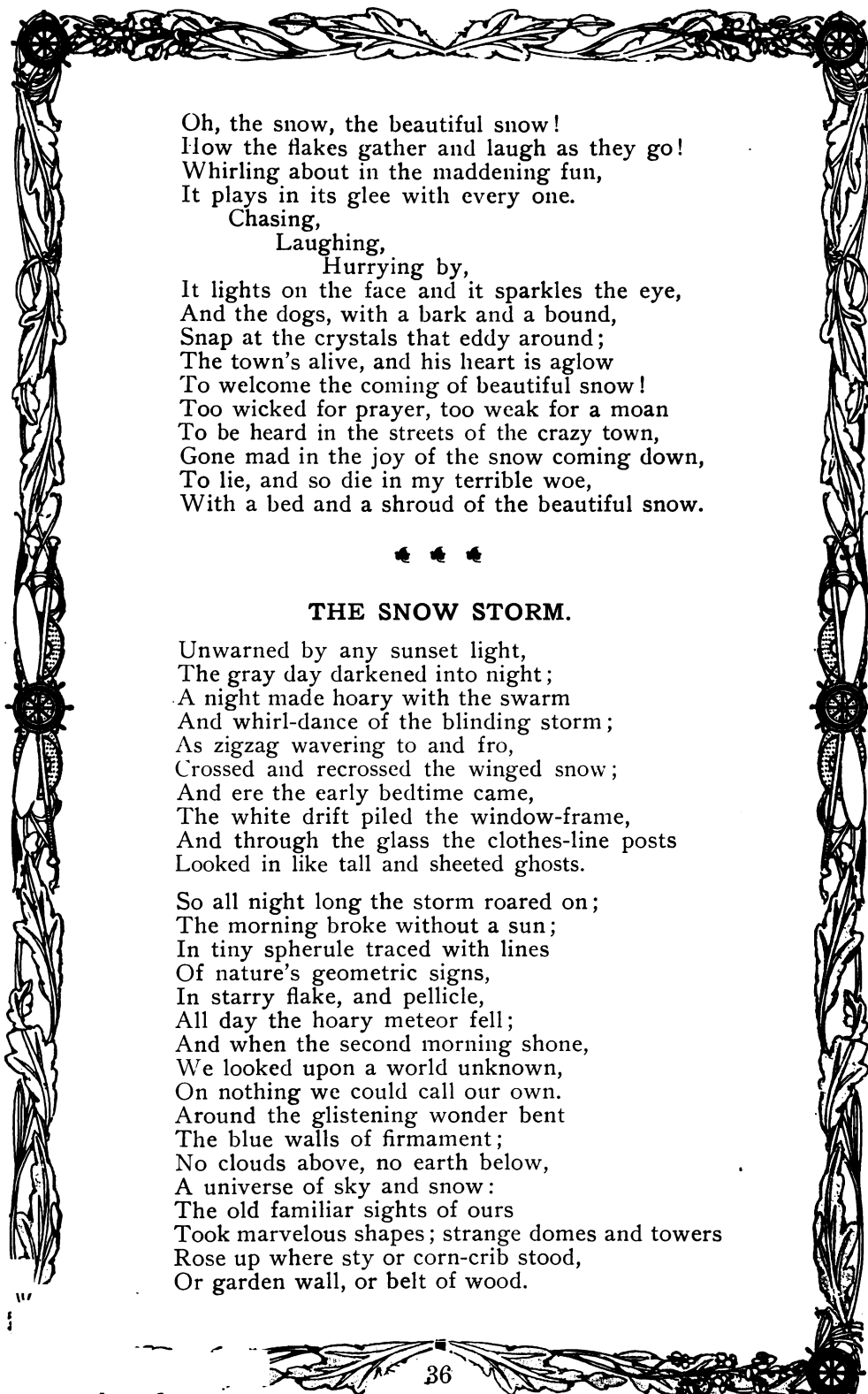
BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below,
Over the housetops, over the streets,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,



NARCISSUS I

Beautiful snow! It can do no wrong.
Flying to kiss a lady's fair cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!



Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,

Laughing,

Hurrying by,

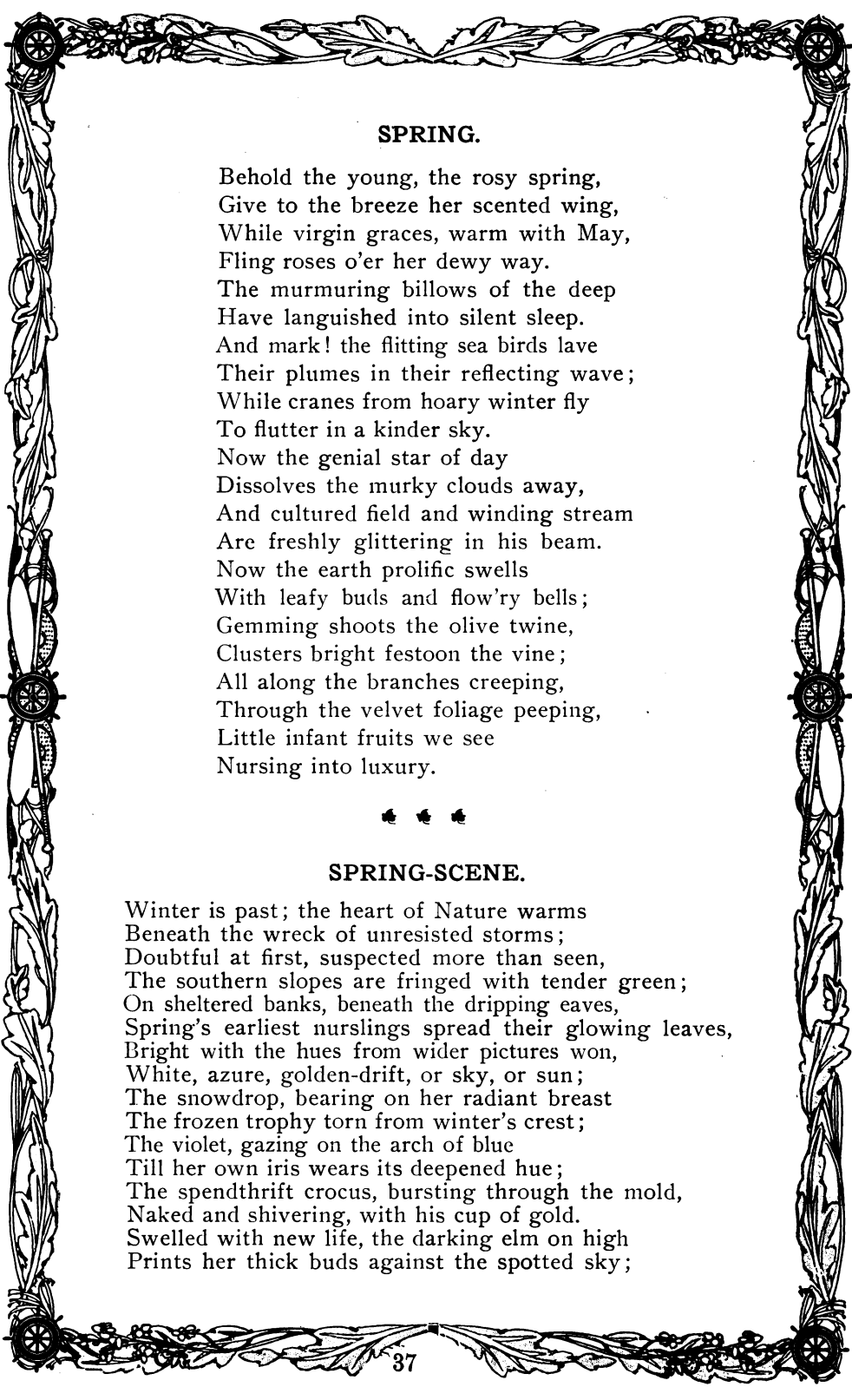
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town's alive, and his heart is aglow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie, and so die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.



THE SNOW STORM.

Unwarned by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night;
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm;
As zigzag wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of firmament;
No clouds above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow:
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood.



SPRING.

Behold the young, the rosy spring,
Give to the breeze her scented wing,
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep.
And mark! the flitting sea birds lave
Their plumes in their reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away,
And cultured field and winding stream
Are freshly glittering in his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flow'ry bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters bright festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury.



SPRING-SCENE.

Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wreck of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden-drift, or sky, or sun;
The snowdrop, bearing on her radiant breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mold,
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.
Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;

On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves;
The house-fly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the snowy pane,
Or crawls tenacious o'er its lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crust'd walls
In languid curves the gliding serpent crawls;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note, and tries a shortened leap.



URN

TO SPRING.

Thy beams are sweet, beloved spring!
The winter-shades before thee fly;
The bough smiles green, the young birds sing.
The chainless current glistens by,
Till countless flowers like stars illumine
The deepening vale and forest gloom.

O welcome, gentle guest from high;
Sent to cheer our world below,
To lighten sorrow's faded eye,
To kindle nature's social glow!
Oh, he is o'er his fellows blest
Who feels thee in a guiltless breast!

Peace to the generous heart essaying
With deeds of love to win our praise!
He smiles, the spring of life surveying,
Nor fears her cold and wintry days:
To his high goal with the triumph bright
The calm years waft him in their flight.

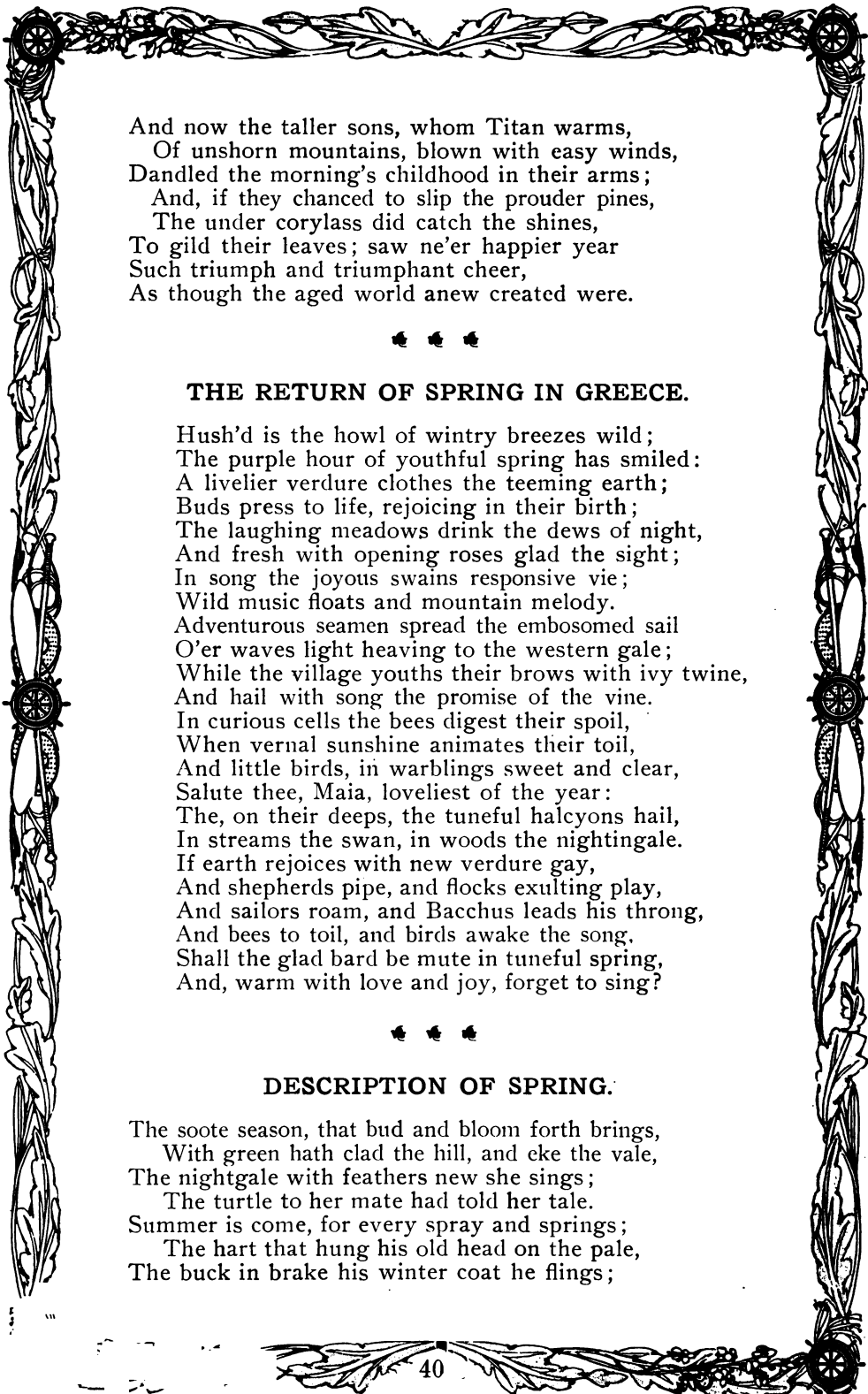
Thou glorious goal, that shin'st afar,
And seem'st to smile us on our way,
Bright is the hope that crowns our war,
The dawn-blush of eternal day;
There shall we meet, this dark world o'er,
And mix in love forevermore.



SPRING AT EASTER.

But now the second morning from her bower,
Began to glisten in her beams; and now
The roses of the day began to flower
In the Eastern garden; for heaven's smiling brow,
Half insolent for the joy, began to show;
The early sun came dancing lively out,
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
That heaven and earth might seem in triumph both to
shout.

The englandden Spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began to emblazon from her leafy bed;
The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets; the woods' late wintry head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.



And now the taller sons, whom Titan warms,
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,
Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms;
And, if they chanced to slip the prouder pines,
The under corylass did catch the shines,
To gild their leaves; saw ne'er happier year
Such triumph and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.



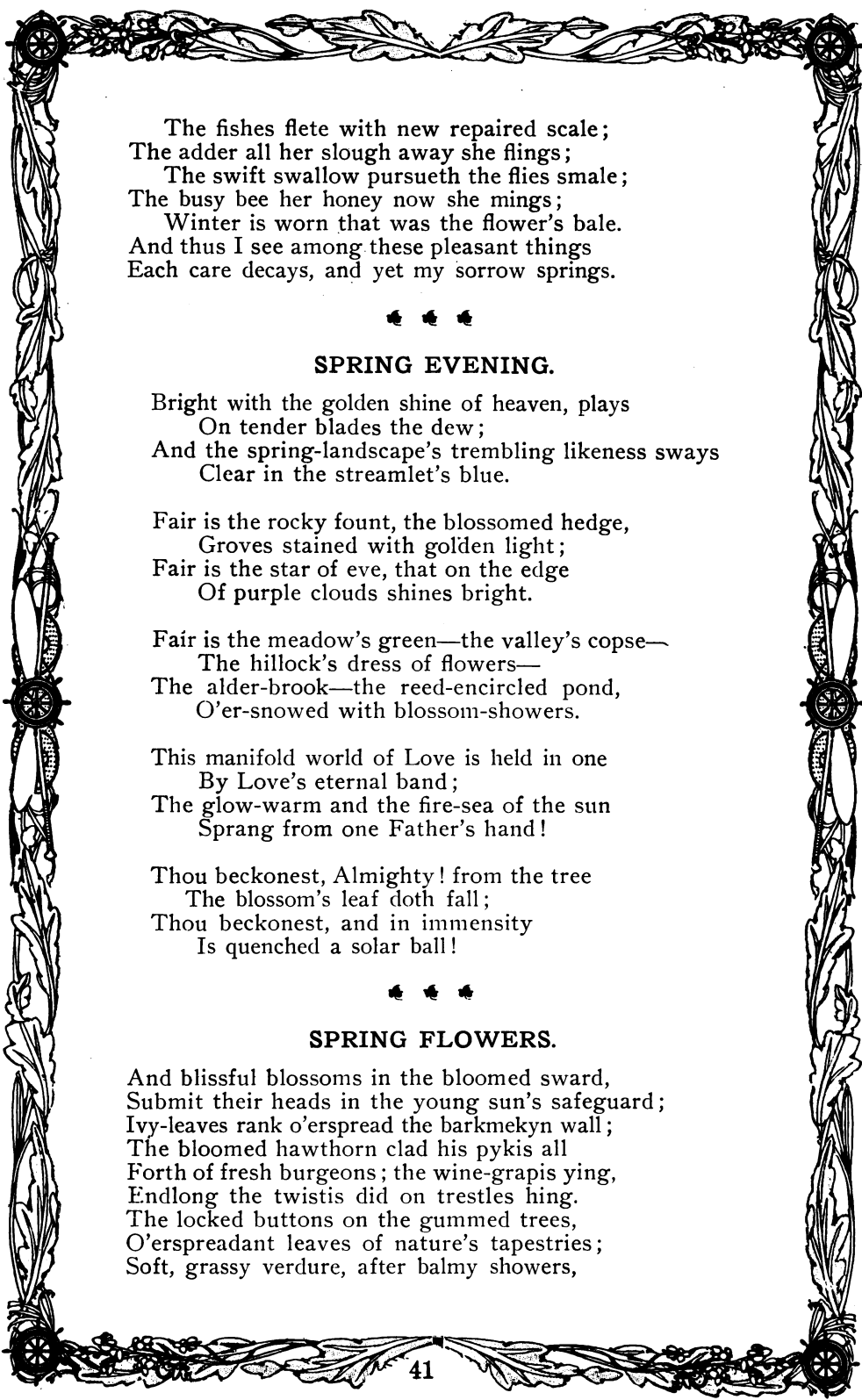
THE RETURN OF SPRING IN GREECE.

Hush'd is the howl of wintry breezes wild;
The purple hour of youthful spring has smiled:
A livelier verdure clothes the teeming earth;
Buds press to life, rejoicing in their birth;
The laughing meadows drink the dews of night,
And fresh with opening roses glad the sight;
In song the joyous swains responsive vie;
Wild music floats and mountain melody.
Adventurous seamen spread the embosomed sail
O'er waves light heaving to the western gale;
While the village youths their brows with ivy twine,
And hail with song the promise of the vine.
In curious cells the bees digest their spoil,
When vernal sunshine animates their toil,
And little birds, in warblings sweet and clear,
Salute thee, Maia, loveliest of the year:
The, on their deeps, the tuneful halcyons hail,
In streams the swan, in woods the nightingale.
If earth rejoices with new verdure gay,
And shepherds pipe, and flocks exulting play,
And sailors roam, and Bacchus leads his throng,
And bees to toil, and birds awake the song,
Shall the glad bard be mute in tuneful spring,
And, warm with love and joy, forget to sing?



DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,
The nightgale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate had told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray and springs;
The hart that hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;



The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.



SPRING EVENING.

Bright with the golden shine of heaven, plays
On tender blades the dew;
And the spring-landscape's trembling likeness sways
Clear in the streamlet's blue.

Fair is the rocky fount, the blossomed hedge,
Groves stained with golden light;
Fair is the star of eve, that on the edge
Of purple clouds shines bright.

Fair is the meadow's green—the valley's copse—
The hillock's dress of flowers—
The alder-brook—the reed-encircled pond,
O'er-snowed with blossom-showers.

This manifold world of Love is held in one
By Love's eternal band;
The glow-warm and the fire-sea of the sun
Sprang from one Father's hand!

Thou beckonest, Almighty! from the tree
The blossom's leaf doth fall;
Thou beckonest, and in immensity
Is quenched a solar ball!



SPRING FLOWERS.

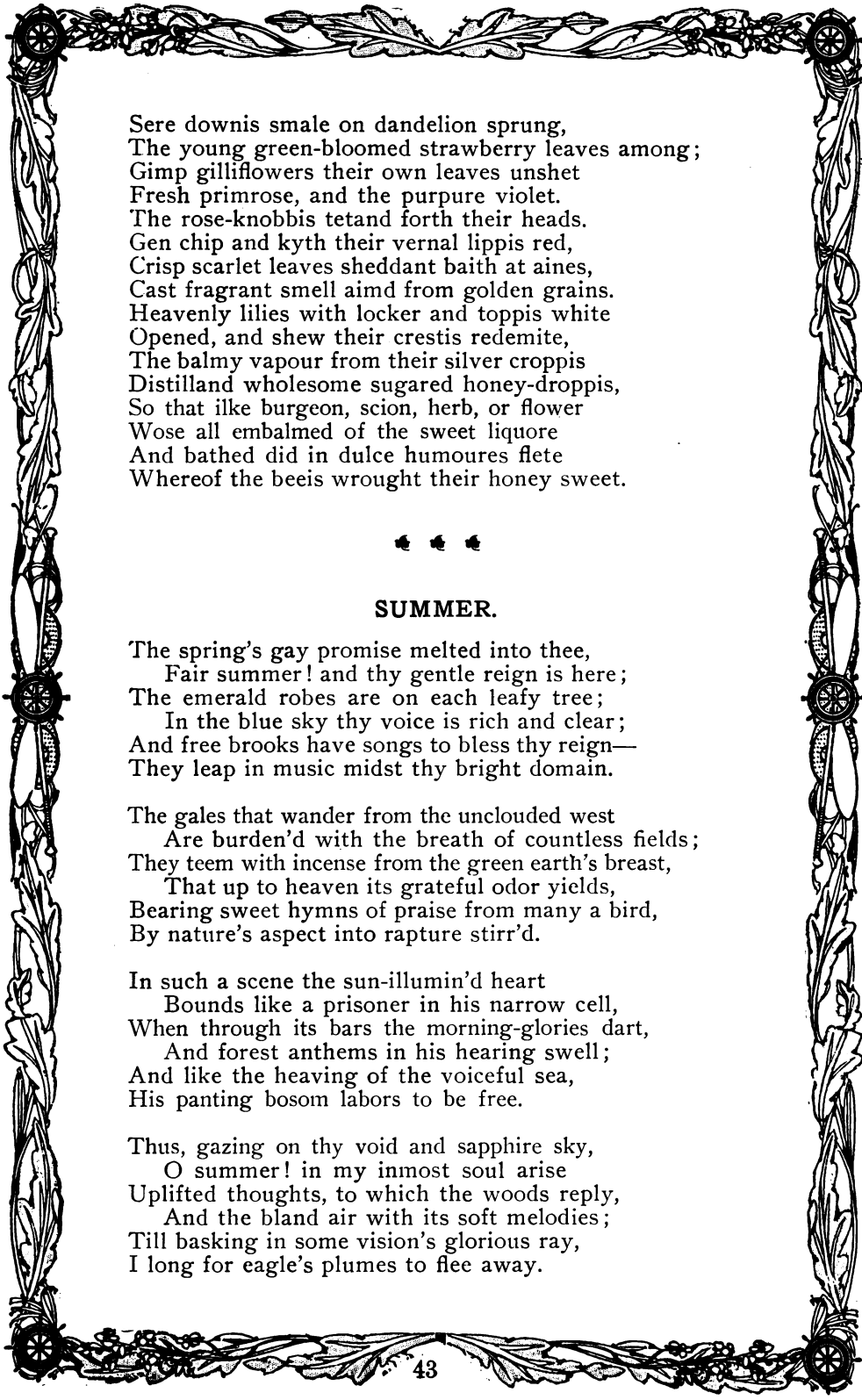
And blissful blossoms in the bloomed sward,
Submit their heads in the young sun's safeguard;
Ivy-leaves rank o'erspread the barkmekyn wall;
The bloomed hawthorn clad his pykis all
Forth of fresh burgeons; the wine-grapis ying,
Endlong the twistis did on trestles hing.
The locked buttons on the gummed trees,
O'erspreadant leaves of nature's tapestries;
Soft, grassy verdure, after balmy showers,

On curland stalkis smiland to their flowers,
Beholdant them so maine devirs hue:
Some pers, some pale, some burnet, and some blue;
Some gray, some gules, some purpure, some sanguene,
Blanchet, or brown, fauch-colour many one—
Some heavenly-colour in cestial gre,
Some watery-hued, as the haw-waly sea;



EASTER LILIES

And some depeint in freckles red and white;
Some bright as gold, with aureate levis lite.
The daisie did unbraid her crownal small,
And every flower unlapped in the dale.
The flower-de-luce-forth spread out his heavenly hue,
Flower-damas, and columbo black and blue,



Sere downis smale on dandelion sprung,
The young green-bloomed strawberry leaves among;
Gimp gilliflowers their own leaves unshet
Fresh primrose, and the purple violet.
The rose-knobbis tetand forth their heads.
Gen chip and kyth their vernal lippis red,
Crisp scarlet leaves sheddant baith at aines,
Cast fragrant smell aimd from golden grains.
Heavenly lilies with locker and toppis white
Opened, and shew their crestis redemite,
The balmy vapour from their silver croppis
Distilland wholesome sugared honey-droppis,
So that ilke burgeon, scion, herb, or flower
Wose all embalmed of the sweet liquore
And bathed did in dulce humoures flete
Whereof the beeis wrought their honey sweet.



SUMMER.

The spring's gay promise melted into thee,
Fair summer! and thy gentle reign is here;
The emerald robes are on each leafy tree;
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear;
And free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—
They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales that wander from the unclouded west
Are burden'd with the breath of countless fields;
They teem with incense from the green earth's breast,
That up to heaven its grateful odor yields,
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird,
By nature's aspect into rapture stirr'd.

In such a scene the sun-illumin'd heart
Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,
When through its bars the morning-glories dart,
And forest anthems in his hearing swell;
And like the heaving of the voiceful sea,
His panting bosom labors to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
O summer! in my inmost soul arise
Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
And the bland air with its soft melodies;
Till basking in some vision's glorious ray,
I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

THE SUMMER MONTHS.

They come! the merry summer months of beauty, love and
flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness
to bowers.



GRAPE BUSH

Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling work and care
aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal trees,
See through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.
The grass is soft; its velvet touch is grateful to the hand,

And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and
bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with the kindest love to bless and welcome
thee.
And mark how with thine own thin locks, they are now sil-
very gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering "Be gay!"

There is no clouds that sails along the ocean of yon sky
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody.
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like
red gold,
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they
hold.
God bless them all, these little ones, who, far above this
earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.
But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound—from yonder wood
it came;
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad
name,
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from all his kind,
Slowspells his beads monotonous to the soft western winds.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void of art.
But simplest strains do soonest the deep founts of the heart.



AUTUMN.

She passes by, a dusky queen,
In trailing robes of amber drest,
Crowned with the radiance of the west,
A stately step, a modest mien.

And gladly shines o'er many lands
The golden sun, his softened rays
Wreathing a many-tinted haze
Above the headland where she stands.

The osiers in the valley sigh,
The clover blushes where she treads,
And crimson poppies lift their heads
To bloom afresh as she goes by.

The corn fields stretch like fruitful plains
On either side; the joyous earth
Laughs back the happy farmer's mirth,
Who sees rich harvest for his pains.

And heavy 'gainst the garden wall,
Which smiles athwart a southern sky,
The over-fruited pear trees lie,
The purple grapes in clusters fall.

Then rich and poor alike rejoice
That God again the earth did bless,
And kneel in humble thankfulness
To sing His praise with heart and voice.



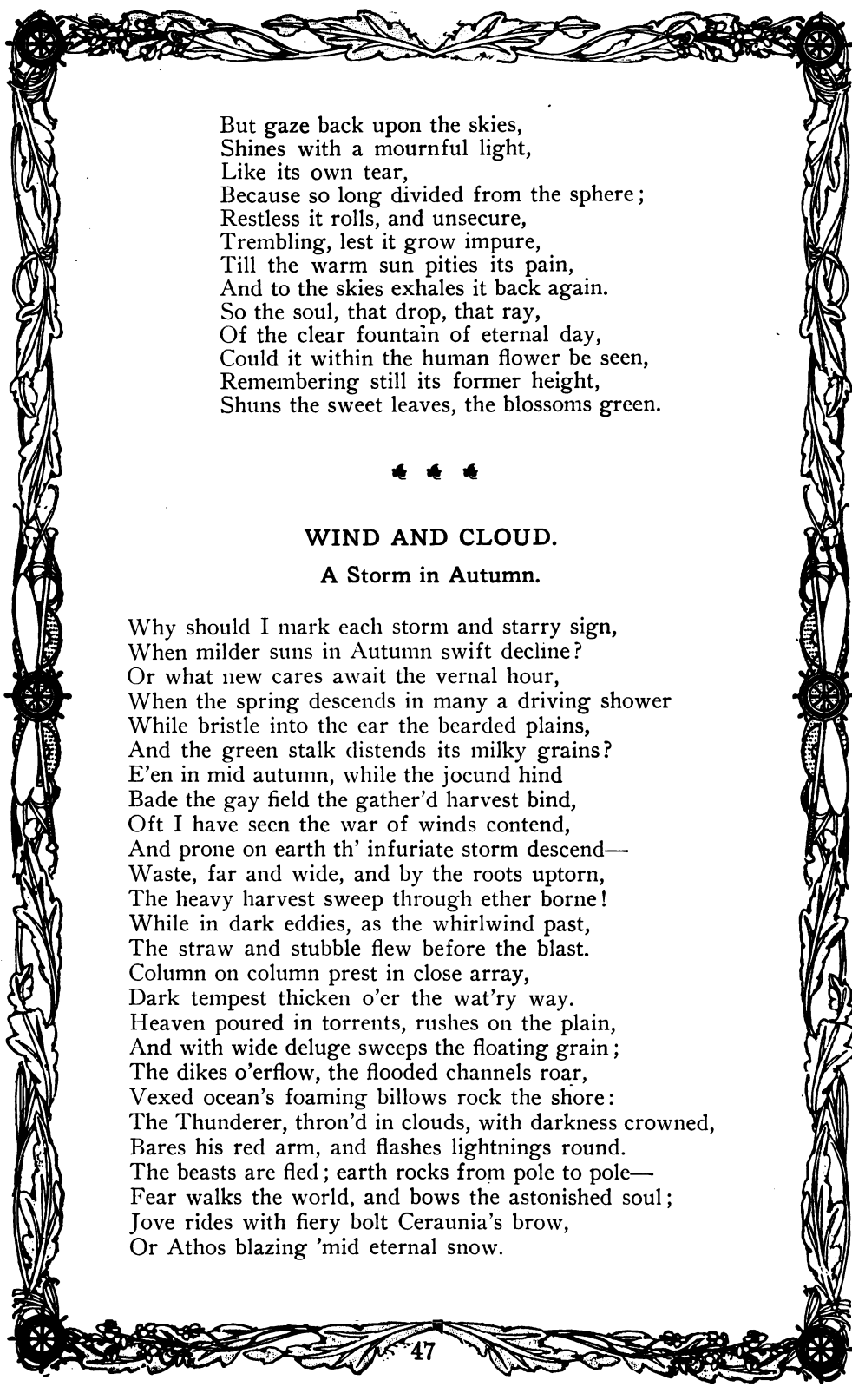
POND LILIES



ROYAL CROWN

A DROP OF DEW.

See, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 't was born,
Round in itself incloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;



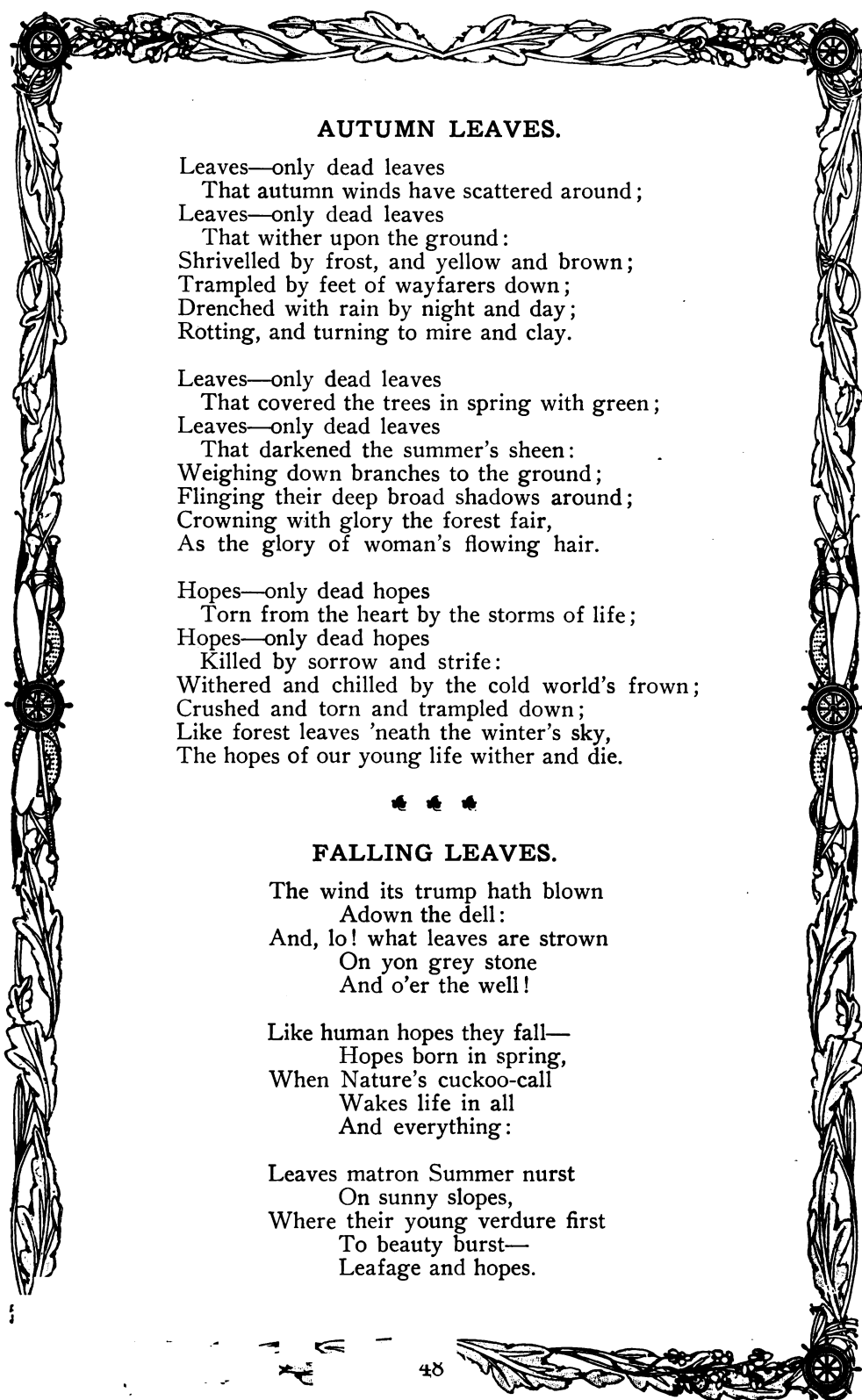
But gaze back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere;
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, the blossoms green.



WIND AND CLOUD.

A Storm in Autumn.

Why should I mark each storm and starry sign,
When milder suns in Autumn swift decline?
Or what new cares await the vernal hour,
When the spring descends in many a driving shower
While bristle into the ear the bearded plains,
And the green stalk distends its milky grains?
E'en in mid autumn, while the jocund hind
Bade the gay field the gather'd harvest bind,
Oft I have seen the war of winds contend,
And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend—
Waste, far and wide, and by the roots uptorn,
The heavy harvest sweep through ether borne!
While in dark eddies, as the whirlwind past,
The straw and stubble flew before the blast.
Column on column prest in close array,
Dark tempest thicken o'er the wat'ry way.
Heaven poured in torrents, rushes on the plain,
And with wide deluge sweeps the floating grain;
The dikes o'erflow, the flooded channels roar,
Vexed ocean's foaming billows rock the shore:
The Thunderer, thron'd in clouds, with darkness crowned,
Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.
The beasts are fled; earth rocks from pole to pole—
Fear walks the world, and bows the astonished soul;
Jove rides with fiery bolt Ceraunia's brow,
Or Athos blazing 'mid eternal snow.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

Leaves—only dead leaves
That autumn winds have scattered around;
Leaves—only dead leaves
That wither upon the ground:
Shrivelled by frost, and yellow and brown;
Trampled by feet of wayfarers down;
Drenched with rain by night and day;
Rotting, and turning to mire and clay.

Leaves—only dead leaves
That covered the trees in spring with green;
Leaves—only dead leaves
That darkened the summer's sheen:
Weighing down branches to the ground;
Flinging their deep broad shadows around;
Crowning with glory the forest fair,
As the glory of woman's flowing hair.

Hopes—only dead hopes
Torn from the heart by the storms of life;
Hopes—only dead hopes
Killed by sorrow and strife:
Withered and chilled by the cold world's frown;
Crushed and torn and trampled down;
Like forest leaves 'neath the winter's sky,
The hopes of our young life wither and die.

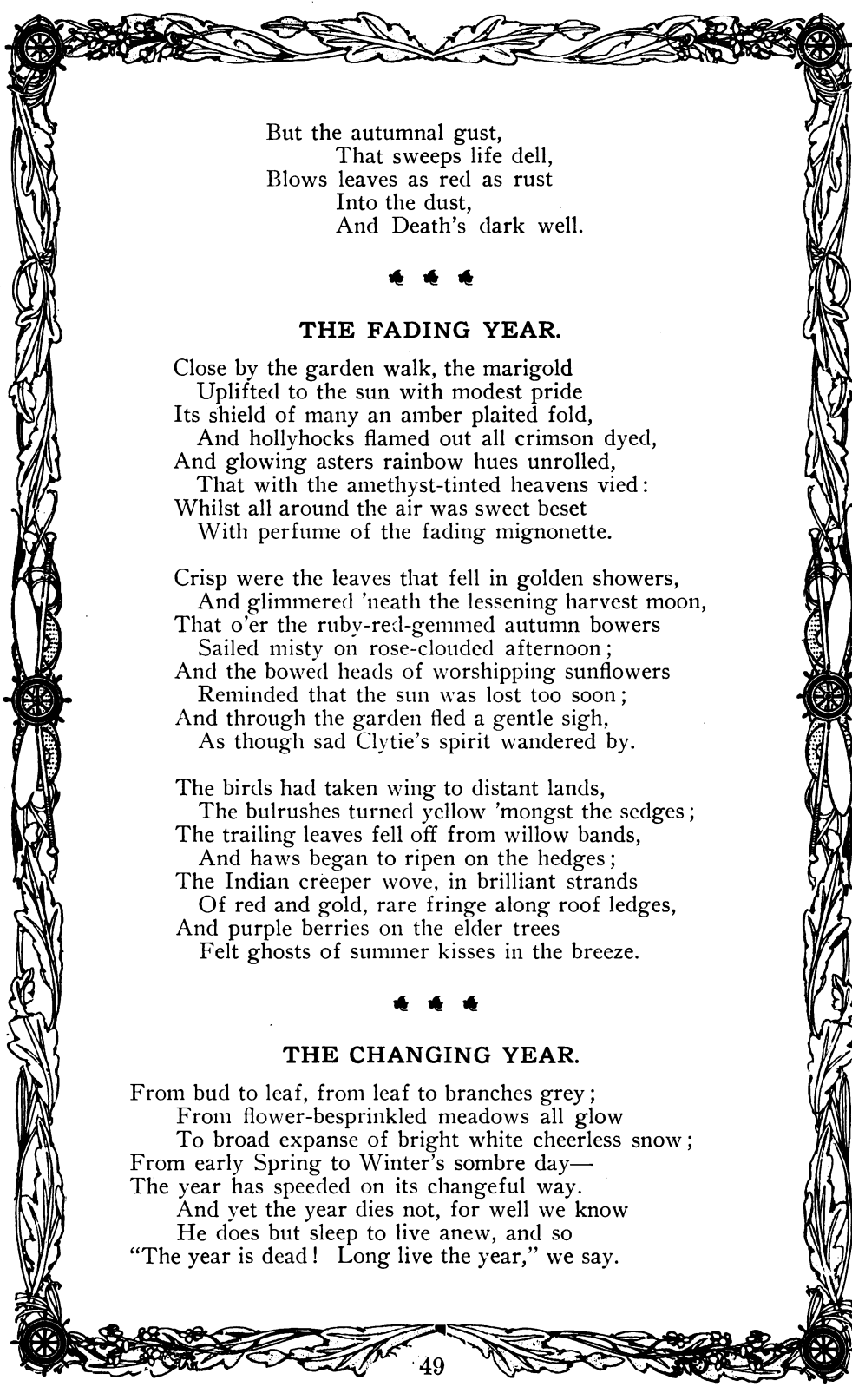


FALLING LEAVES.

The wind its trump hath blown
Adown the dell:
And, lo! what leaves are strown
On yon grey stone
And o'er the well!

Like human hopes they fall—
Hopes born in spring,
When Nature's cuckoo-call
Wakes life in all
And everything:

Leaves matron Summer nurst
On sunny slopes,
Where their young verdure first
To beauty burst—
Leafage and hopes.



But the autumnal gust,
That sweeps life dell,
Blows leaves as red as rust
Into the dust,
And Death's dark well.



THE FADING YEAR.

Close by the garden walk, the marigold
Uplifted to the sun with modest pride
Its shield of many an amber plaited fold,
And hollyhocks flamed out all crimson dyed,
And glowing asters rainbow hues unrolled,
That with the amethyst-tinted heavens vied :
Whilst all around the air was sweet beset
With perfume of the fading mignonette.

Crisp were the leaves that fell in golden showers,
And glimmered 'neath the lessening harvest moon,
That o'er the ruby-red-gemmed autumn bowers
Sailed misty on rose-clouded afternoon ;
And the bowed heads of worshipping sunflowers
Reminded that the sun was lost too soon ;
And through the garden fled a gentle sigh,
As though sad Clytie's spirit wandered by.

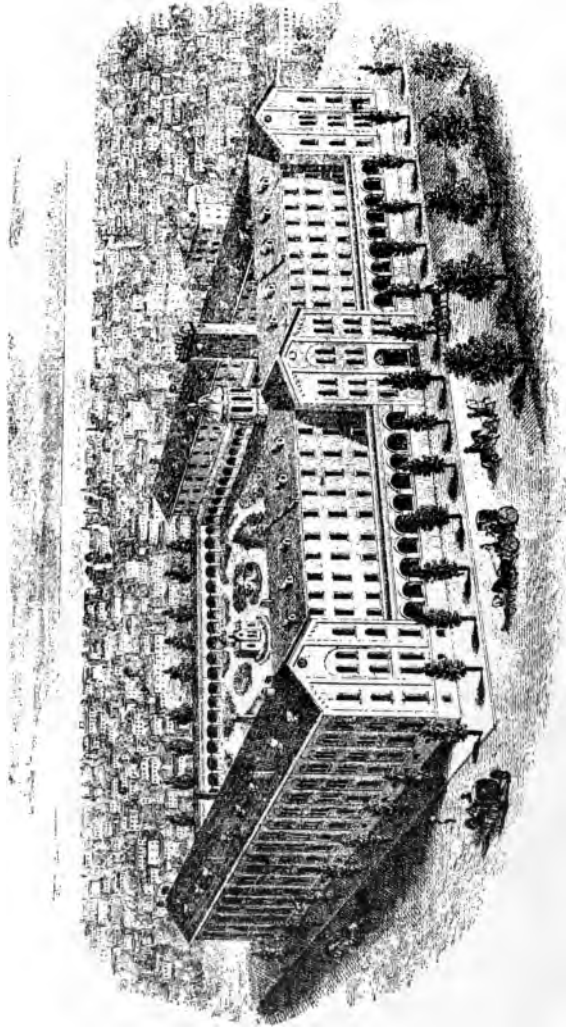
The birds had taken wing to distant lands,
The bulrushes turned yellow 'mongst the sedges ;
The trailing leaves fell off from willow bands,
And haws began to ripen on the hedges ;
The Indian creeper wove, in brilliant strands
Of red and gold, rare fringe along roof ledges,
And purple berries on the elder trees
Felt ghosts of summer kisses in the breeze.



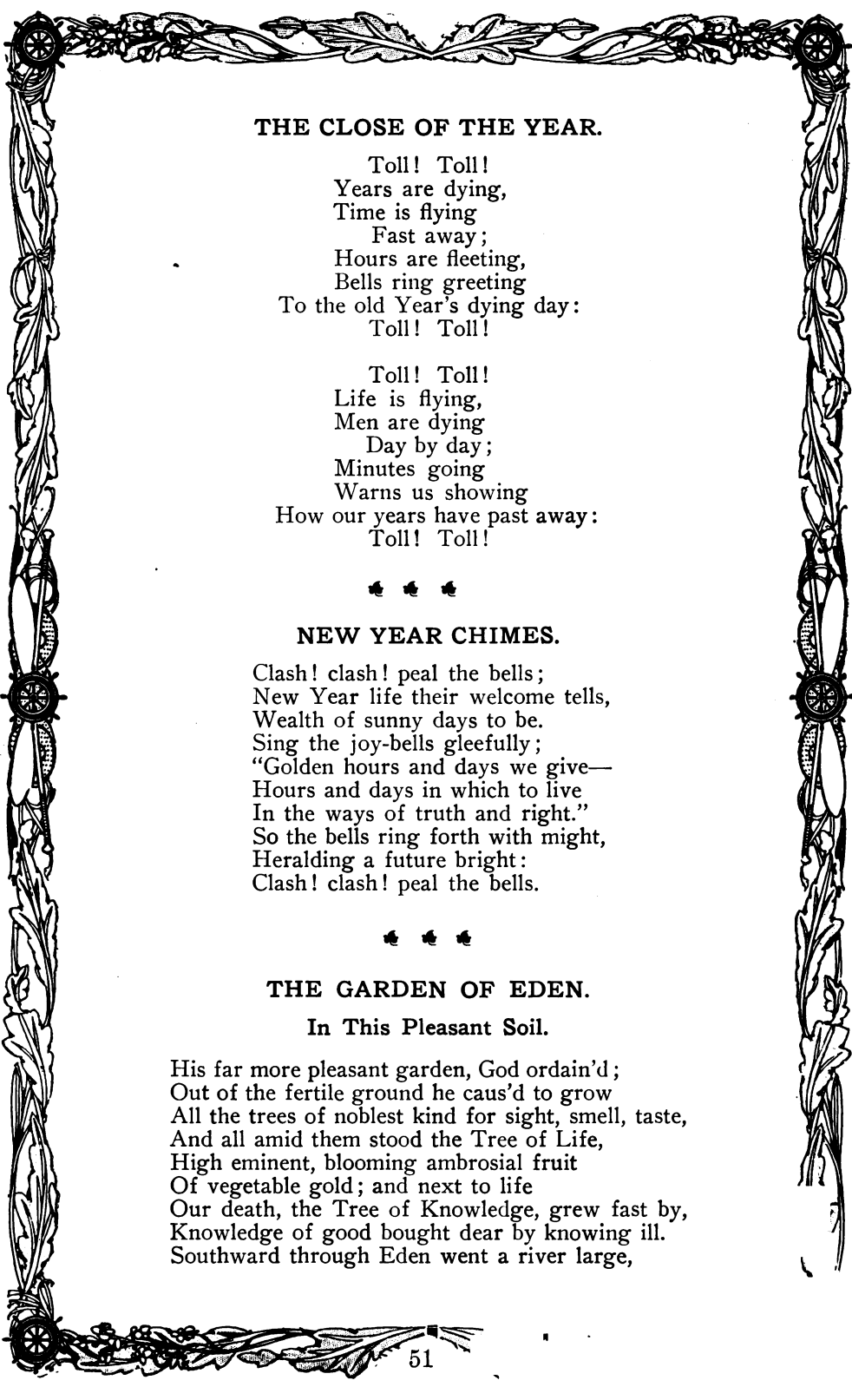
THE CHANGING YEAR.

From bud to leaf, from leaf to branches grey ;
From flower-besprinkled meadows all glow
To broad expanse of bright white cheerless snow ;
From early Spring to Winter's sombre day—
The year has speeded on its changeeful way.
And yet the year dies not, for well we know
He does but sleep to live anew, and so
"The year is dead! Long live the year," we say.

So too with Man: he hastens from his birth,
To Youth, to Manhood, to Maturity,
And then at length, when his life work is done,
He does but sleep awhile beneath the earth,
To wake anew the Father's face to see,
In changeless realms of never-ending sun.



NOTRE DAME ACADEMY



THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Toll! Toll!
Years are dying,
Time is flying
Fast away;
Hours are fleeting,
Bells ring greeting
To the old Year's dying day:
Toll! Toll!

Toll! Toll!
Life is flying,
Men are dying
Day by day;
Minutes going
Warns us showing
How our years have past away:
Toll! Toll!



NEW YEAR CHIMES.

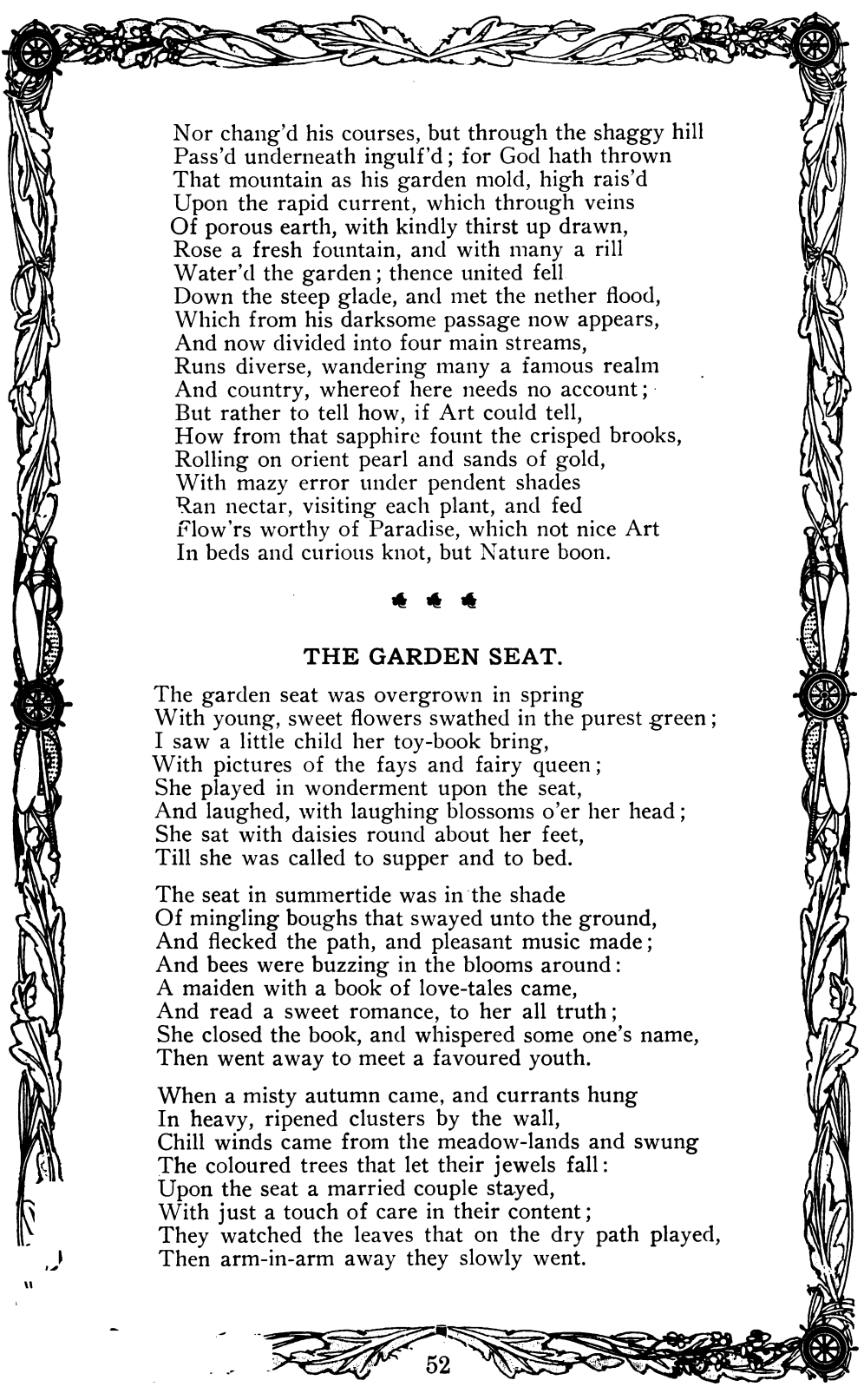
Clash! clash! peal the bells;
New Year life their welcome tells,
Wealth of sunny days to be.
Sing the joy-bells gleefully;
"Golden hours and days we give—
Hours and days in which to live
In the ways of truth and right."
So the bells ring forth with might,
Heralding a future bright:
Clash! clash! peal the bells.



THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

In This Pleasant Soil.

His far more pleasant garden, God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All the trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste,
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,



Nor chang'd his courses, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God hath thrown
That mountain as his garden mold, high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth, with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knot, but Nature boon.



THE GARDEN SEAT.

The garden seat was overgrown in spring
With young, sweet flowers swathed in the purest green;
I saw a little child her toy-book bring,
With pictures of the fays and fairy queen;
She played in wonderment upon the seat,
And laughed, with laughing blossoms o'er her head;
She sat with daisies round about her feet,
Till she was called to supper and to bed.

The seat in summertime was in the shade
Of mingling boughs that swayed unto the ground,
And flecked the path, and pleasant music made;
And bees were buzzing in the blooms around:
A maiden with a book of love-tales came,
And read a sweet romance, to her all truth;
She closed the book, and whispered some one's name,
Then went away to meet a favoured youth.

When a misty autumn came, and currants hung
In heavy, ripened clusters by the wall,
Chill winds came from the meadow-lands and swung
The coloured trees that let their jewels fall:
Upon the seat a married couple stayed,
With just a touch of care in their content;
They watched the leaves that on the dry path played,
Then arm-in-arm away they slowly went.

PARADISE.

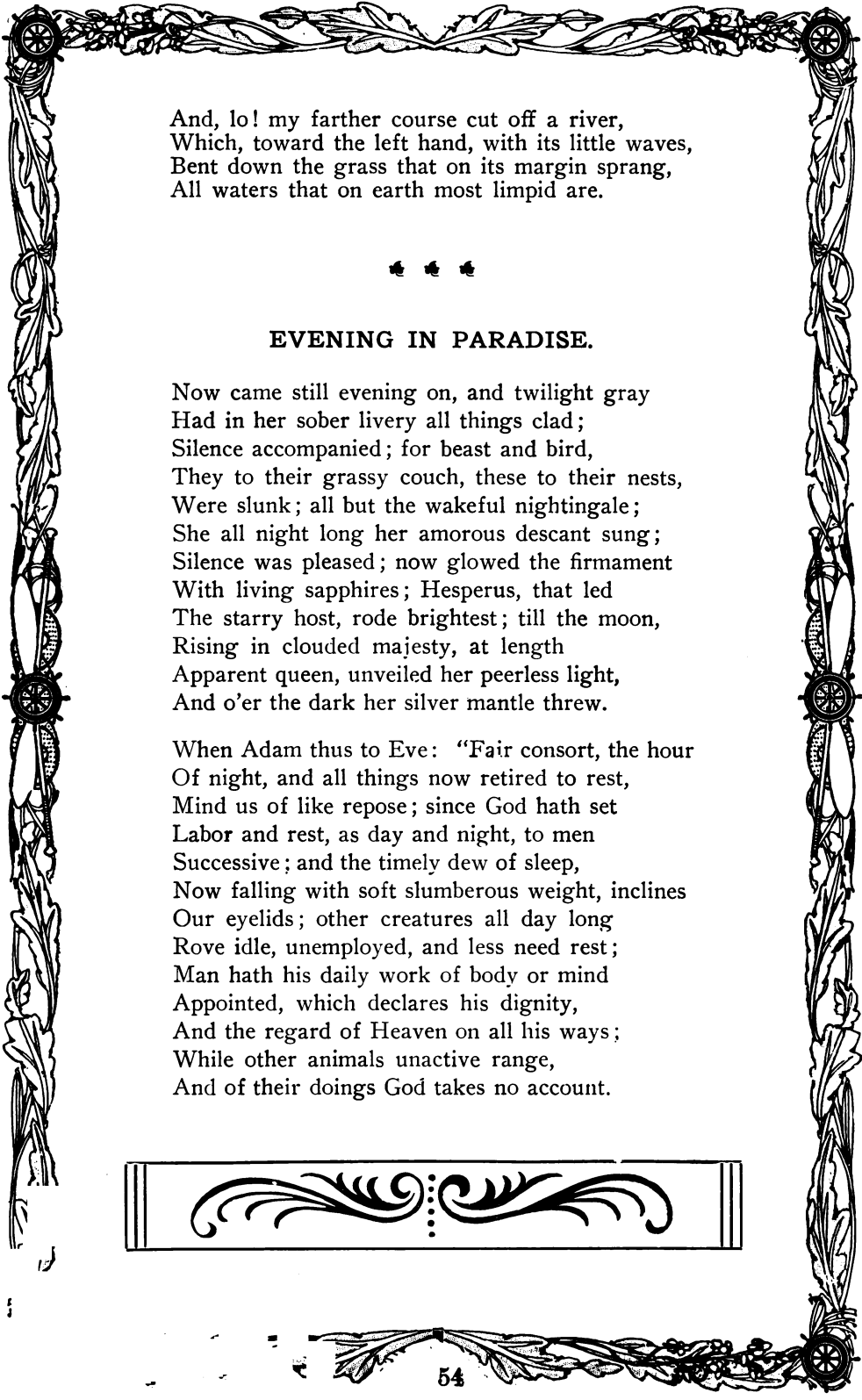
Longing already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,
Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.
A gently breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead—
No heavier blow than of a pleasant breeze;
Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward toward that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;
Yet not from their upright direction bent,
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;

COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL



BUSH TEMPLE OF MUSIC, CHICAGO

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime
Singing received they in the midst of foliage,
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes;
Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi
When Aeolous unlooses the sirocco.
Already my low steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I had entered;



And, lo! my farther course cut off a river,
Which, toward the left hand, with its little waves,
Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang,
All waters that on earth most limpid are.

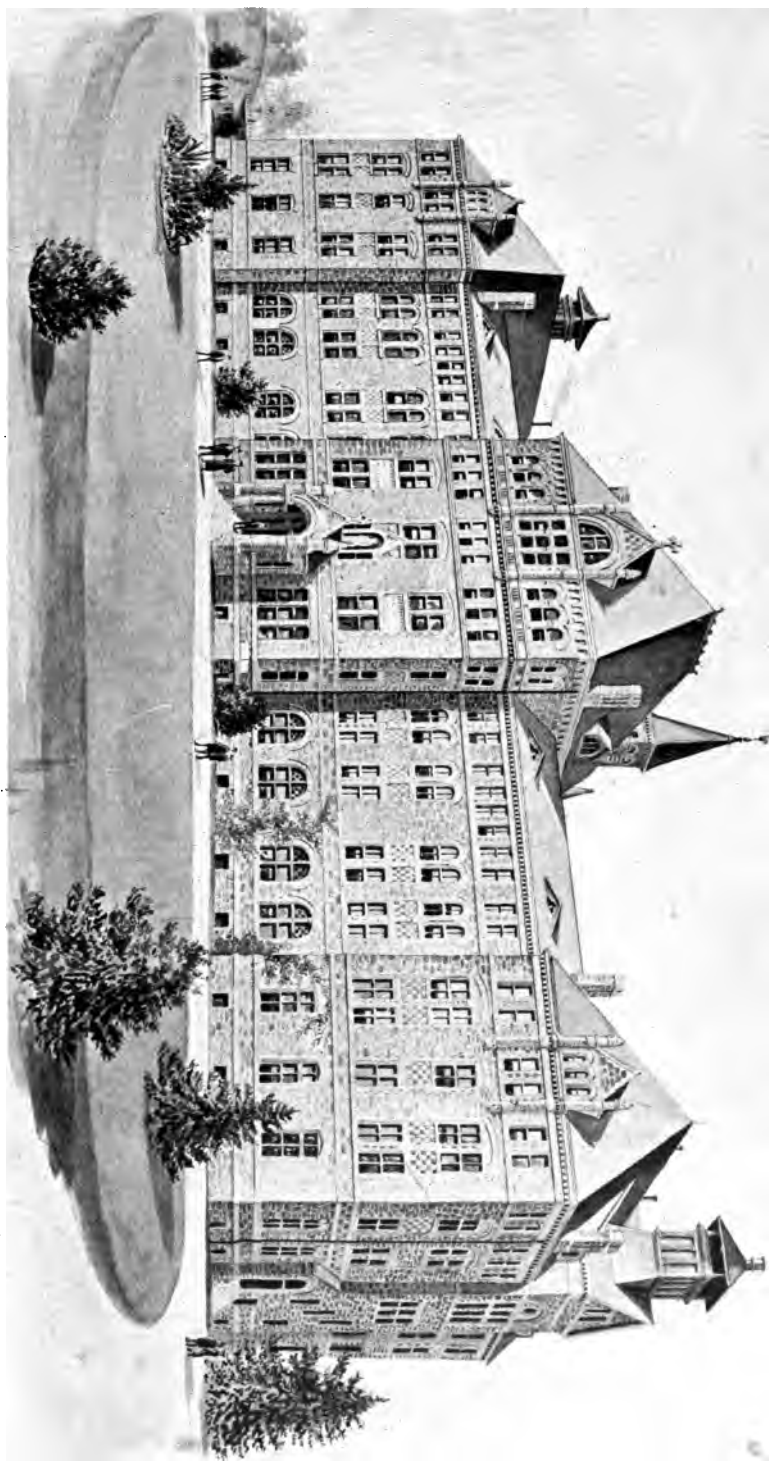


EVENING IN PARADISE.

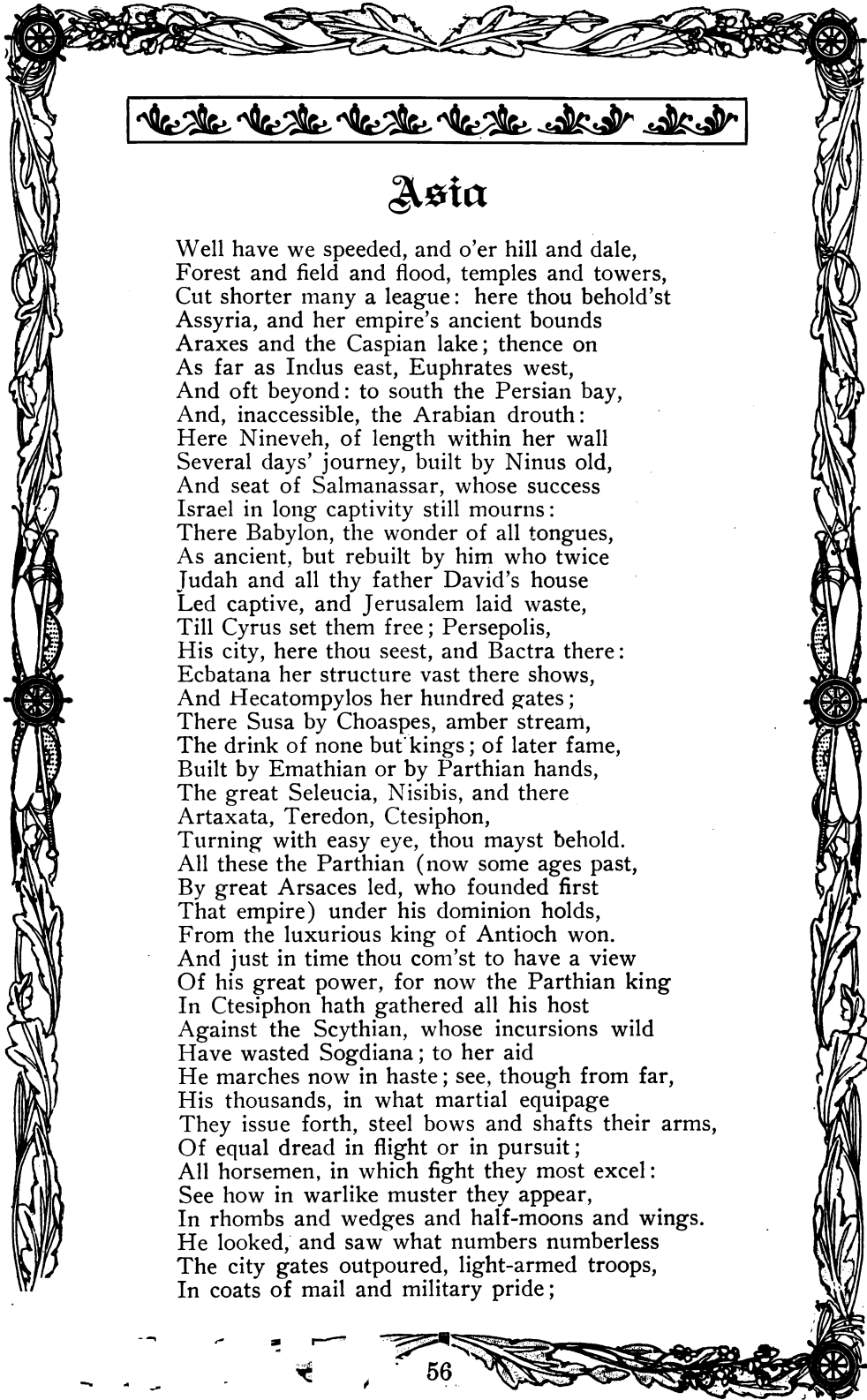
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids; other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.



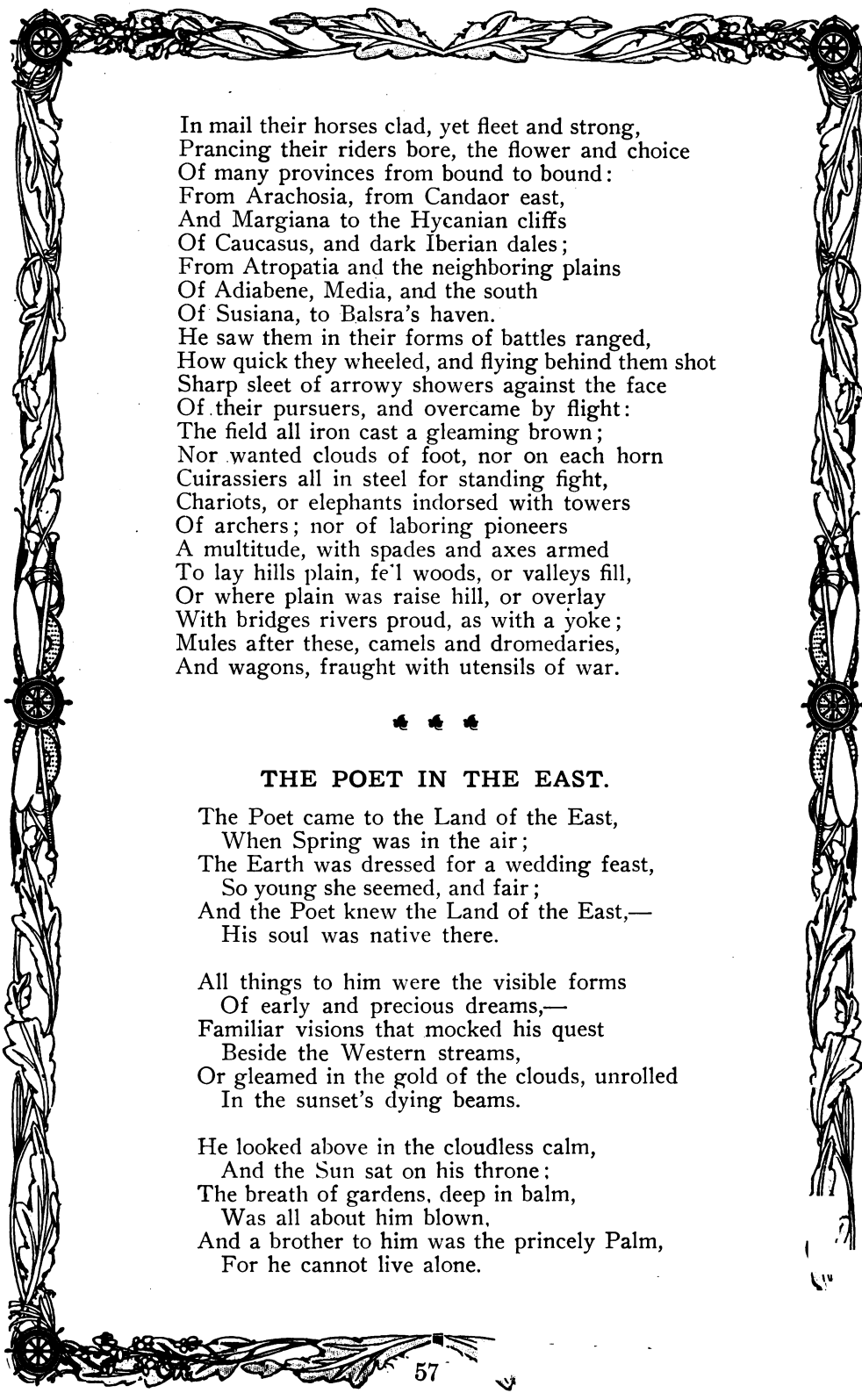


CALDWELL HALL, UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA



Asia

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league: here thou behold'st
Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond: to south the Persian bay,
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns:
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,
His city, here thou seest, and Bactra there:
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame,
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye, thou mayst behold.
All these the Parthian (now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire) under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious king of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power, for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit;
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel:
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs and wedges and half-moons and wings.
He looked, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops,
In coats of mail and military pride;



In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound:
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hycanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatia and the neighboring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsra's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battles ranged,
How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight:
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown;
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers; nor of laboring pioneers
A multitude, with spades and axes armed
To lay hills plain, fe'l woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And wagons, fraught with utensils of war.

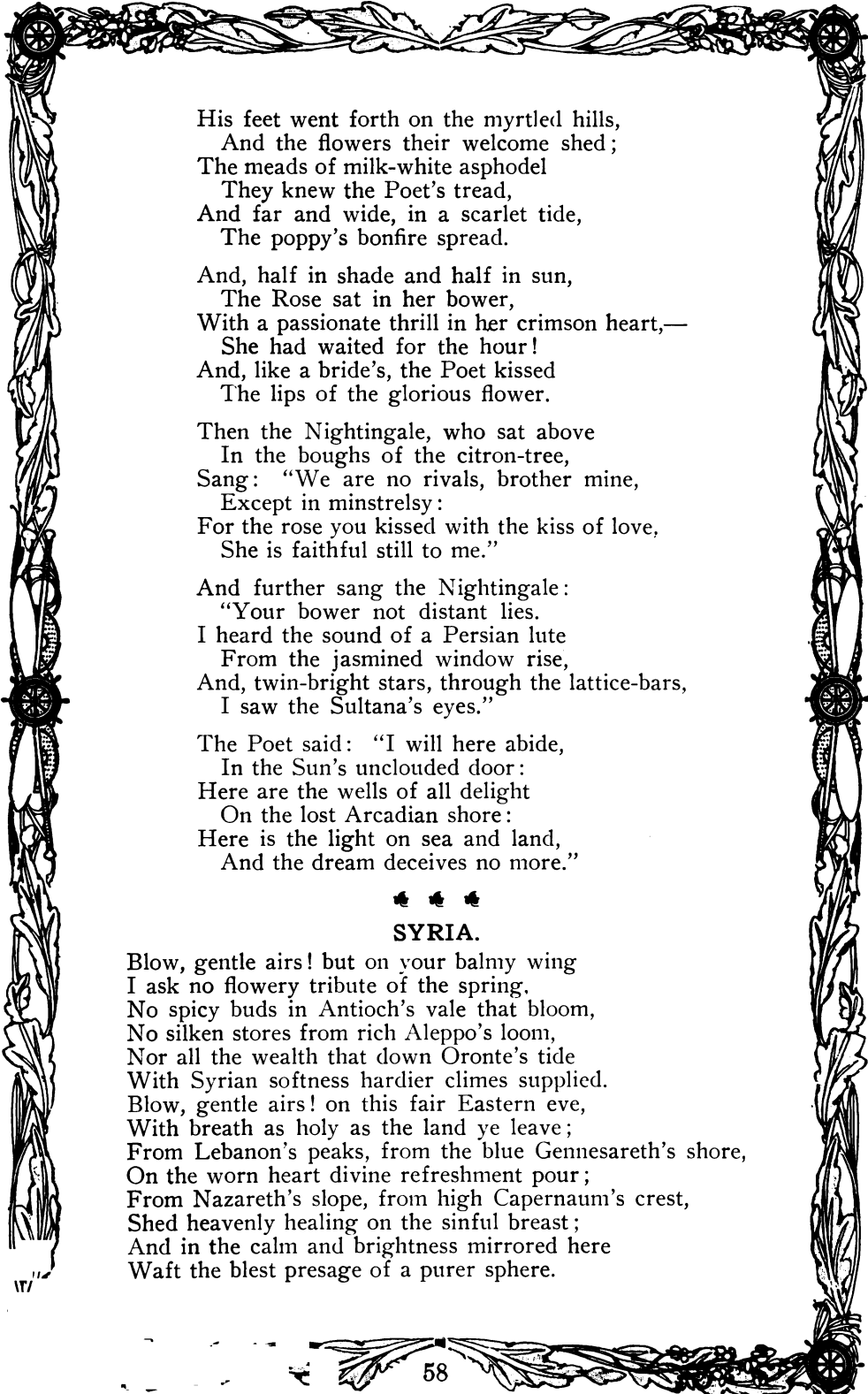


THE POET IN THE EAST.

The Poet came to the Land of the East,
When Spring was in the air;
The Earth was dressed for a wedding feast,
So young she seemed, and fair;
And the Poet knew the Land of the East,—
His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms
Of early and precious dreams,—
Familiar visions that mocked his quest
Beside the Western streams,
Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds, unrolled
In the sunset's dying beams.

He looked above in the cloudless calm,
And the Sun sat on his throne;
The breath of gardens, deep in balm,
Was all about him blown,
And a brother to him was the princely Palm,
For he cannot live alone.



His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,
And the flowers their welcome shed;
The meads of milk-white asphodel
They knew the Poet's tread,
And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread.

And, half in shade and half in sun,
The Rose sat in her bower,
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart,—
She had waited for the hour!
And, like a bride's, the Poet kissed
The lips of the glorious flower.

Then the Nightingale, who sat above
In the boughs of the citron-tree,
Sang: "We are no rivals, brother mine,
Except in minstrelsy:
For the rose you kissed with the kiss of love,
She is faithful still to me."

And further sang the Nightingale:
"Your bower not distant lies.
I heard the sound of a Persian lute
From the jasmined window rise,
And, twin-bright stars, through the lattice-bars,
I saw the Sultana's eyes."

The Poet said: "I will here abide,
In the Sun's unclouded door:
Here are the wells of all delight
On the lost Arcadian shore:
Here is the light on sea and land,
And the dream deceives no more."



SYRIA.

Blow, gentle airs! but on your balmy wing
I ask no flowery tribute of the spring,
No spicy buds in Antioch's vale that bloom,
No silken stores from rich Aleppo's loom,
Nor all the wealth that down Oronte's tide
With Syrian softness hardier climes supplied.
Blow, gentle airs! on this fair Eastern eve,
With breath as holy as the land ye leave;
From Lebanon's peaks, from the blue Gennesareth's shore,
On the worn heart divine refreshment pour;
From Nazareth's slope, from high Capernaum's crest,
Shed heavenly healing on the sinful breast;
And in the calm and brightness mirrored here
Waft the blest presage of a purer sphere.

PALESTINE

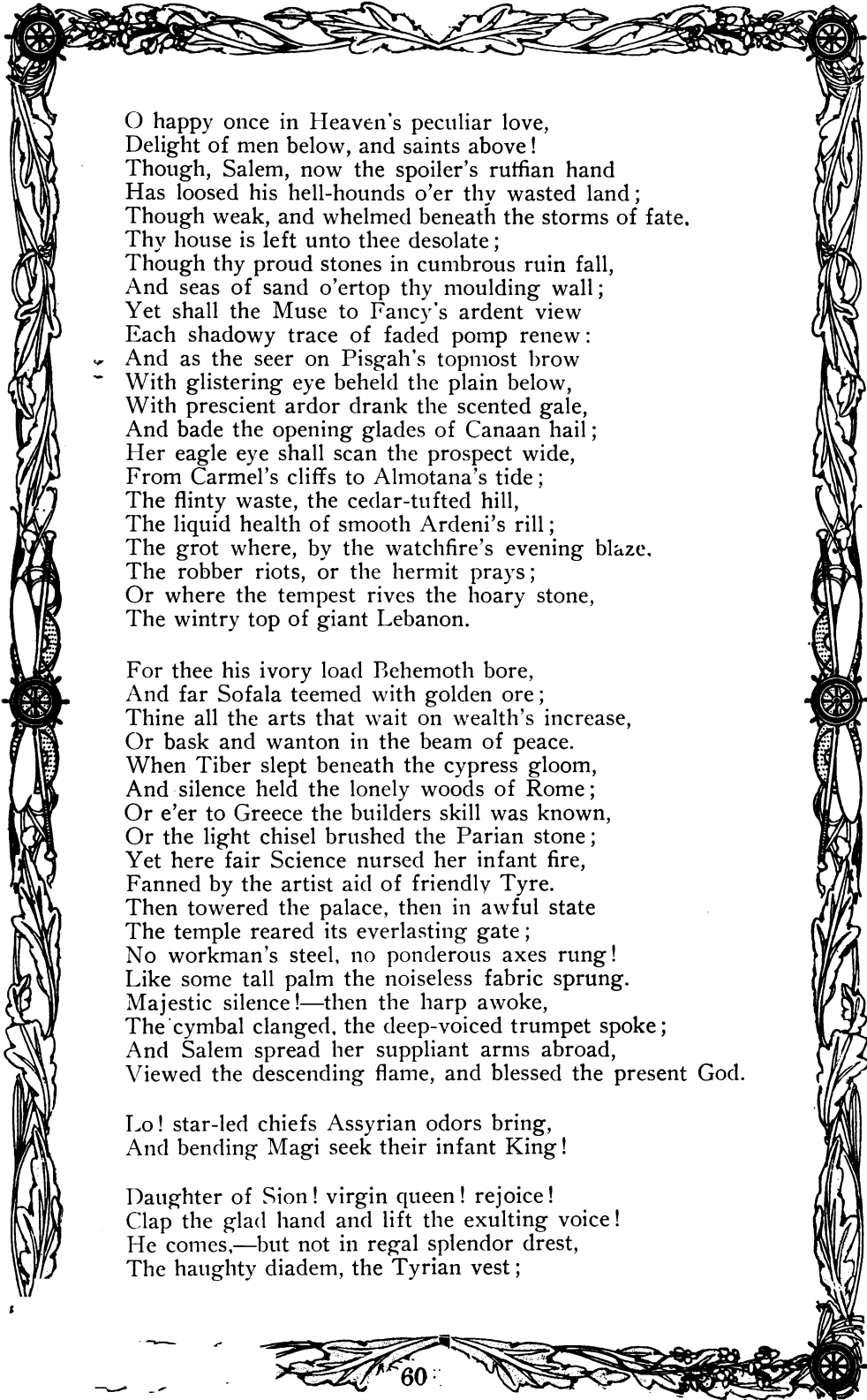


CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE OF LYDDA.
CONVENT OF SABA.
CONVENT OF ST. ELIE.

RUSSIAN BUILDINGS.
THE TOWER OF THE MARTYRS.
THE MOSQUE OF OMAR EL-ASKA.

PALESTINE.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, and city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone:
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song;
But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless fear,
While cold oblivion mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

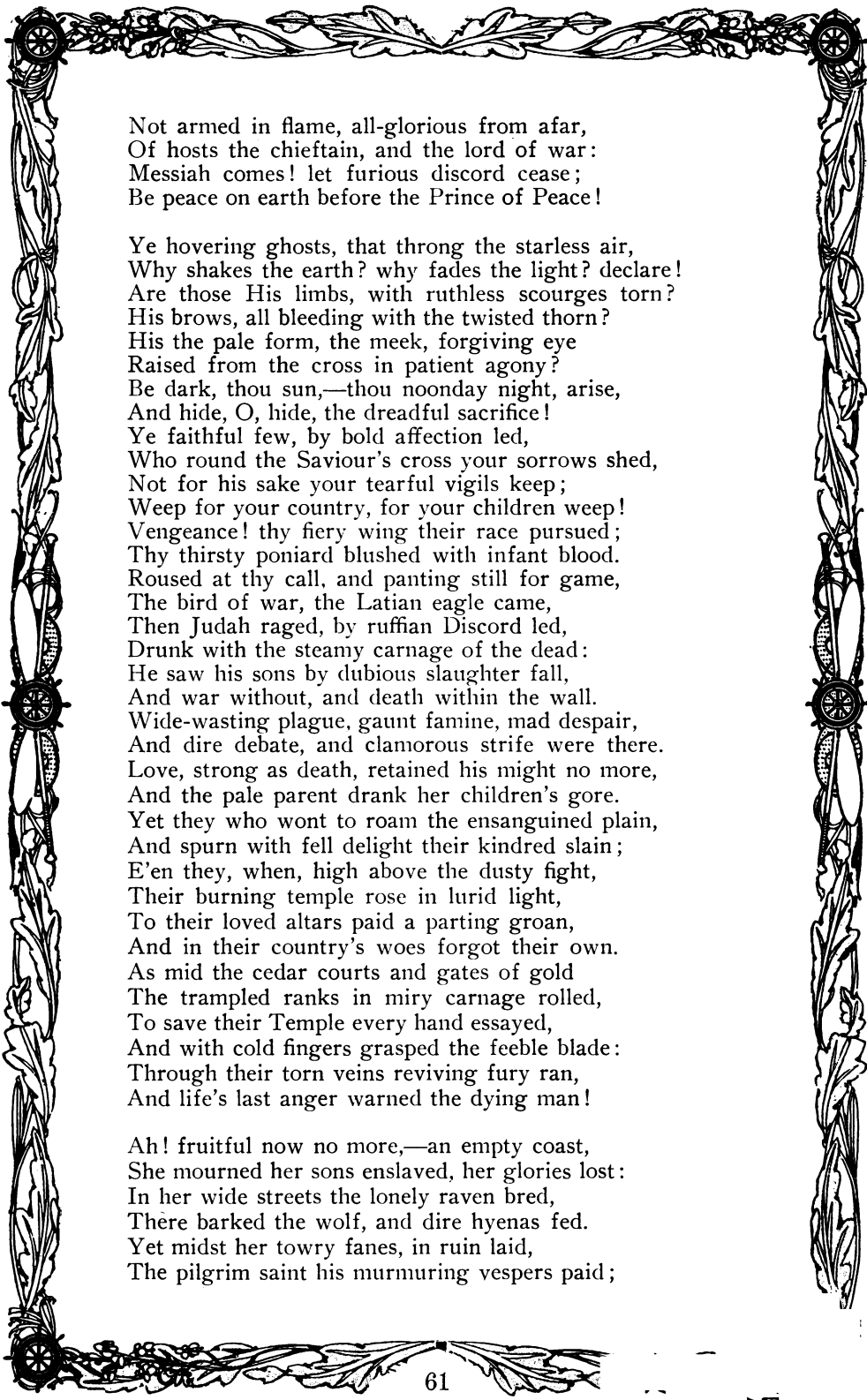


O happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Though weak, and whelmed beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate;
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy moulding wall;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistering eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardor drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill;
The grot where, by the watchfire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays;
Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,
And far Sofala teemed with golden ore;
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tiber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;
Or e'er to Greece the builders skill was known,
Or the light chisel brushed the Parian stone;
Yet here fair Science nursed her infant fire,
Fanned by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then towered the palace, then in awful state
The temple reared its everlasting gate;
No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung!
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clanged, the deep-voiced trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
Viewed the descending flame, and blessed the present God.

Lo! star-led chiefs Assyrian odors bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!

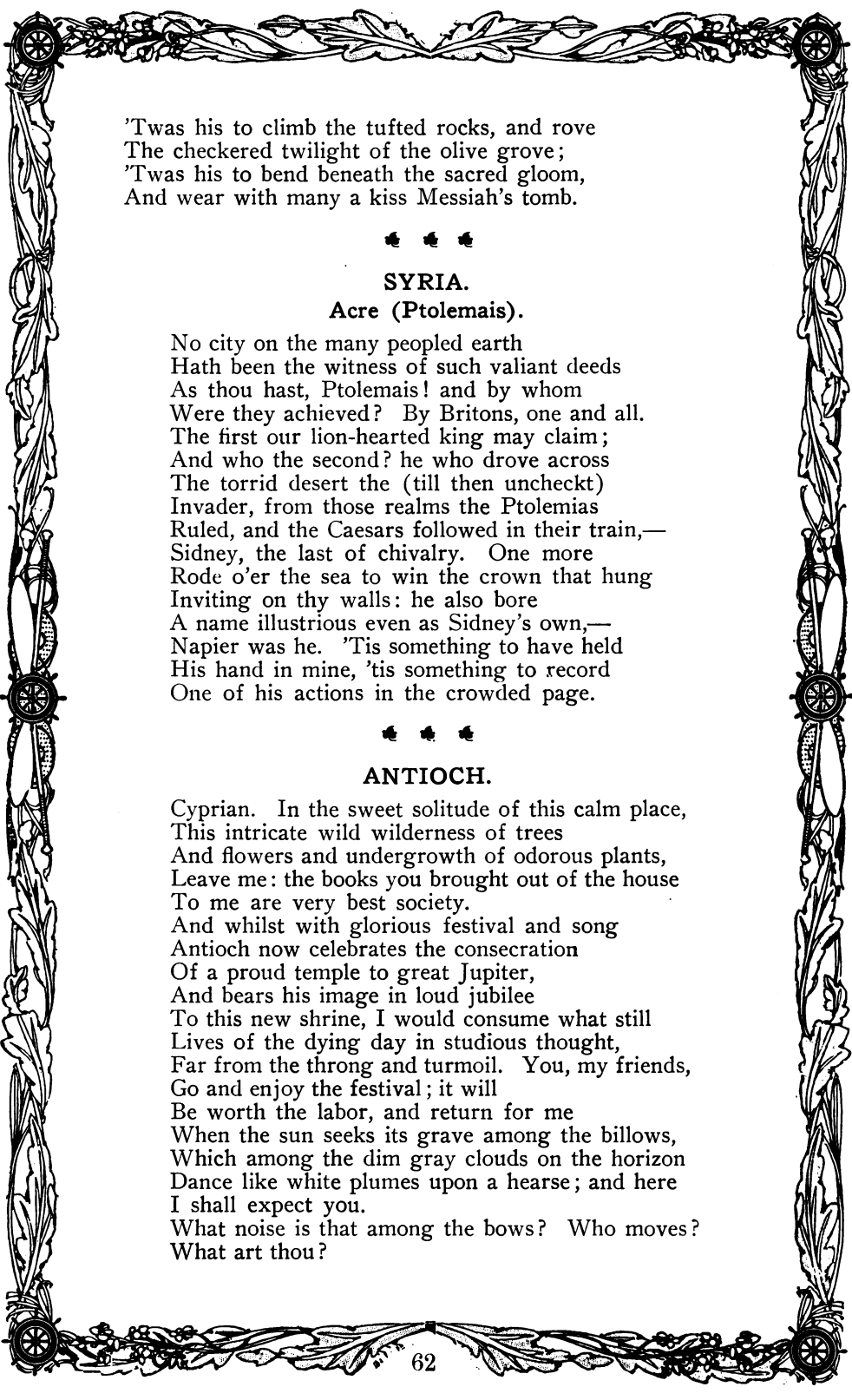
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand and lift the exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendor drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;



Not armed in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Messiah comes! let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!

Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek, forgiving eye
Raised from the cross in patient agony?
Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night, arise,
And hide, O, hide, the dreadful sacrifice!
Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;
Weep for your country, for your children weep!
Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;
Thy thirsty poniard blushed with infant blood.
Roused at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came,
Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting plague, gaunt famine, mad despair,
And dire debate, and clamorous strife were there.
Love, strong as death, retained his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they who wont to roam the ensanguined plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning temple rose in lurid light,
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.
As mid the cedar courts and gates of gold
The trampled ranks in miry carnage rolled,
To save their Temple every hand essayed,
And with cold fingers grasped the feeble blade:
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warned the dying man!

Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourned her sons enslaved, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There barked the wolf, and dire hyenas fed.
Yet midst her towry fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid;



'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The checkered twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb.



SYRIA.

Acre (Ptolemais).

No city on the many peopled earth
Hath been the witness of such valiant deeds
As thou hast, Ptolemais! and by whom
Were they achieved? By Britons, one and all.
The first our lion-hearted king may claim;
And who the second? he who drove across
The torrid desert the (till then unchecked)
Invader, from those realms the Ptolemias
Ruled, and the Caesars followed in their train,—
Sidney, the last of chivalry. One more
Rode o'er the sea to win the crown that hung
Inviting on thy walls: he also bore
A name illustrious even as Sidney's own,—
Napier was he. 'Tis something to have held
His hand in mine, 'tis something to record
One of his actions in the crowded page.



ANTIOCH.

Cyprian. In the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me: the books you brought out of the house
To me are very best society.
And whilst with glorious festival and song
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To this new shrine, I would consume what still
Lives of the dying day in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,
Go and enjoy the festival; it will
Be worth the labor, and return for me
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
Which among the dim gray clouds on the horizon
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse; and here
I shall expect you.
What noise is that among the bows? Who moves?
What art thou?



S. J. COLLEGE, CHICAGO

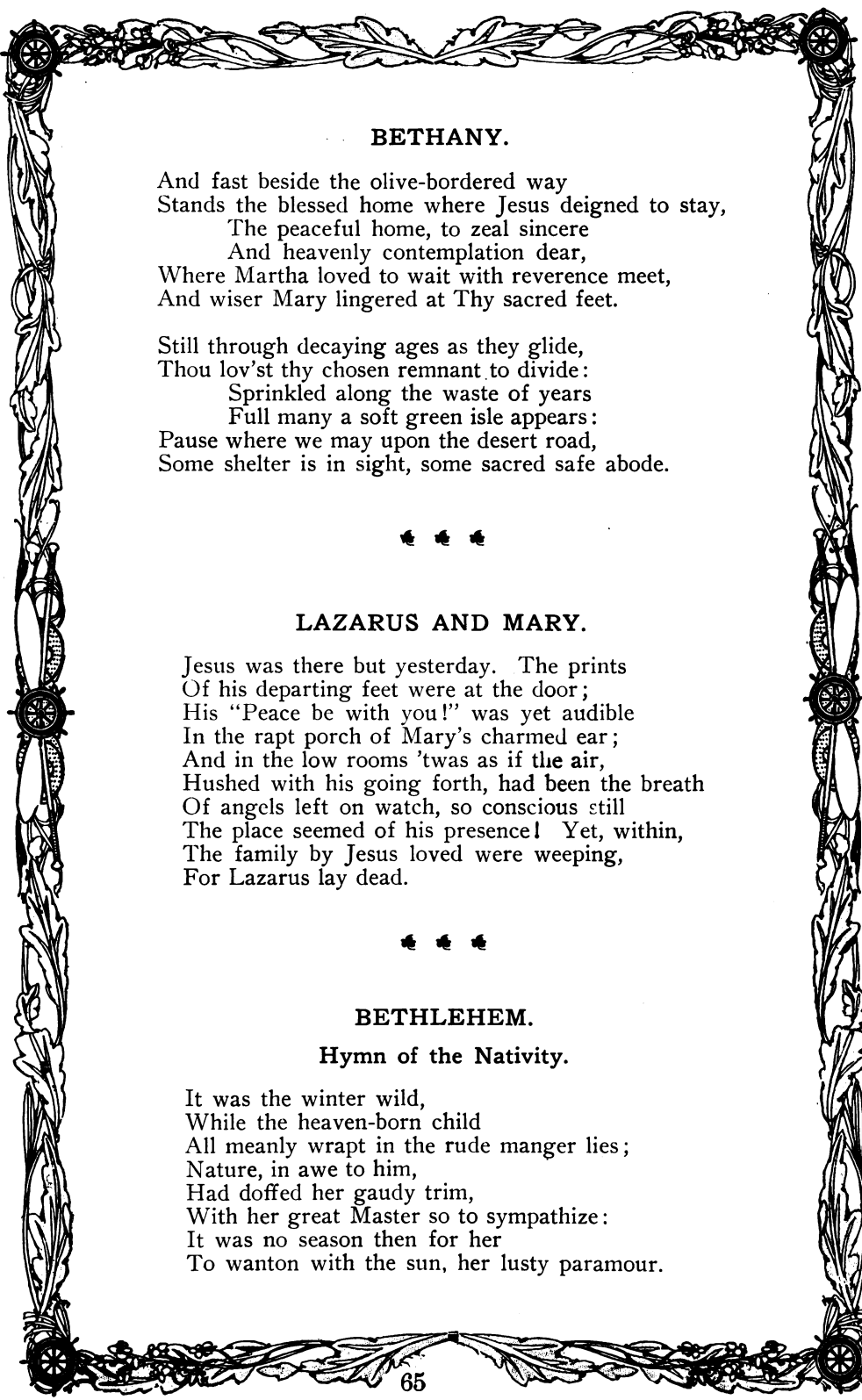
BAALBEK.

Baalbek! thou glorious city! where the sun,
Long ages back, mysterious worship won;
Where, turning eastward, myriads bent the knee,
Well might Day's burning God be proud of thee.
As now he sinks behind the cedared hills,
Bathing with gold the rocks and falling rills,
Doth he not view, with sad, regretful eye,
The beauteous wreck of glories long gone by,
And teach the desert wind to creep and moan
Around each prostrate shaft and ivied stone?



ACROPOLIS OF BAALBEK, SYRIA

City of mystery! by whose hands were piled
These gorgeous fanes on Syria's lonely wild?
No record tells, but Roman art is here,
More rich than chaste, more splendid than severe.
Who reared yon stones?—or were they upward hurled,
The huge foundations of a granite world?
A hundred giants could not lift them there,—
Did Eblis build their mass, or powers of air?
We ask in vain, and only marvelling stand,
And scarce believe that work by human hand.
And yet, perchance, far back in history's night,
These blocks were heaved by old Phœnician might,
And here, since Abraham walked the world, have lain,
The elder Baalbek's dark and sole remain.



BETHANY.

And fast beside the olive-bordered way
Stands the blessed home where Jesus deigned to stay,
 The peaceful home, to zeal sincere
 And heavenly contemplation dear,
Where Martha loved to wait with reverence meet,
And wiser Mary lingered at Thy sacred feet.

Still through decaying ages as they glide,
Thou lov'st thy chosen remnant to divide:
 Sprinkled along the waste of years
 Full many a soft green isle appears:
Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode.



LAZARUS AND MARY.

Jesus was there but yesterday. The prints
Of his departing feet were at the door;
His "Peace be with you!" was yet audible
In the rapt porch of Mary's charmed ear;
And in the low rooms 'twas as if the air,
Hushed with his going forth, had been the breath
Of angels left on watch, so conscious still
The place seemed of his presence! Yet, within,
The family by Jesus loved were weeping,
For Lazarus lay dead.



BETHLEHEM.

Hymn of the Nativity.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.



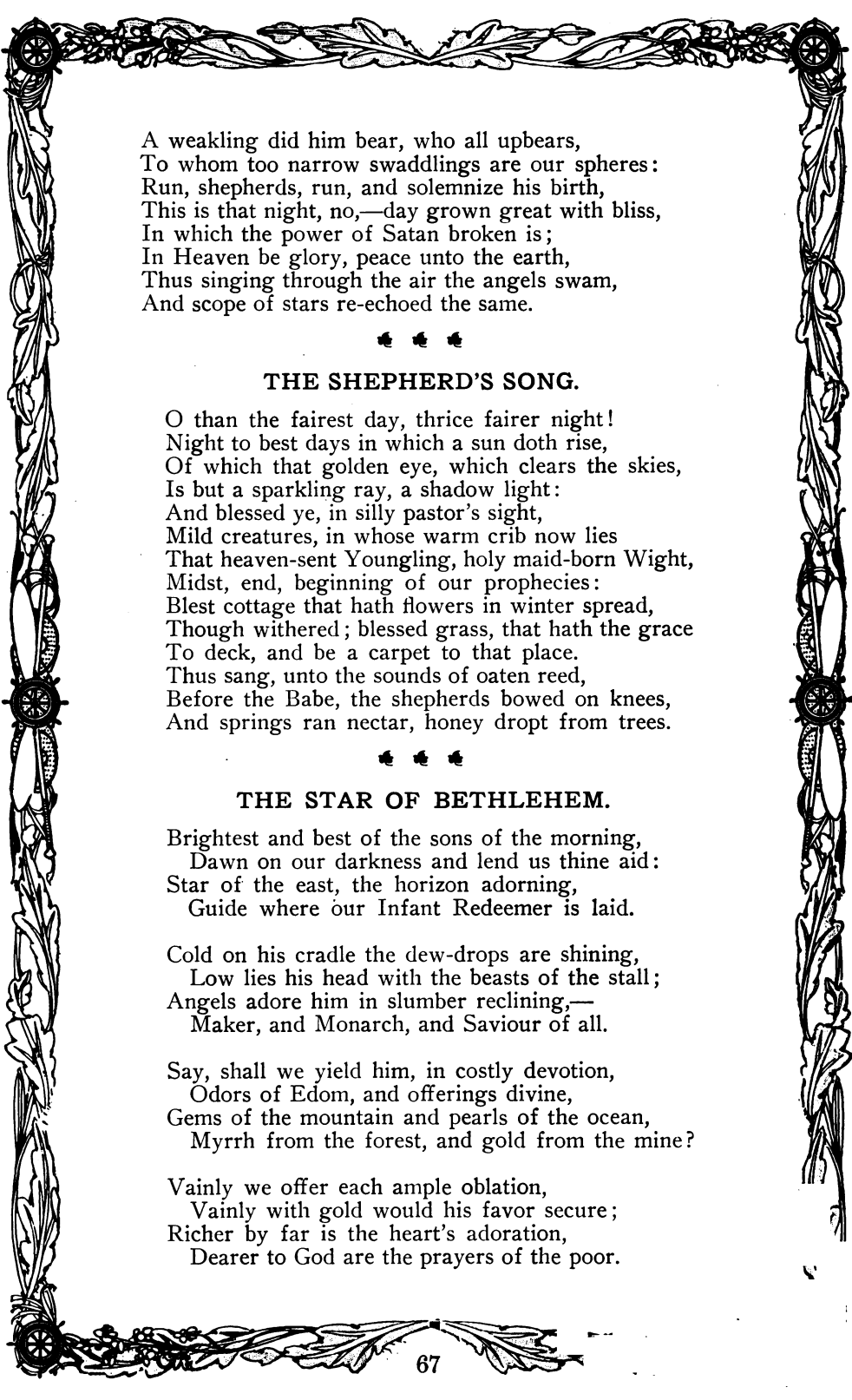
CHURCH OF NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM

But he, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
 She, crowned with olive-green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.



THE ANGEL'S SONG.

Run, shepherds, run where Bethlehem blest appears,
 We bring the best of news, be not dismayed,
 A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
 Amid Heaven's rolling heights this earth who stayed ;
 In a poor cottage inned, a virgin maid,—
 There is he poorly swaddled, in manger laid,—



A weakling did him bear, who all upbears,
To whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres:
Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize his birth,
This is that night, no,—day grown great with bliss,
In which the power of Satan broken is;
In Heaven be glory, peace unto the earth,
Thus singing through the air the angels swam,
And scope of stars re-echoed the same.



THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

O than the fairest day, thrice fairer night!
Night to best days in which a sun doth rise,
Of which that golden eye, which clears the skies,
Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light:
And blessed ye, in silly pastor's sight,
Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies
That heaven-sent Youngling, holy maid-born Wight,
Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies:
Blest cottage that hath flowers in winter spread,
Though withered; blessed grass, that hath the grace
To deck, and be a carpet to that place.
Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed,
Before the Babe, the shepherds bowed on knees,
And springs ran nectar, honey dropt from trees.



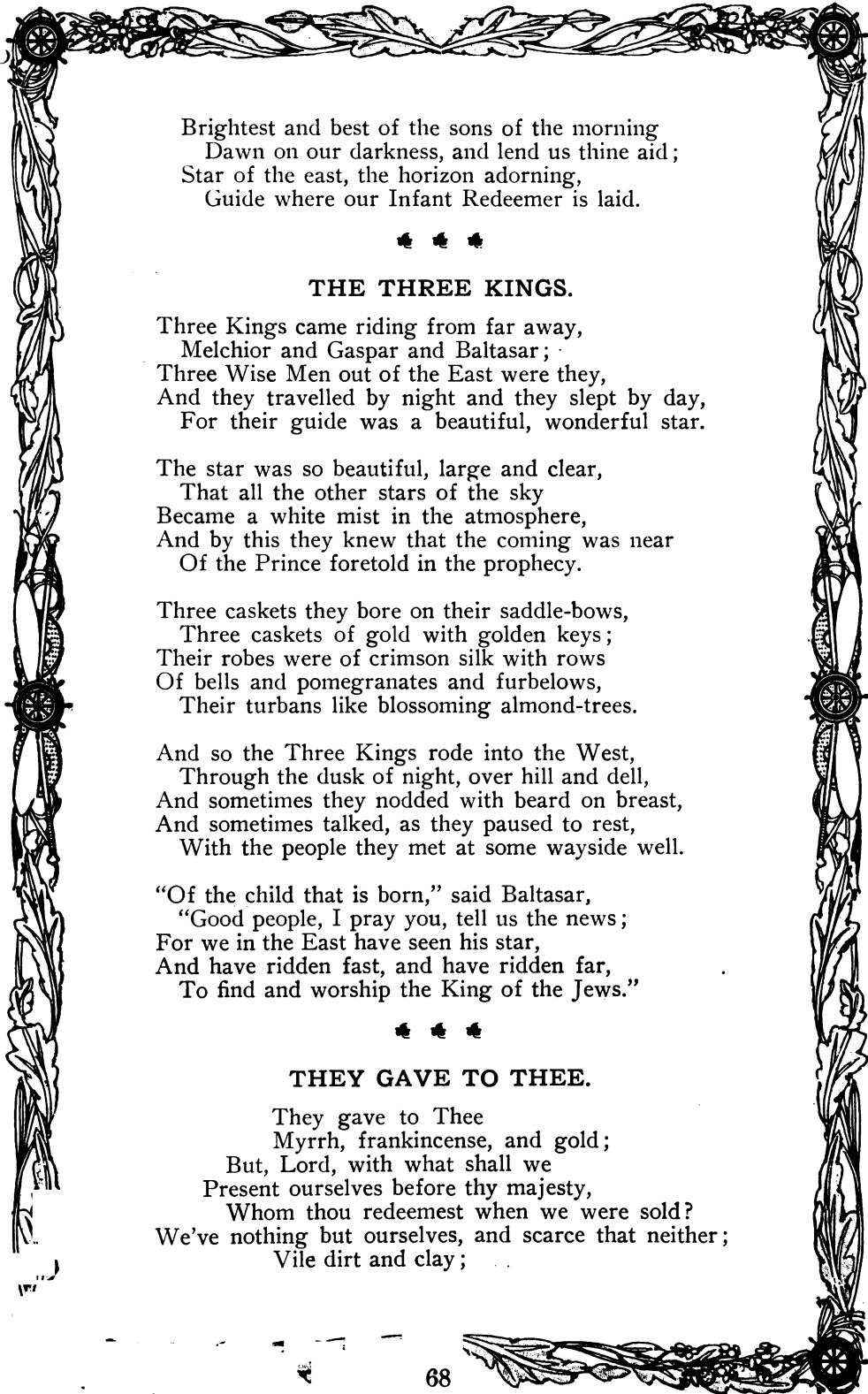
THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.



Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.



THE THREE KINGS.

Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

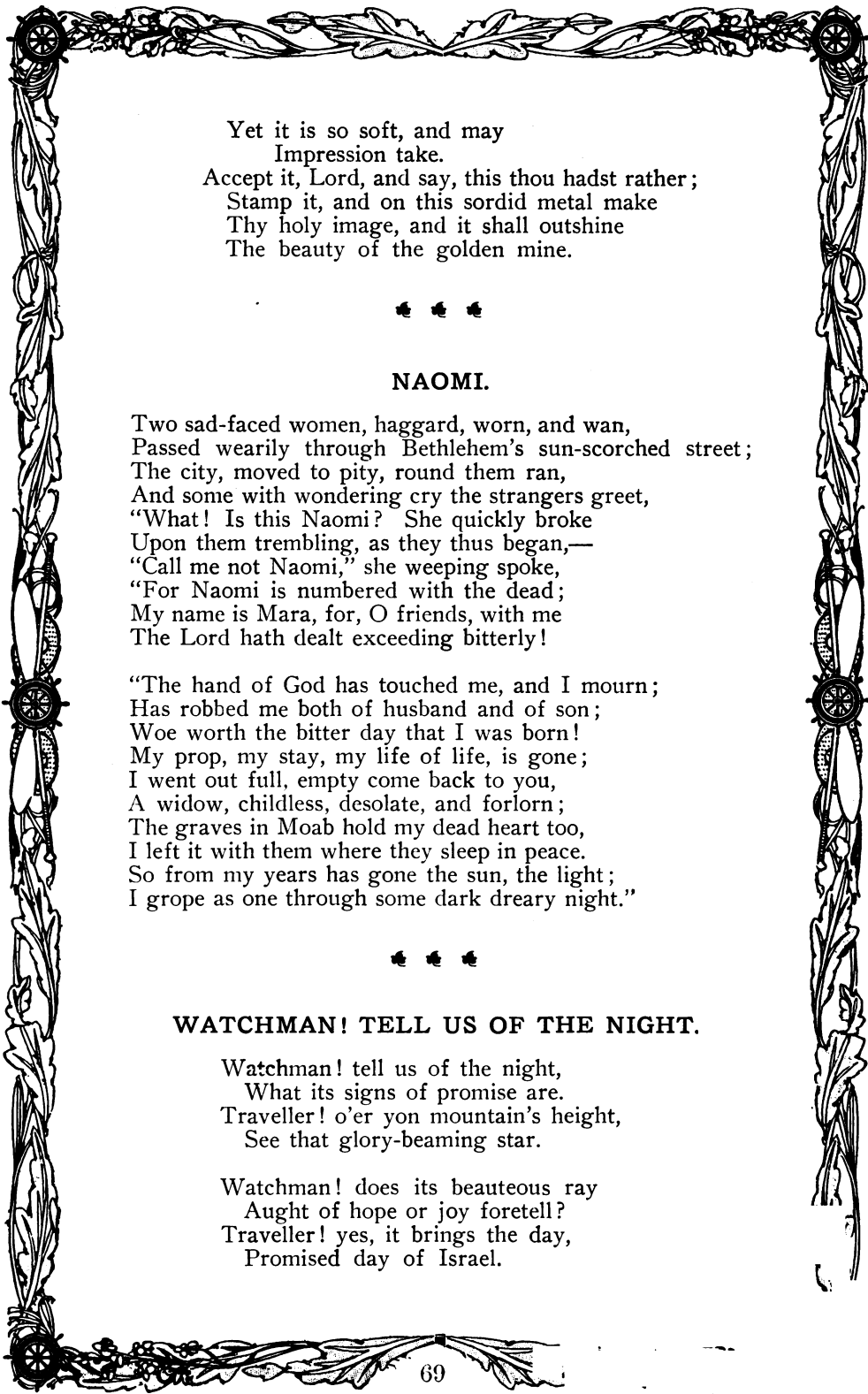
And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."



THEY GAVE TO THEE.

They gave to Thee
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before thy majesty,
Whom thou redeemest when we were sold?
We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither;
Vile dirt and clay;



Yet it is so soft, and may
Impression take.
Accept it, Lord, and say, this thou hadst rather;
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine.



NAOMI.

Two sad-faced women, haggard, worn, and wan,
Passed wearily through Bethlehem's sun-scorched street;
The city, moved to pity, round them ran,
And some with wondering cry the strangers greet,
"What! Is this Naomi? She quickly broke
Upon them trembling, as they thus began,—
"Call me not Naomi," she weeping spoke,
"For Naomi is numbered with the dead;
My name is Mara, for, O friends, with me
The Lord hath dealt exceeding bitterly!

"The hand of God has touched me, and I mourn;
Has robbed me both of husband and of son;
Woe worth the bitter day that I was born!
My prop, my stay, my life of life, is gone;
I went out full, empty come back to you,
A widow, childless, desolate, and forlorn;
The graves in Moab hold my dead heart too,
I left it with them where they sleep in peace.
So from my years has gone the sun, the light;
I grope as one through some dark dreary night."



WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!



CALVARY, THE MOUNT.

Calvary.

See where the Author of all life is dying;
O fearful day! he dead, what hope of living?
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying.
O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of grieving?
Love, love for hate, and death for life is giving;
Lo, how His arms are stretched abroad to grace thee,
And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee;
Why stay'st thou then, my soul! O fly, fly, thither
haste thee.

His radious head with shameful thorns they tear,
His tender back with bloody whips they rent,
His side and heart they furrow with a spear,
His hands and feet with riving nails they tent,
And, as to disentrail his soul they meant,
They jolly at His grief, and make their game,
His naked body to expose to shame,
That all might come to see, and all might see that came.

Whereat the Heaven put out his guilty eye
That durst behold so execrable sight,
And sabled all in black the shady sky,
And the pale stars, struck with unwonted fright,
Quenched their everlasting lamps in night;
And at his birth, as all the stars Heaven had
Were not enow, but a new star was made.

CAPERNAUM.

But near where the Jordan, rippling, joins the lake,
And towering hills a wilder aspect take,
Dark groups of ruin draw the traveller's eye,
And while they prompt reflection ask a sigh.
Frieze, cornice, pillar, lie in mouldering heaps,
Where in the sun the listless adder sleeps.
With ivies hung by Ruin's mocking hand,
A huge black pile o'erlooks the wave-kissed sand;
Here frowns a building pierced with arches gray,
Temple or royal palace, who may say?
Within those courts their tents wild Arabs spread,
Or some fell robber hides his dastard head;
Bright pleasure's town, where sorrow sheds no tear,
'Tis proud Capernaum, all thou see'st here!

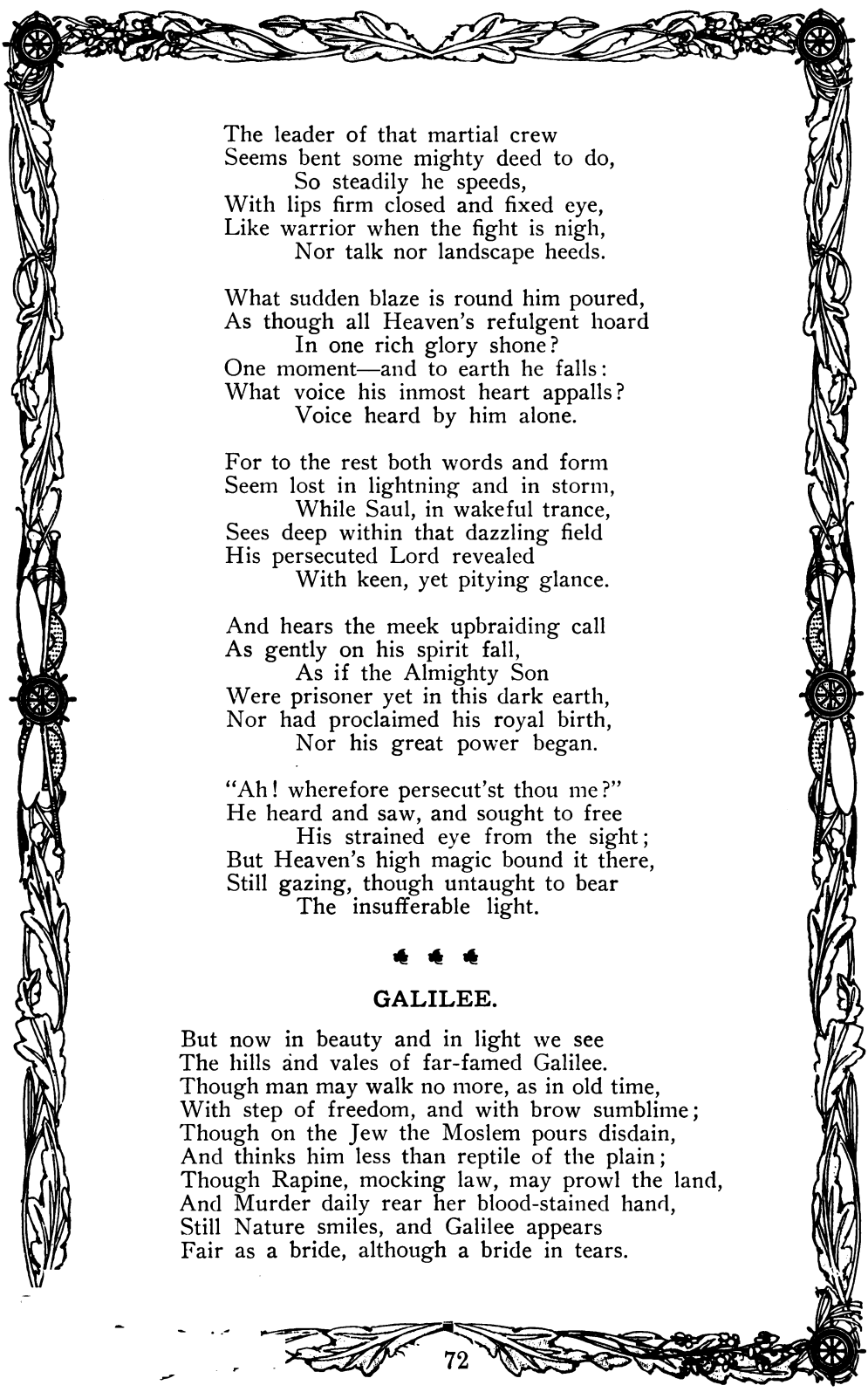


DAMASCUS, SYRIA

DAMASCUS.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

The midday sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;
 Along the level sand.
The palm tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as the towers, Damascus, rise
 To greet yon wearied band.



The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
 So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixed eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
 Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all Heaven's refulgent hoard
 In one rich glory shone?
One moment—and to earth he falls:
What voice his inmost heart appalls?
 Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
 While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed
 With keen, yet pitying glance.

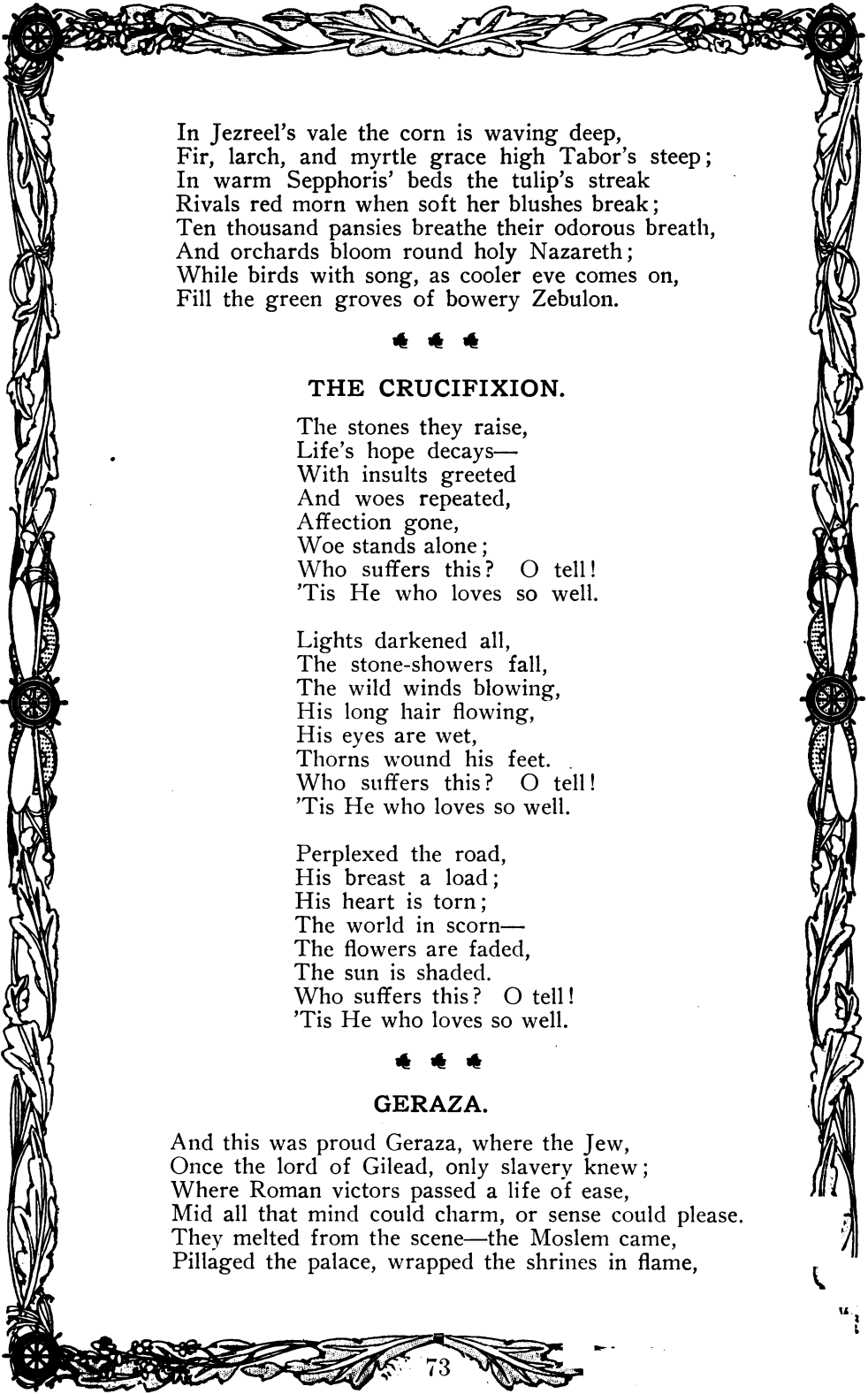
And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
 As if the Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed his royal birth,
 Nor his great power began.

"Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou me?"
He heard and saw, and sought to free
 His strained eye from the sight;
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
 The insufferable light.



GALILEE.

But now in beauty and in light we see
The hills and vales of far-famed Galilee.
Though man may walk no more, as in old time,
With step of freedom, and with brow sublime;
Though on the Jew the Moslem pours disdain,
And thinks him less than reptile of the plain;
Though Rapine, mocking law, may prowl the land,
And Murder daily rear her blood-stained hand,
Still Nature smiles, and Galilee appears
Fair as a bride, although a bride in tears.



In Jezreel's vale the corn is waving deep,
Fir, larch, and myrtle grace high Tabor's steep;
In warm Sepphoris' beds the tulip's streak
Rivals red morn when soft her blushes break;
Ten thousand pansies breathe their odorous breath,
And orchards bloom round holy Nazareth;
While birds with song, as cooler eve comes on,
Fill the green groves of bowery Zebulon.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

The stones they raise,
Life's hope decays—
With insults greeted
And woes repeated,
Affection gone,
Woe stands alone;
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis He who loves so well.

Lights darkened all,
The stone-showers fall,
The wild winds blowing,
His long hair flowing,
His eyes are wet,
Thorns wound his feet.
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis He who loves so well.

Perplexed the road,
His breast a load;
His heart is torn—
The world in scorn—
The flowers are faded,
The sun is shaded.
Who suffers this? O tell!
'Tis He who loves so well.



GERAZA.

And this was proud Geraza, where the Jew,
Once the lord of Gilead, only slavery knew;
Where Roman victors passed a life of ease,
Mid all that mind could charm, or sense could please.
They melted from the scene—the Moslem came,
Pillaged the palace, wrapped the shrines in flame,

And searched the dead and broke the coffin-lid,
Lured by the wealth which Jew or Christian hid.
They in their turn departed; long, long years
Have done their worst—Geraza still appears,
Queen-like and sad, on ruin gazing down,
No foe but Time, no subjects and no crown,
Her only guest Oblivion's shade, who keeps
Watch o'er the scene, while Rome's pale genius weeps.

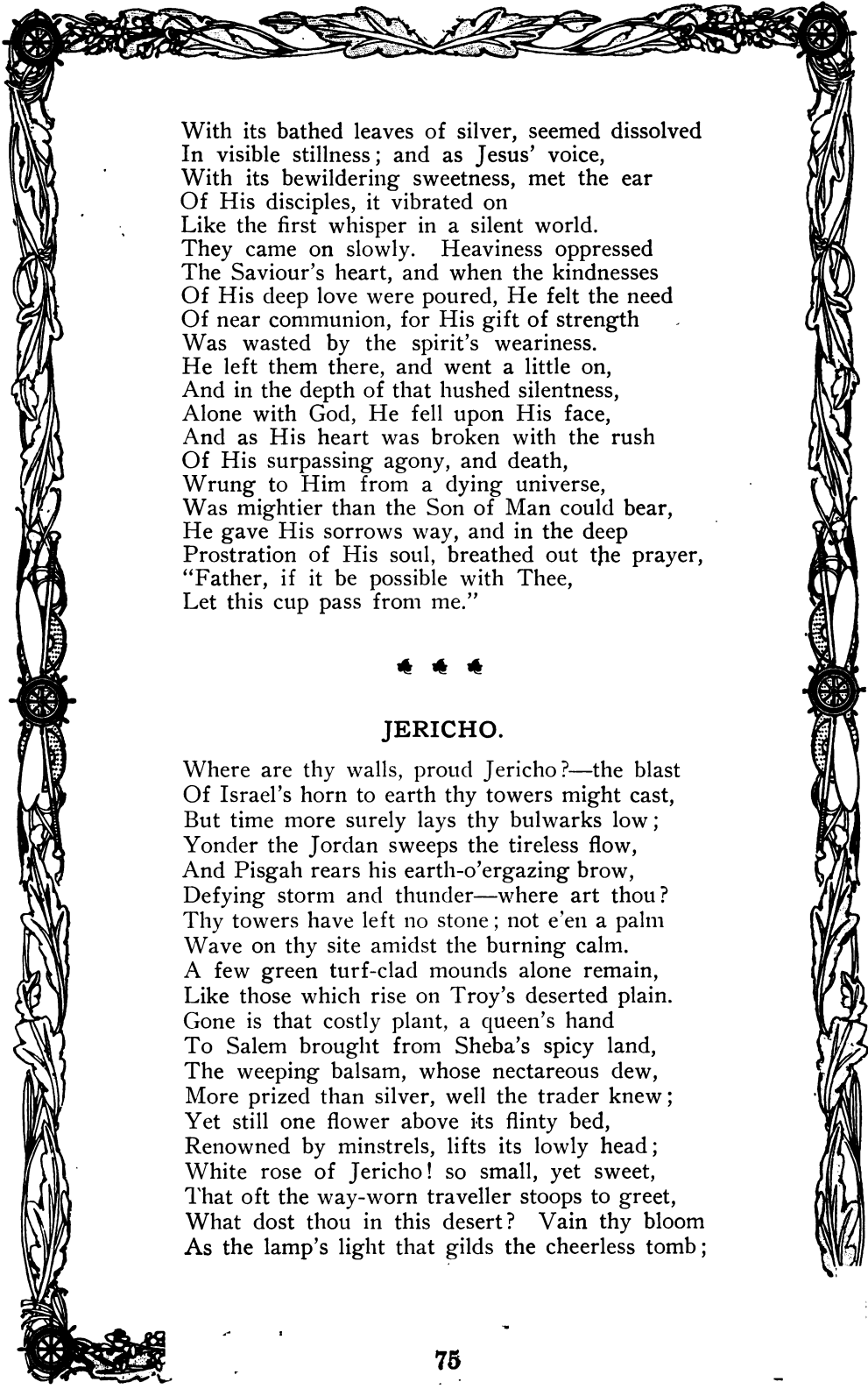
Behold this arch of triumph!—reared to whom?
No line declares—'tis lonely as a tomb;
Yet here the monarch passed, or man of war,
While shouts rang round, and laurels decked his car;
We walk beneath—Geraza rises near,
Not harsh the scene, not gloomy or severe,
But grandly beautiful, and softly mild—
Another Tadmor mourns upon the wild.
The broken statue, column worn and rent,
The tottering tower, the grass-grown monument.



LAZARISTE COLLEGE, CHICAGO

SCENE IN GETHSEMANE.

The moon was shining yet. The Orient's brow,
Set with the morning star, was not yet dim;
And the deep silence which subdues the breath
Like a strong feeling hung upon the world
As sleep upon the pulses of a child.
'Twas the last watch of the night. Gethsemane,

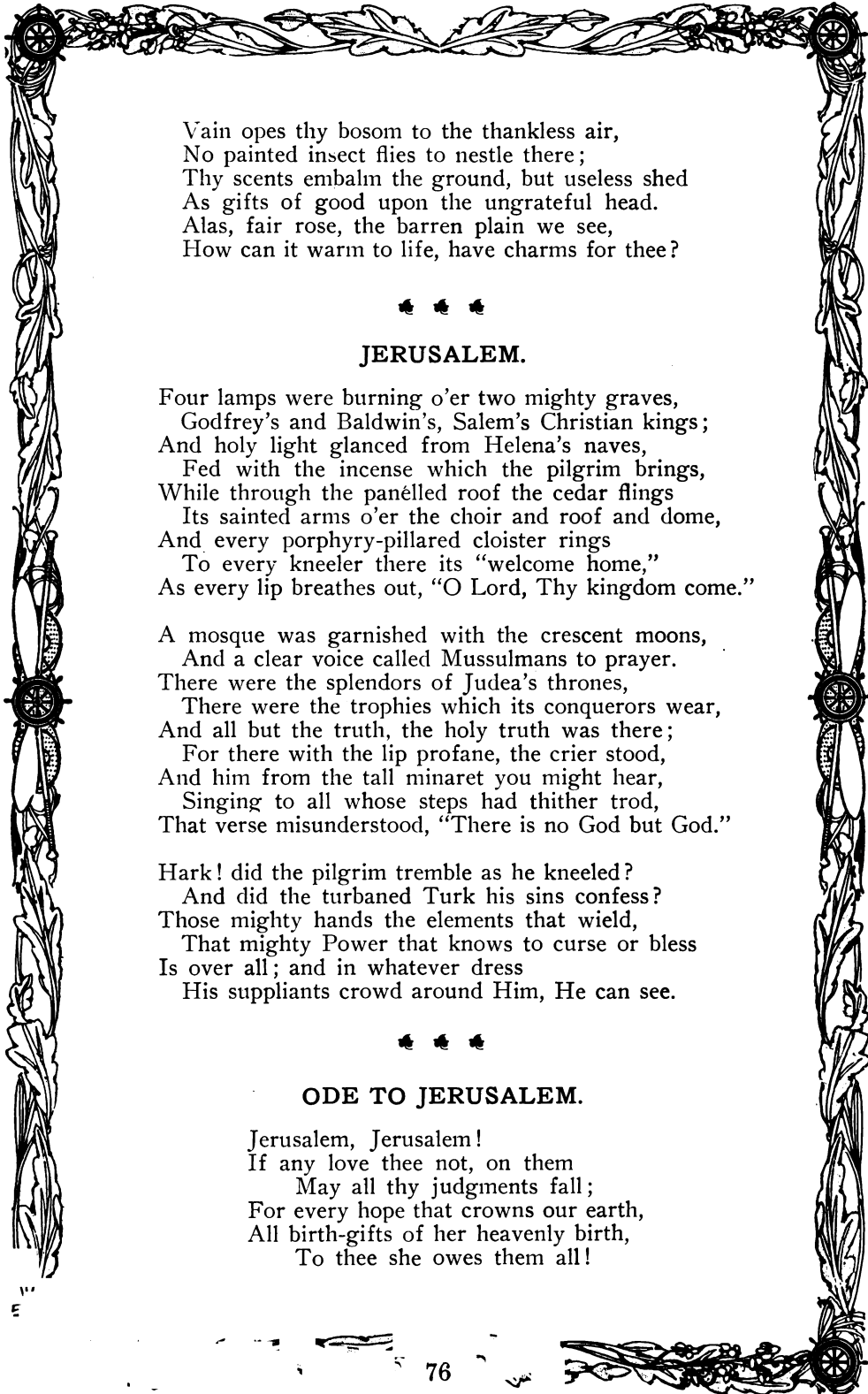


With its bathed leaves of silver, seemed dissolved
In visible stillness; and as Jesus' voice,
With its bewildering sweetness, met the ear
Of His disciples, it vibrated on
Like the first whisper in a silent world.
They came on slowly. Heaviness oppressed
The Saviour's heart, and when the kindnesses
Of His deep love were poured, He felt the need
Of near communion, for His gift of strength
Was wasted by the spirit's weariness.
He left them there, and went a little on,
And in the depth of that hushed silentness,
Alone with God, He fell upon His face,
And as His heart was broken with the rush
Of His surpassing agony, and death,
Wrung to Him from a dying universe,
Was mightier than the Son of Man could bear,
He gave His sorrows way, and in the deep
Prostration of His soul, breathed out the prayer,
"Father, if it be possible with Thee,
Let this cup pass from me."



JERICHO.

Where are thy walls, proud Jericho?—the blast
Of Israel's horn to earth thy towers might cast,
But time more surely lays thy bulwarks low;
Yonder the Jordan sweeps the tireless flow,
And Pisgah rears his earth-o'ergazing brow,
Defying storm and thunder—where art thou?
Thy towers have left no stone; not e'en a palm
Wave on thy site amidst the burning calm.
A few green turf-clad mounds alone remain,
Like those which rise on Troy's deserted plain.
Gone is that costly plant, a queen's hand
To Salem brought from Sheba's spicy land,
The weeping balsam, whose nectareous dew,
More prized than silver, well the trader knew;
Yet still one flower above its flinty bed,
Renowned by minstrels, lifts its lowly head;
White rose of Jericho! so small, yet sweet,
That oft the way-worn traveller stoops to greet,
What dost thou in this desert? Vain thy bloom
As the lamp's light that gilds the cheerless tomb;



Vain opes thy bosom to the thankless air,
No painted insect flies to nestle there;
Thy scents embalm the ground, but useless shed
As gifts of good upon the ungrateful head.
Alas, fair rose, the barren plain we see,
How can it warm to life, have charms for thee?



JERUSALEM.

Four lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves,
Godfrey's and Baldwin's, Salem's Christian kings;
And holy light glanced from Helena's naves,
Fed with the incense which the pilgrim brings,
While through the panell'd roof the cedar flings
Its sainted arms o'er the choir and roof and dome,
And every porphyry-pillared cloister rings
To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"
As every lip breathes out, "O Lord, Thy kingdom come."

A mosque was garnished with the crescent moons,
And a clear voice called Mussulmans to prayer.
There were the splendors of Judea's thrones,
There were the trophies which its conquerors wear,
And all but the truth, the holy truth was there;
For there with the lip profane, the crier stood,
And him from the tall minaret you might hear,
Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,
That verse misunderstood, "There is no God but God."

Hark! did the pilgrim tremble as he kneeled?
And did the turbaned Turk his sins confess?
Those mighty hands the elements that wield,
That mighty Power that knows to curse or bless
Is over all; and in whatever dress
His suplicants crowd around Him, He can see.

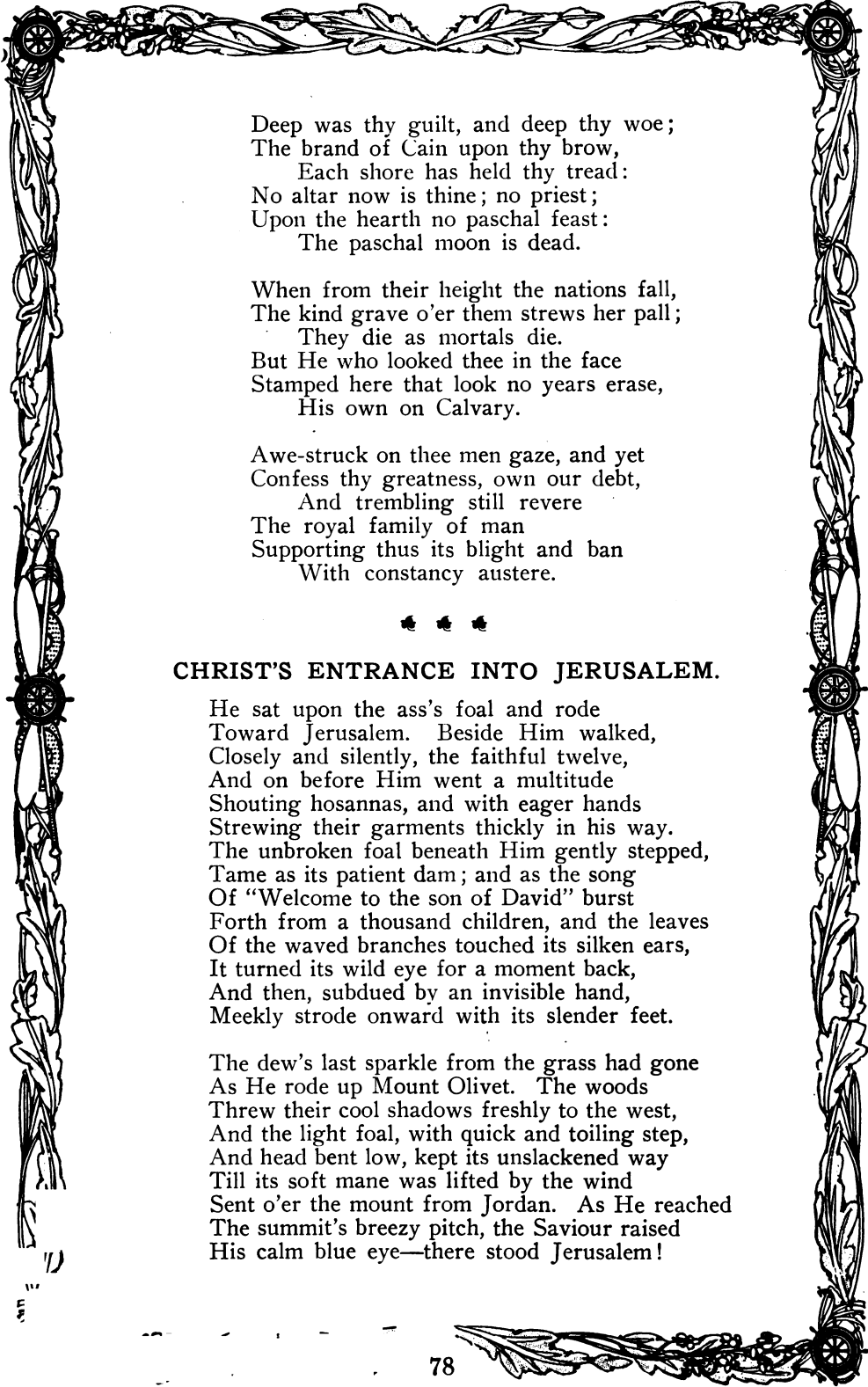


ODE TO JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
If any love thee not, on them
May all thy judgments fall;
For every hope that crowns our earth,
All birth-gifts of her heavenly birth,
To thee she owes them all!



NOTRE DAME ACADEMY, INDIANA



Deep was thy guilt, and deep thy woe;
The brand of Cain upon thy brow,
Each shore has held thy tread:
No altar now is thine; no priest;
Upon the hearth no paschal feast:
The paschal moon is dead.

When from their height the nations fall,
The kind grave o'er them strews her pall;
They die as mortals die.
But He who looked thee in the face
Stamped here that look no years erase,
His own on Calvary.

Awe-struck on thee men gaze, and yet
Confess thy greatness, own our debt,
And trembling still revere
The royal family of man
Supporting thus its blight and ban
With constancy austere.



CHRIST'S ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM.

He sat upon the ass's foal and rode
Toward Jerusalem. Beside Him walked,
Closely and silently, the faithful twelve,
And on before Him went a multitude
Shouting hosannas, and with eager hands
Strewing their garments thickly in his way.
The unbroken foal beneath Him gently stepped,
Tame as its patient dam; and as the song
Of "Welcome to the son of David" burst
Forth from a thousand children, and the leaves
Of the waved branches touched its silken ears,
It turned its wild eye for a moment back,
And then, subdued by an invisible hand,
Meekly strode onward with its slender feet.

The dew's last sparkle from the grass had gone
As He rode up Mount Olivet. The woods
Threw their cool shadows freshly to the west,
And the light foal, with quick and toiling step,
And head bent low, kept its unslackened way
Till its soft mane was lifted by the wind
Sent o'er the mount from Jordan. As He reached
The summit's breezy pitch, the Saviour raised
His calm blue eye—there stood Jerusalem!

Eagerly He bent forward, and beneath
His mantle's passive folds, a bolder line
Than the wont slightness of his perfect limbs
Betrayed the swelling fulness of his heart.

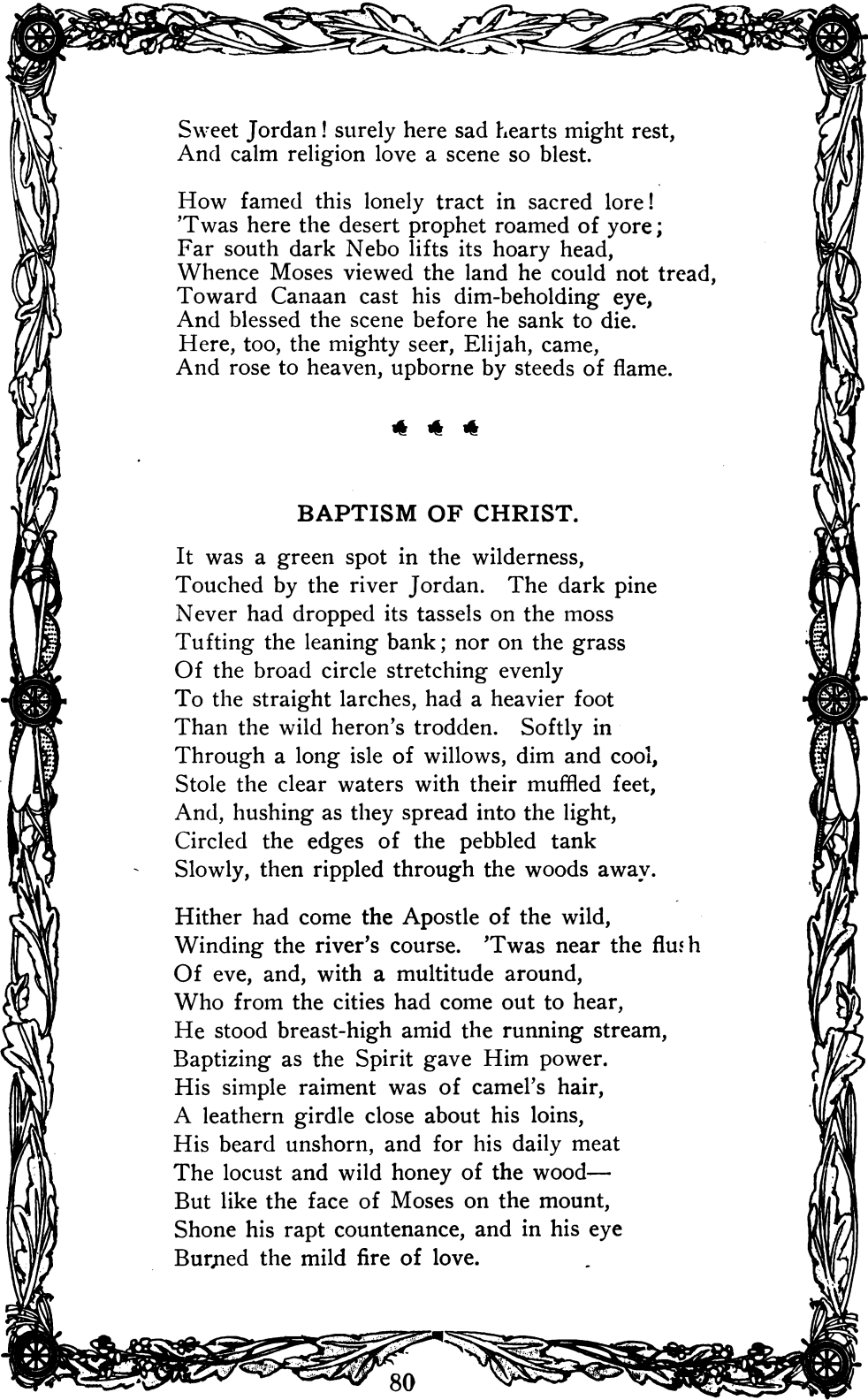
There stood Jerusalem! How fair she looked—
The silver sun on all her palaces,
And her fair daughters mid the golden spires
Tending their terrace flowers, and Kedron's stream
Lacing the meadows with its silver band,
And wreathing its mist-mantle on the sky
With the morn's exhalations. There she stood—
Jerusalem—the city of His love,
Chosen from all the earth; Jerusalem—
That knew Him not, and had rejected Him;
Jerusalem, for whom He came to die!
The shouts redoubled from a thousand lips
At the fair sight; the children leaped and sang
Louder hosannas; the clear air was filled
With the odor from the trampled olive-leaves
But Jesus wept. The loved disciple saw
His Master's tears, and closer to His side
He came with yearning looks, and on his neck
The Saviour leant with heavenly tenderness,
And mourned: "How oft, Jerusalem! would I
Have gathered you, as gathereth a hen
Her brood beneath her wings, but ye would not!"

He thought not of the death that he should die—
He thought not of the thorns he knew must pierce
His forehead, of the buffet on the cheek,
The scourge, the mocking homage, the foul scorn!
Gethsemane stood out beneath His eye.



JORDAN, THE RIVER.

Few ruins now those willowy banks disclose,
But fresh as in old days the current flows;
Here lofty reeds and palms shut out the beam,
And there romantic rocks o'erhang the stream.
Rare flowers, man trains not, deck the mossy ground,
And each slight breeze wafts almond-blooms around;
The bee secure along the liliated shore
Winds her blithe horn, and steals her honeyed store;
Blue skies look down on bluer waves; the air
Is soft and fragrant, as some angel there,
Just flown from Paradise, had spread his plume,
Hushing the earth, and shaking round perfume.



Sweet Jordan! surely here sad hearts might rest,
And calm religion love a scene so blest.

How famed this lonely tract in sacred lore!
'Twas here the desert prophet roamed of yore;
Far south dark Nebo lifts its hoary head,
Whence Moses viewed the land he could not tread,
Toward Canaan cast his dim-beholding eye,
And blessed the scene before he sank to die.
Here, too, the mighty seer, Elijah, came,
And rose to heaven, upborne by steeds of flame.



BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

It was a green spot in the wilderness,
Touched by the river Jordan. The dark pine
Never had dropped its tassels on the moss
Tufting the leaning bank; nor on the grass
Of the broad circle stretching evenly
To the straight larches, had a heavier foot
Than the wild heron's trodden. Softly in
Through a long isle of willows, dim and cool,
Stole the clear waters with their muffled feet,
And, hushing as they spread into the light,
Circled the edges of the pebbled tank
Slowly, then rippled through the woods away.

Hither had come the Apostle of the wild,
Winding the river's course. 'Twas near the flush
Of eve, and, with a multitude around,
Who from the cities had come out to hear,
He stood breast-high amid the running stream,
Baptizing as the Spirit gave Him power.
His simple raiment was of camel's hair,
A leathern girdle close about his loins,
His beard unshorn, and for his daily meat
The locust and wild honey of the wood—
But like the face of Moses on the mount,
Shone his rapt countenance, and in his eye
Burned the mild fire of love.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Ye ancients of the earth, beneath whose shade
Swept the fierce banners of earth's mightiest kings,
When millions for a battle were arrayed,
And the sky darkened with the vulture's wings.

Long silence followed on the battle-cries;
First the bones whitened, then were seen no more;
The summer grasses sprang for summer skies,
And dim tradition told no tales of yore.

And ye, ancestral trees, are somewhat shorn
Of the first strength that marked earth's earlier clime;
But still ye stand, stately and tempest-worn,
To show how nature triumphs over time.

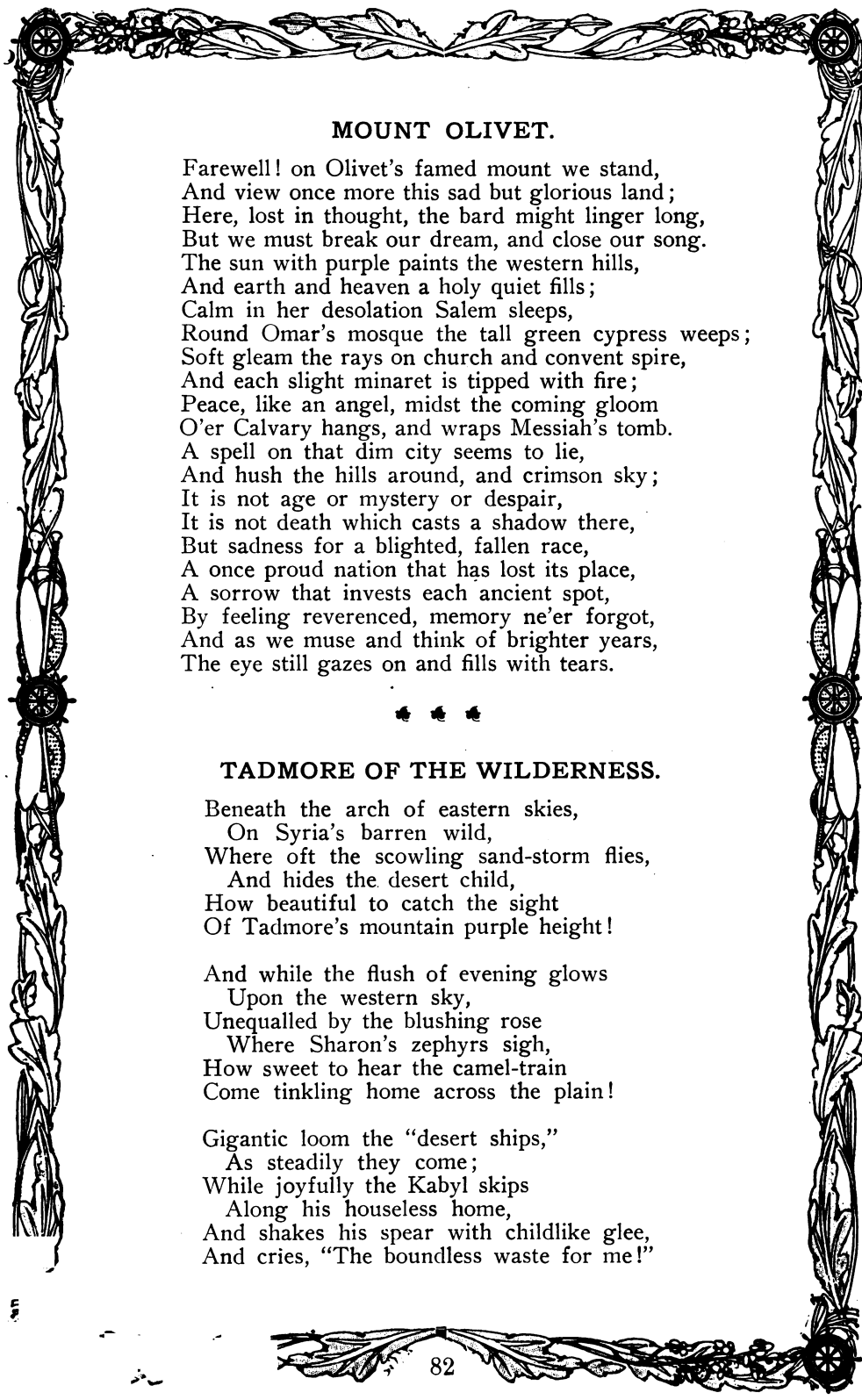


ORIENTAL UNIVERSITY

Much have ye witnessed, but yet more remains;
The mind's great empire is but just begun;
The desert beauty of your distant plains
Proclaim how much has yet been left undone.

Will not your giant columns yet behold
The world's old age, enlightened, calm, and free;
More glorious than the glories known of old—
The spirit's placid rule o'er land and sea?

All that the past has taught has not been vain—
Wisdom is garnered up from centuries gone;
Love, Hope, and Mind prepare a nobler reign
Than ye have known, Cedars of Lebanon!



MOUNT OLIVET.

Farewell! on Olivet's famed mount we stand,
And view once more this sad but glorious land;
Here, lost in thought, the bard might linger long,
But we must break our dream, and close our song.
The sun with purple paints the western hills,
And earth and heaven a holy quiet fills;
Calm in her desolation Salem sleeps,
Round Omar's mosque the tall green cypress weeps;
Soft gleam the rays on church and convent spire,
And each slight minaret is tipped with fire;
Peace, like an angel, midst the coming gloom
O'er Calvary hangs, and wraps Messiah's tomb.
A spell on that dim city seems to lie,
And hush the hills around, and crimson sky;
It is not age or mystery or despair,
It is not death which casts a shadow there,
But sadness for a blighted, fallen race,
A once proud nation that has lost its place,
A sorrow that invests each ancient spot,
By feeling revered, memory ne'er forgot,
And as we muse and think of brighter years,
The eye still gazes on and fills with tears.



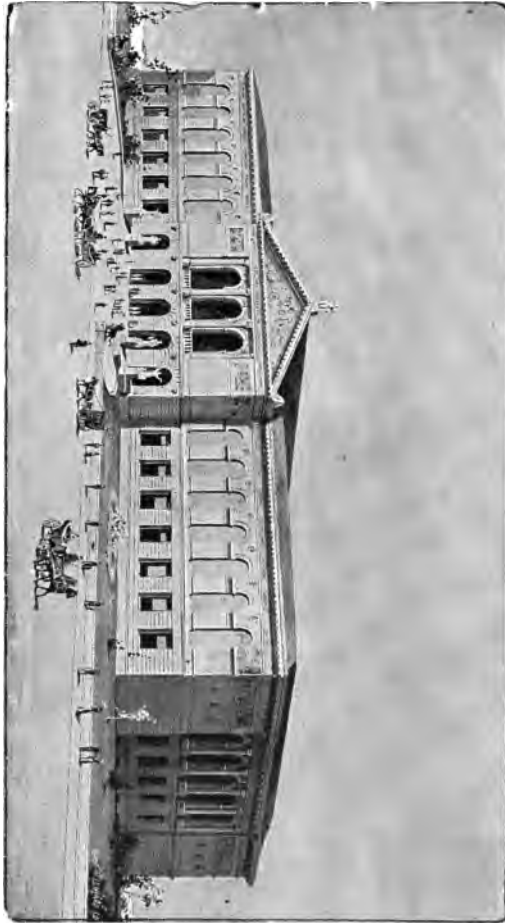
TADMORE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Beneath the arch of eastern skies,
On Syria's barren wild,
Where oft the scowling sand-storm flies,
And hides the desert child,
How beautiful to catch the sight
Of Tadmore's mountain purple height!

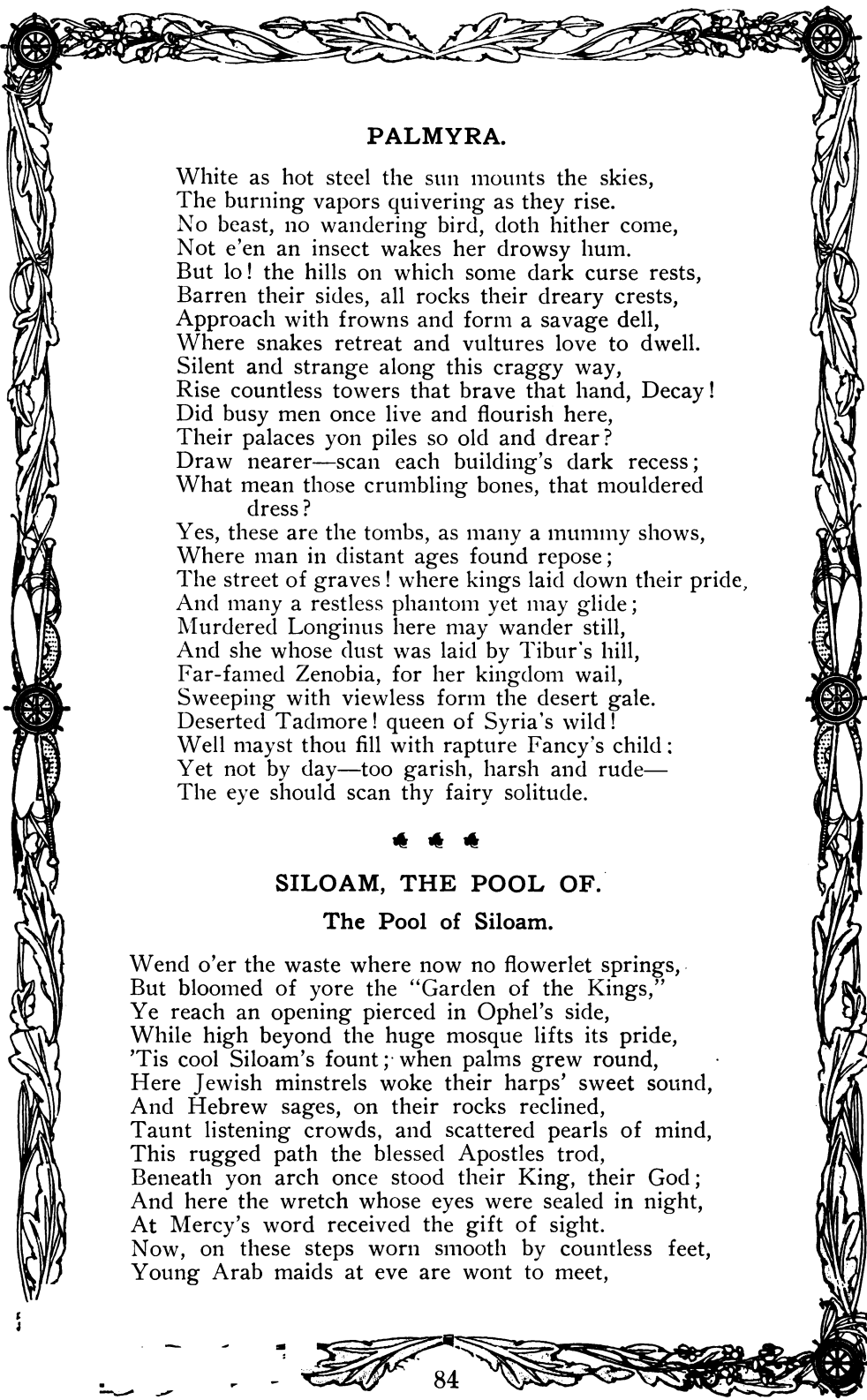
And while the flush of evening glows
Upon the western sky,
Unequalled by the blushing rose
Where Sharon's zephyrs sigh,
How sweet to hear the camel-train
Come tinkling home across the plain!

Gigantic loom the "desert ships,"
As steadily they come;
While joyfully the Kabyl skips
Along his houseless home,
And shakes his spear with childlike glee,
And cries, "The boundless waste for me!"

The boundless waste, the fruitless sea,
Where scorching rays are cast,
The steed that with the wind can flee,
When danger gathers fast,
The scanty tent, the brackish spring,
And night, that comes with jewelled wing.



THE ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO



PALMYRA.

White as hot steel the sun mounts the skies,
The burning vapors quivering as they rise.
No beast, no wandering bird, doth hither come,
Not e'en an insect wakes her drowsy hum.
But lo! the hills on which some dark curse rests,
Barren their sides, all rocks their dreary crests,
Approach with frowns and form a savage dell,
Where snakes retreat and vultures love to dwell.
Silent and strange along this craggy way,
Rise countless towers that brave that hand, Decay!
Did busy men once live and flourish here,
Their palaces yon piles so old and drear?
Draw nearer—scan each building's dark recess;
What mean those crumbling bones, that mouldered
dress?

Yes, these are the tombs, as many a mummy shows,
Where man in distant ages found repose;
The street of graves! where kings laid down their pride,
And many a restless phantom yet may glide;
Murdered Longinus here may wander still,
And she whose dust was laid by Tibur's hill,
Far-famed Zenobia, for her kingdom wail,
Sweeping with viewless form the desert gale.
Deserted Tadmor! queen of Syria's wild!
Well mayst thou fill with rapture Fancy's child:
Yet not by day—too garish, harsh and rude—
The eye should scan thy fairy solitude.



SILOAM, THE POOL OF.

The Pool of Siloam.

Wend o'er the waste where now no flowerlet springs,
But bloomed of yore the "Garden of the Kings,"
Ye reach an opening pierced in Ophel's side,
While high beyond the huge mosque lifts its pride,
'Tis cool Siloam's fount; when palms grew round,
Here Jewish minstrels woke their harps' sweet sound,
And Hebrew sages, on their rocks reclined,
Taunt listening crowds, and scattered pearls of mind,
This rugged path the blessed Apostles trod,
Beneath yon arch once stood their King, their God;
And here the wretch whose eyes were sealed in night,
At Mercy's word received the gift of sight.
Now, on these steps worn smooth by countless feet,
Young Arab maids at eve are wont to meet,

Their fair heads bearing pitchers, and their hands
 Wreathing the well's dark sides with flowery bands.
 Thou blessed fount! whose crystal waters still
 Bubble unchanged beneath that holy hill,
 Fire, war, and ruin, wasting on each side,
 Have left untouched thy pure and sparkling tide,
 A living coolness in that cell below,
 Health in thy dew, and music in thy flow.
 Sure angels, while deserting Salem's towers,
 And Zion's Mount, and David's perished bowers.

PALACE OF MANUFACTURES, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

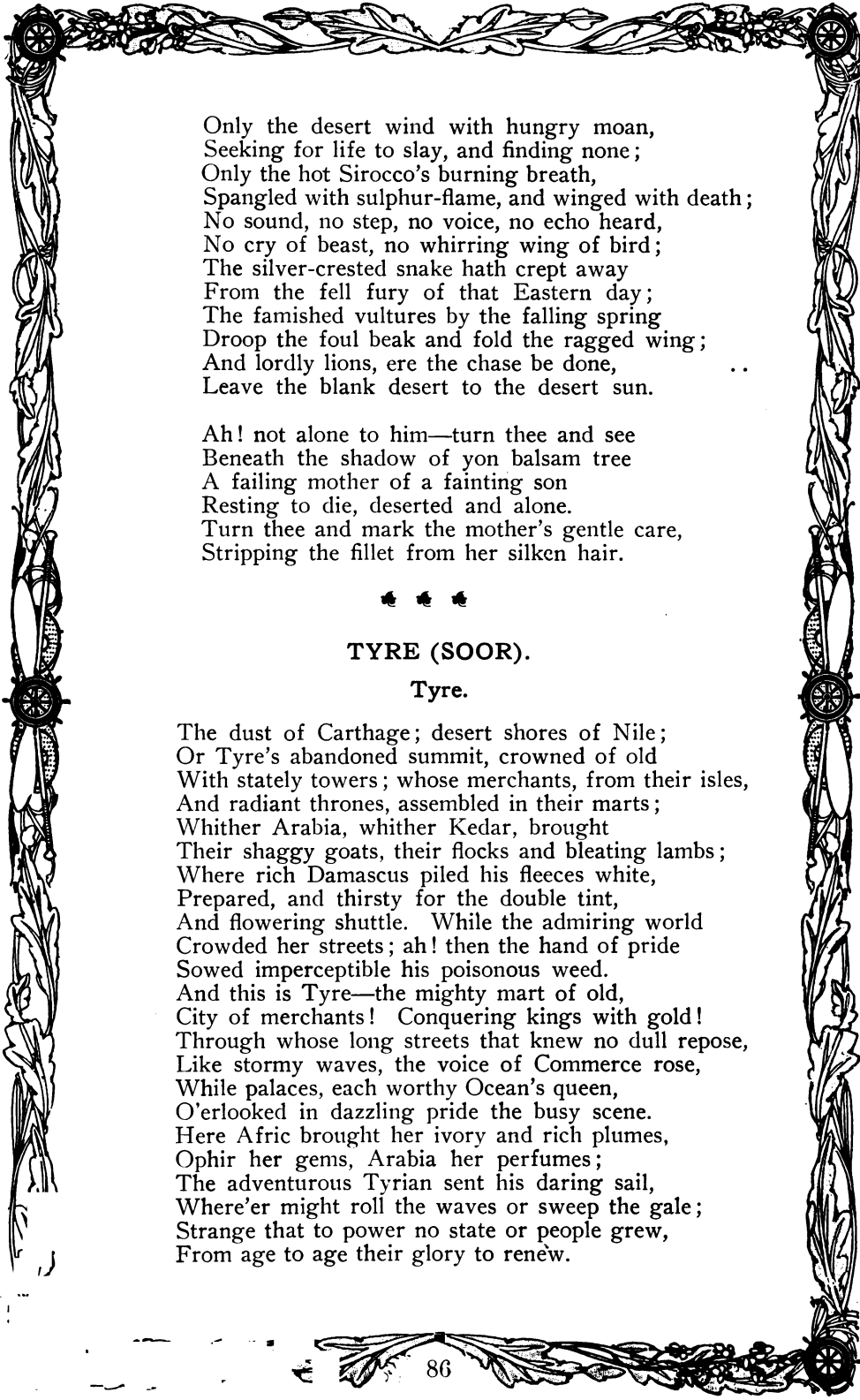


HOTEL METROPOLE, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CAL.

SYRIAN DESERT.

Hagar in The Wilderness.

A weary waste of blank and barren land,
 A lonely, lonely sea of shifting sand,
 A golden furnace gleaming overhead,
 Scorching the blue sky into bloody red;
 And not a breath to cool, and not a breeze
 To stir one feather of the drooping trees;



Only the desert wind with hungry moan,
Seeking for life to slay, and finding none;
Only the hot Sirocco's burning breath,
Spangled with sulphur-flame, and winged with death;
No sound, no step, no voice, no echo heard,
No cry of beast, no whirring wing of bird;
The silver-crested snake hath crept away
From the fell fury of that Eastern day;
The famished vultures by the falling spring
Droop the foul beak and fold the ragged wing;
And lordly lions, ere the chase be done, ..
Leave the blank desert to the desert sun.

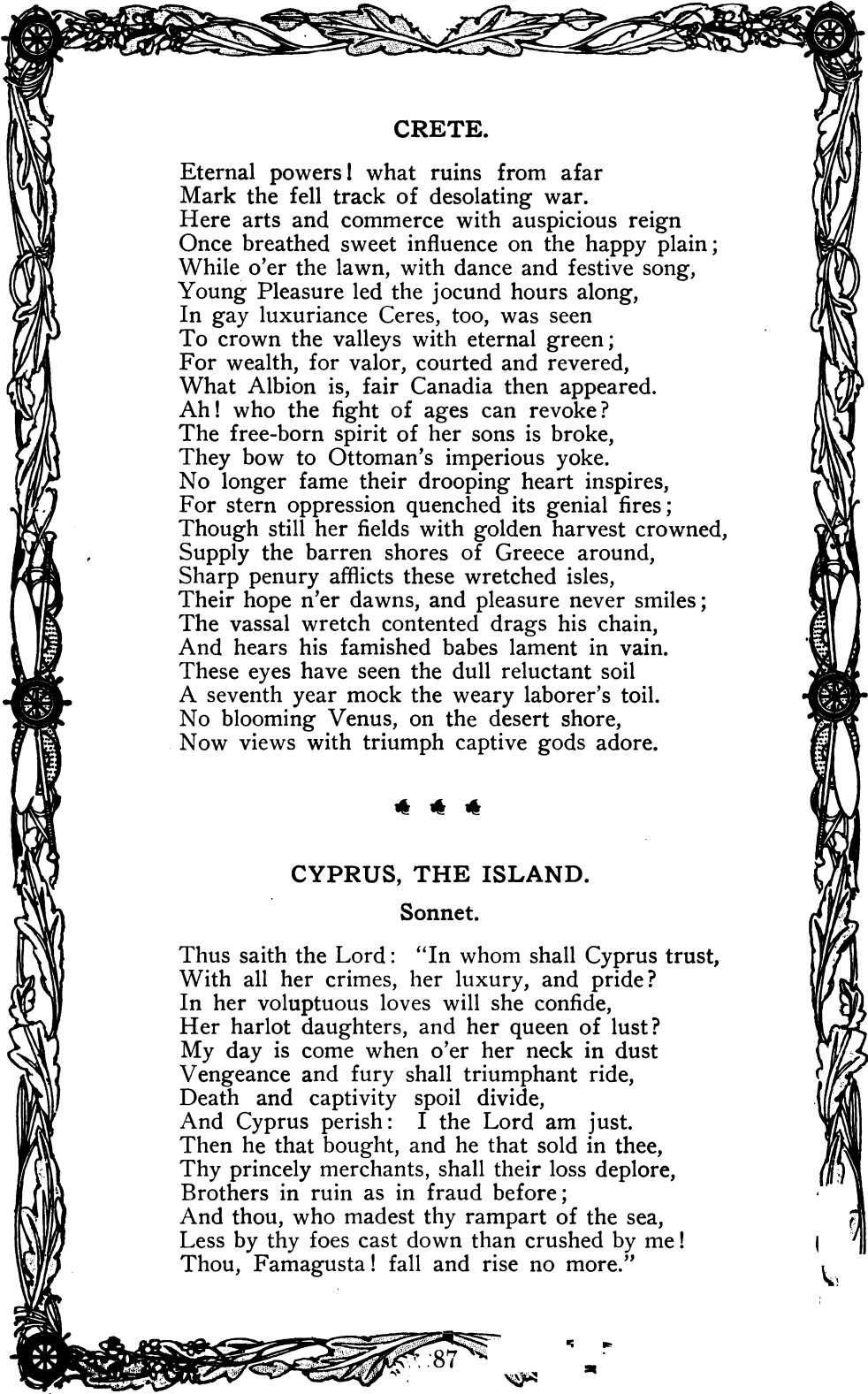
Ah! not alone to him—turn thee and see
Beneath the shadow of yon balsam tree
A failing mother of a fainting son
Resting to die, deserted and alone.
Turn thee and mark the mother's gentle care,
Stripping the fillet from her silken hair.



TYRE (SOOR).

Tyre.

The dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandoned summit, crowned of old
With stately towers; whose merchants, from their isles,
And radiant thrones, assembled in their marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their shaggy goats, their flocks and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damascus piled his fleeces white,
Prepared, and thirsty for the double tint,
And flowering shuttle. While the admiring world
Crowded her streets; ah! then the hand of pride
Sowed imperceptible his poisonous weed.
And this is Tyre—the mighty mart of old,
City of merchants! Conquering kings with gold!
Through whose long streets that knew no dull repose,
Like stormy waves, the voice of Commerce rose,
While palaces, each worthy Ocean's queen,
O'erlooked in dazzling pride the busy scene.
Here Afric brought her ivory and rich plumes,
Ophir her gems, Arabia her perfumes;
The adventurous Tyrian sent his daring sail,
Where'er might roll the waves or sweep the gale;
Strange that to power no state or people grew,
From age to age their glory to renew.



CRETE.

Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war.
Here arts and commerce with auspicious reign
Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain;
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along,
In gay luxuriance Ceres, too, was seen
To crown the valleys with eternal green;
For wealth, for valor, courted and revered,
What Albion is, fair Canadia then appeared.
Ah! who the fight of ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke,
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
No longer fame their drooping heart inspires,
For stern oppression quenched its genial fires;
Though still her fields with golden harvest crowned,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around,
Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles,
Their hope n'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles;
The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
And hears his famished babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year mock the weary laborer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Now views with triumph captive gods adore.



CYPRUS, THE ISLAND.

Sonnet.

Thus saith the Lord: "In whom shall Cyprus trust,
With all her crimes, her luxury, and pride?
In her voluptuous loves will she confide,
Her harlot daughters, and her queen of lust?
My day is come when o'er her neck in dust
Vengeance and fury shall triumphant ride,
Death and captivity spoil divide,
And Cyprus perish: I the Lord am just.
Then he that bought, and he that sold in thee,
Thy princely merchants, shall their loss deplore,
Brothers in ruin as in fraud before;
And thou, who madest thy rampart of the sea,
Less by thy foes cast down than crushed by me!
Thou, Famagusta! fall and rise no more."

Sooth, the drinking should be ampler,
 When the drink is so divine;
 And some deep-mouthed Greek exemplar
 Would become your Cyprus wine!
 Cyclop's mouth might plunge aright in,
 While his one eye over-leered,
 Nor too large were mouth of Titan,
 Drinking rivers down his beard.

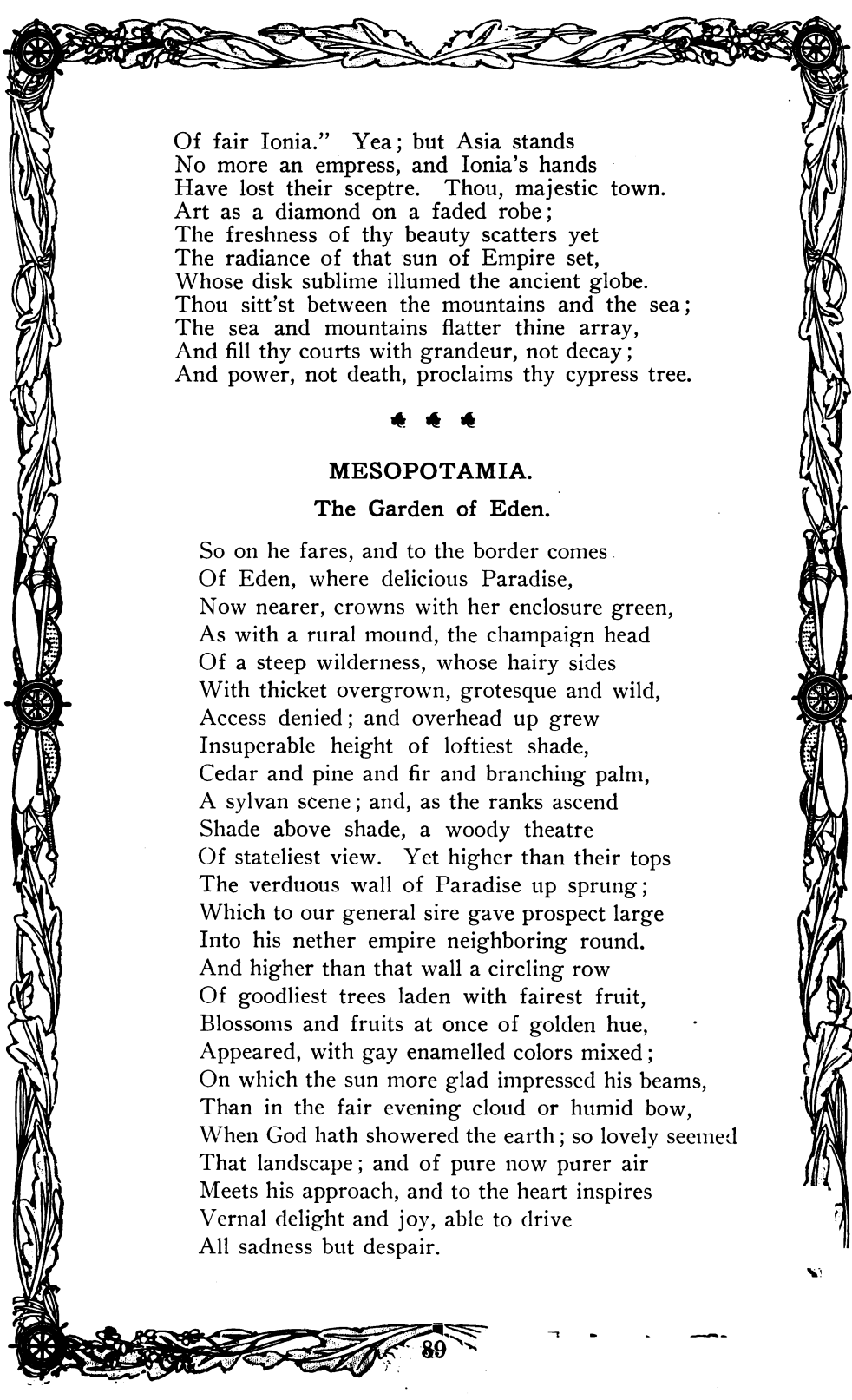
HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.



LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

SMYRNA.

The sunset gun has died along the sea,
 It is the evening of Bairami's fete.
 The torches on each tapering minaret
 Flash in the rippling waters of the bay,
 And purple vapor dims the droning town.
 From Smyrna's dewy garden floats the scent
 Of myrtle, rose, and citron, softly blent,
 Like votive incense by each zephyr blown
 Around Maeonides' cave. Since he began
 His deathless song, weird city of the dead!
 Aged Smyrna! thou hast heard the busy tread
 Of buried millions, where the caravan
 Now wends its twinkling way by Meles' stream,
 Where ramparts moulder in the moonlight beam.
 The "Ornament of Asia" and the "Crown"



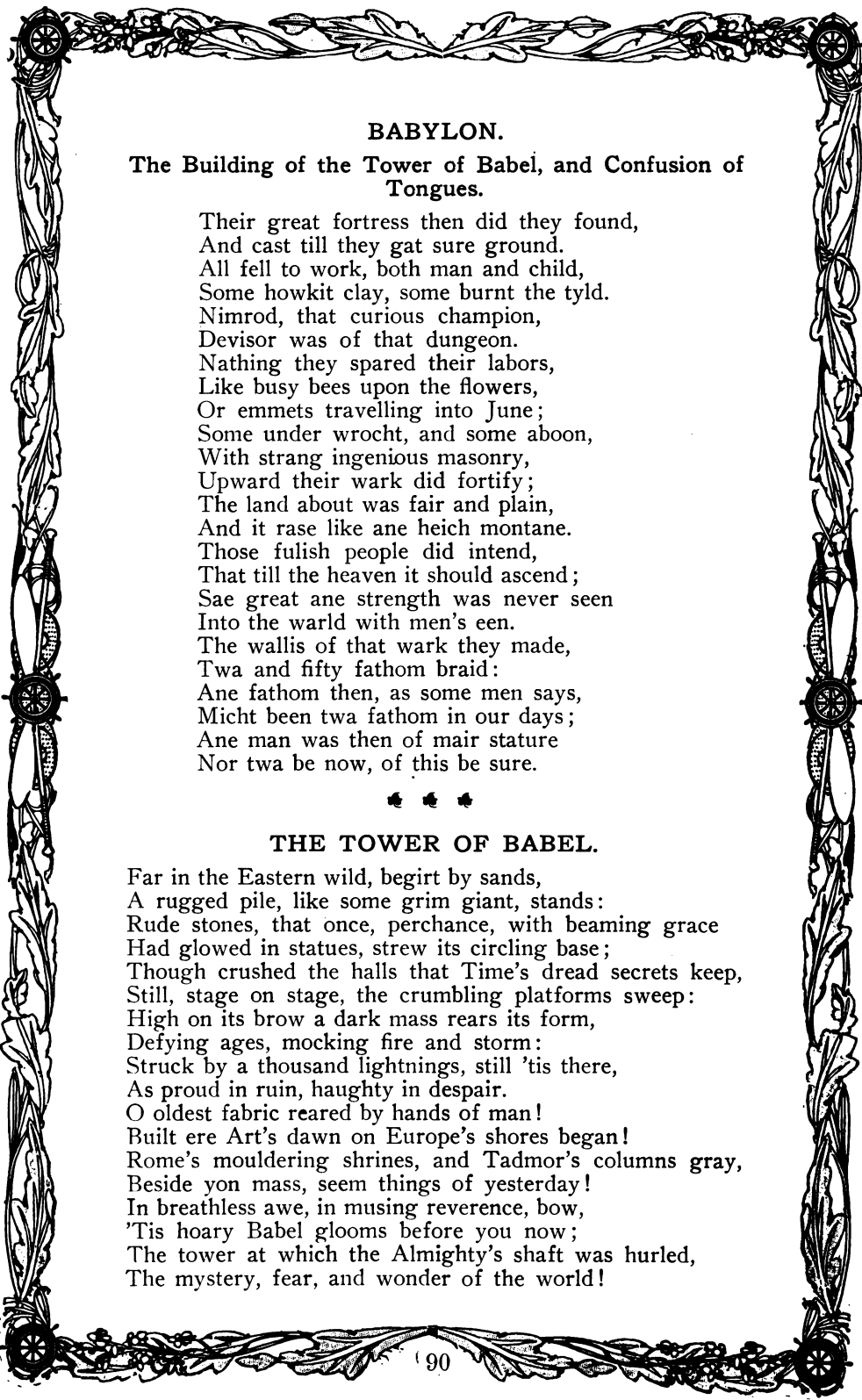
Of fair Ionia." Yea; but Asia stands
No more an empress, and Ionia's hands
Have lost their sceptre. Thou, majestic town.
Art as a diamond on a faded robe;
The freshness of thy beauty scatters yet
The radiance of that sun of Empire set,
Whose disk sublime illumed the ancient globe.
Thou sitt'st between the mountains and the sea;
The sea and mountains flatter thine array,
And fill thy courts with grandeur, not decay;
And power, not death, proclaims thy cypress tree.



MESOPOTAMIA.

The Garden of Eden.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine and fir and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verduous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighboring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees laden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colors mixed;
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams,
Than in the fair evening cloud or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed
That landscape; and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair.



BABYLON.

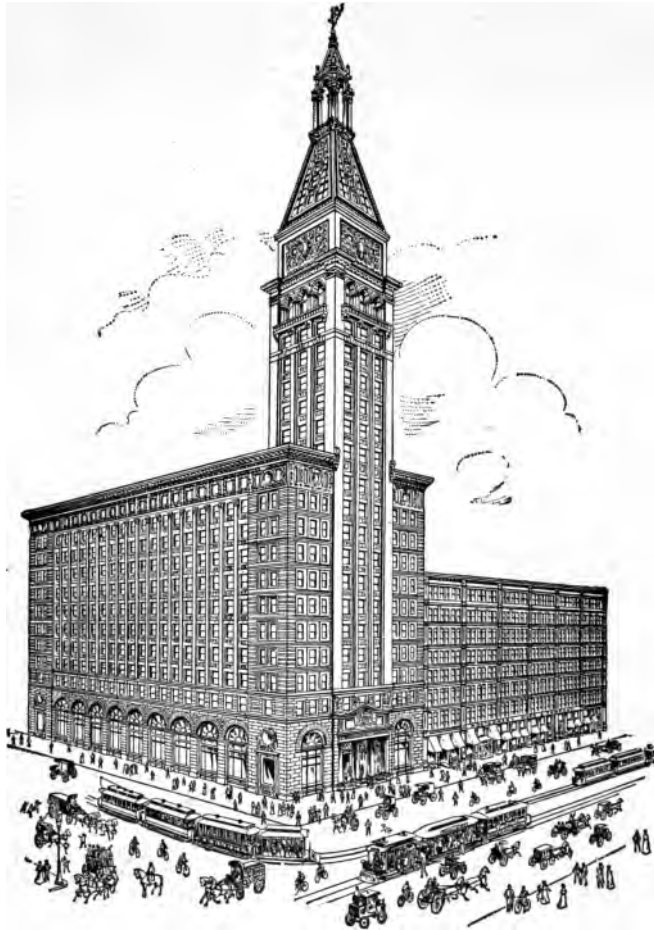
The Building of the Tower of Babel, and Confusion of Tongues.

Their great fortress then did they found,
And cast till they gat sure ground.
All fell to work, both man and child,
Some howkit clay, some burnt the tyld.
Nimrod, that curious champion,
Devisor was of that dungeon.
Nothing they spared their labors,
Like busy bees upon the flowers,
Or emmets travelling into June;
Some under wrocht, and some aboon,
With strang ingenious masonry,
Upward their wark did fortify;
The land about was fair and plain,
And it rase like ane heich montane.
Those fulish people did intend,
That till the heaven it should ascend;
Sae great ane strength was never seen
Into the warld with men's een.
The wallis of that wark they made,
Twa and fifty fathom braid:
Ane fathom then, as some men says,
Micht been twa fathom in our days;
Ane man was then of mair stature
Nor twa be now, of this be sure.



THE TOWER OF BABEL.

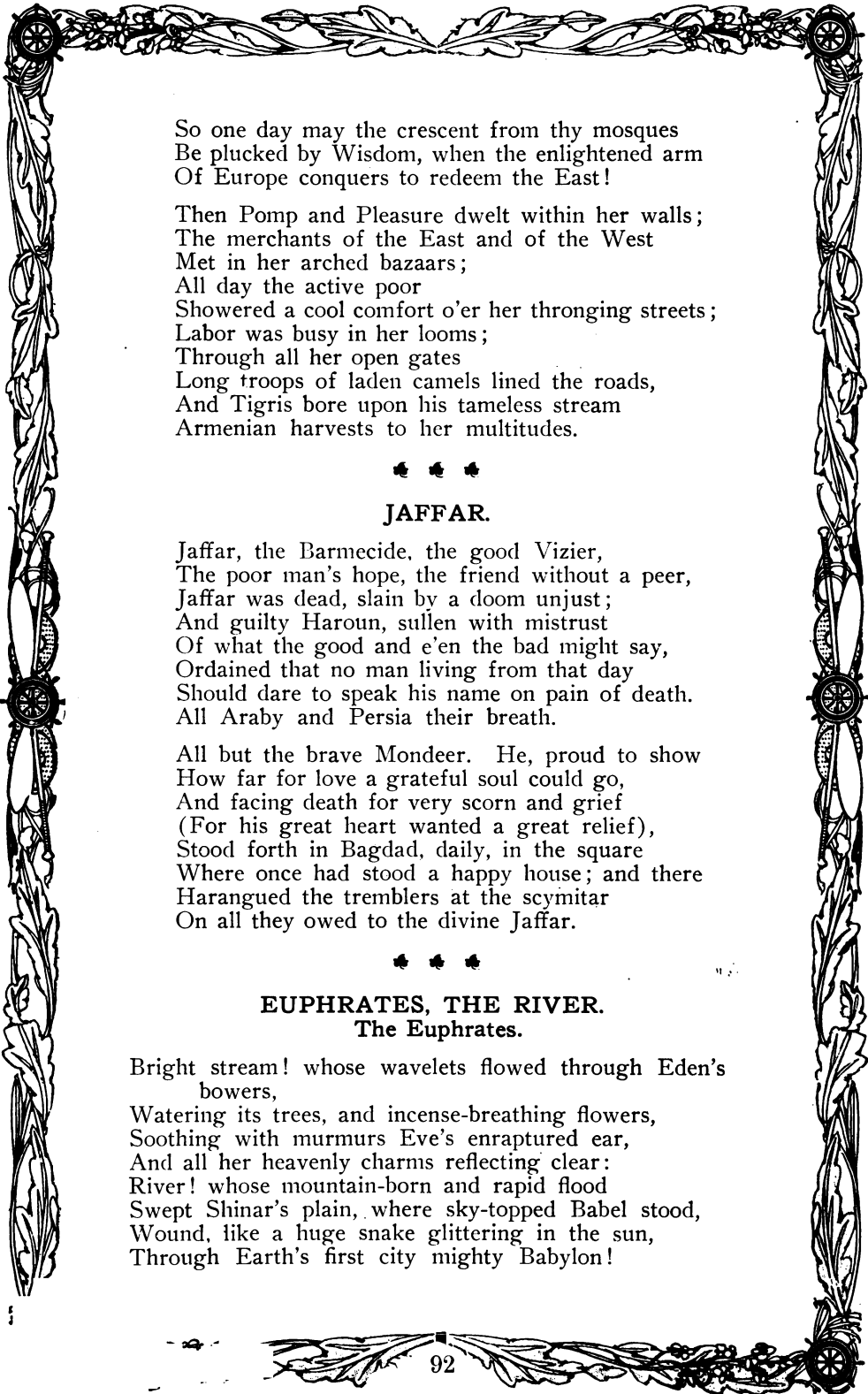
Far in the Eastern wild, begirt by sands,
A rugged pile, like some grim giant, stands:
Rude stones, that once, perchance, with beaming grace
Had glowed in statues, strew its circling base;
Though crushed the halls that Time's dread secrets keep,
Still, stage on stage, the crumbling platforms sweep:
High on its brow a dark mass rears its form,
Defying ages, mocking fire and storm:
Struck by a thousand lightnings, still 'tis there,
As proud in ruin, haughty in despair.
O oldest fabric reared by hands of man!
Built ere Art's dawn on Europe's shores began!
Rome's mouldering shrines, and Tadmor's columns gray,
Beside yon mass, seem things of yesterday!
In breathless awe, in musing reverence, bow,
'Tis hoary Babel glooms before you now;
The tower at which the Almighty's shaft was hurled,
The mystery, fear, and wonder of the world!



MONTGOMERY WARD BUILDING, CHICAGO

BAGDAD.

Thou, too, art fallen, Bagdad! City of Peace,
 Thou too hast had thy day;
 And loathesome Ignorance and brute Servitude
 Pollute thy dwellings now,
 Erst for the mighty and the wise renowned.
 O, yet illustrious for remembered fame,—
 Thy founder the Victorious,—and the pomp
 Of Haroun, for whose name by blood defiled,
 Yahia's, and the blameless Barmecides',
 Genius hath wrought salvation,—and the years
 When Science with the good Al-Maimon dwelt;



So one day may the crescent from thy mosques
Be plucked by Wisdom, when the enlightened arm
Of Europe conquers to redeem the East!

Then Pomp and Pleasure dwelt within her walls;
The merchants of the East and of the West
Met in her arched bazaars;
All day the active poor
Showered a cool comfort o'er her thronging streets;
Labor was busy in her looms;
Through all her open gates
Long troops of laden camels lined the roads,
And Tigris bore upon his tameless stream
Armenian harvests to her multitudes.



JAFFAR.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.



EUPHRATES, THE RIVER. The Euphrates.

Bright stream! whose wavelets flowed through Eden's
bowers,
Watering its trees, and incense-breathing flowers,
Soothing with murmurs Eve's enraptured ear,
And all her heavenly charms reflecting clear:
River! whose mountain-born and rapid flood
Swept Shinar's plain, where sky-topped Babel stood,
Wound, like a huge snake glittering in the sun,
Through Earth's first city mighty Babylon!

And saw, along those wild and palmy banks,
The first dread conqueror range his blood-stained ranks!
All hail, Euphrates! stream of hoary time,
Fair as majestic, sacred as sublime!
What thoughts of Earth's young morning dost thou bring!



ORFAH.

The Leap of Roushan Beg.

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

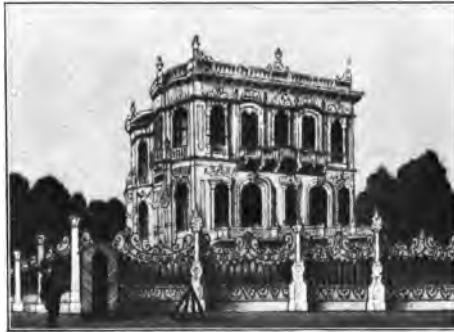
Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.



ARABIA.

Thence southward bending to the Orient, laves
The Erythrean, with its ocean waves,
Of all earth's shores the fairest, richest strand,
And noblest tribes possess that happy land.
First of all wonders, still forever soar
Sweet clouds of fragrance from that breathing shore.
The myrrh, the odorous cane, the cassia there,

And ever-ripening incense balms the air.
 For in that land the all-ruling King on high
 Set free young Bacchus from his close-bound thigh;
 Broke odors from each tree at that fair birth,
 And one unbounded fragrance filled the earth.
 'Neath golden fleeces stooped the o'erladen flocks,
 And streams came bounding from the living rocks.
 Birds from strange isles, and many an untrod shore,
 With leaves of cinnamon, were flying o'er.
 Loose from his shoulders hung the fawn-skin down.
 In his fair hair was wreathed the ivy-crown:
 Ruddy his lips with wine. He shook his wand,
 Smiling, and wealth o'erflowed the gifted land.
 Whence still the fields with liquid incense teem,
 The hills with gold, with odors every stream;
 And in their pride her sumptuous sons enfold
 Their limbs in soft attire and robes of gold.



THE KIOSK OF THE SULTAN
 (KIOSQUE DU SULTAN)

ADEN.

Solima.

An Arabian Eclogue Written in 1768.

Ye maids of Aden! hear a loftier tale
 Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
 The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
 Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
 The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
 That wanton with the laughing summer-air;
 Love-tinctured cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
 And lips, from which the zephyr steals perfume,—
 Invite no more the wild unpolished lay,
 But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
 Then farewell, love! and farewell, youthful fires!

A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets; and, ye gales, be still.

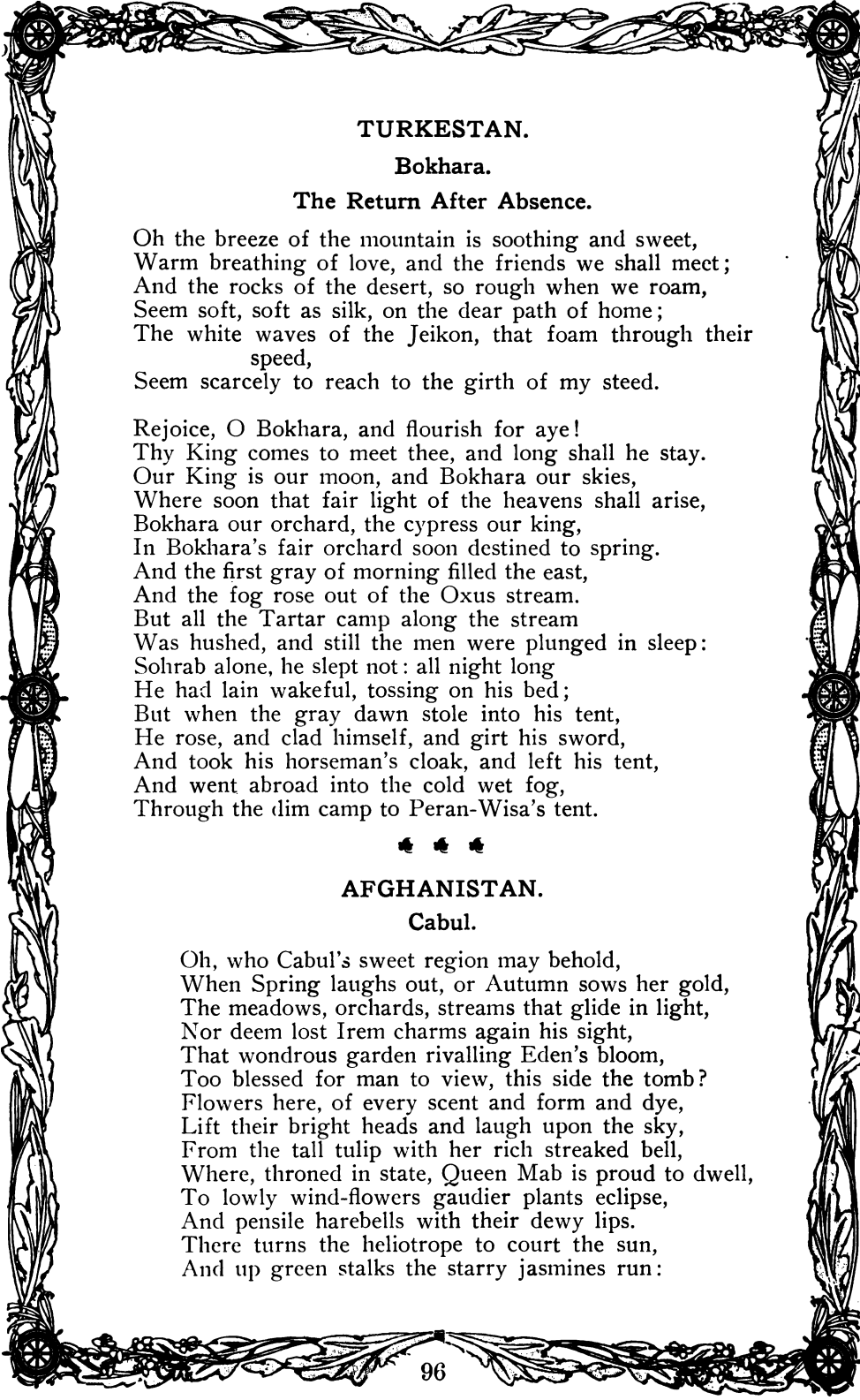
See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green!
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bowers,
Who decked their spiry tops with blossoming flowers,
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?



MEDINA.

Medina.

Oh, what a lovely, soft tranquillity
Rests on the earth and breathes along the sea!
Here is no cedar bent with misery;
No holy cypress sighs or weeps, as seen
In other lands, where his dark branches green
Mourn in the desert o'er neglected graves:
Here his all-sheltering boughs he calmly waves
In the dim light, the sacred vigils keeping
O'er the blest ashes on earth's bosom sleeping.
Picture of God! upon the prophet's shrine
Shine brightly,—brightly, beautifully shine
Upon those holy fields where once he trod,
And flowers sprung up beneath his innocent feet,
Tulips and aloes and narcissus, sweet,
A lovely carpet for the child of God!
There have our privileged, pilgrim footsteps been,
This have we seen,—yes, brother! this have seen:
The grave, the life, the ashes, and the dome
Eternal, and the heavens: and there have bought
The grace of God and found the joy we sought,
A certain entrance to our final home.
And now, be short our houseword way!
Our fathers' habitations now appear!
Oh, with what transports shall we hear them say,
With what loud greetings, "Welcome, welcome here!"



TURKESTAN.

Bokhara.

The Return After Absence.

Oh the breeze of the mountain is soothing and sweet,
Warm breathing of love, and the friends we shall meet;
And the rocks of the desert, so rough when we roam,
Seem soft, soft as silk, on the dear path of home;
The white waves of the Jeikon, that foam through their
 speed,
Seem scarcely to reach to the girth of my steed.

Rejoice, O Bokhara, and flourish for aye!
Thy King comes to meet thee, and long shall he stay.
Our King is our moon, and Bokhara our skies,
Where soon that fair light of the heavens shall arise,
Bokhara our orchard, the cypress our king,
In Bokhara's fair orchard soon destined to spring.
And the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep:
Sohrab alone, he slept not: all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.



AFGHANISTAN.

Cabul.

Oh, who Cabul's sweet region may behold,
When Spring laughs out, or Autumn sows her gold,
The meadows, orchards, streams that glide in light,
Nor deem lost Irem charms again his sight,
That wondrous garden rivalling Eden's bloom,
Too blessed for man to view, this side the tomb?
Flowers here, of every scent and form and dye,
Lift their bright heads and laugh upon the sky,
From the tall tulip with her rich streaked bell,
Where, throned in state, Queen Mab is proud to dwell,
To lowly wind-flowers gaudier plants eclipse,
And pensile harebells with their dewy lips.
There turns the heliotrope to court the sun,
And up green stalks the starry jasmines run:

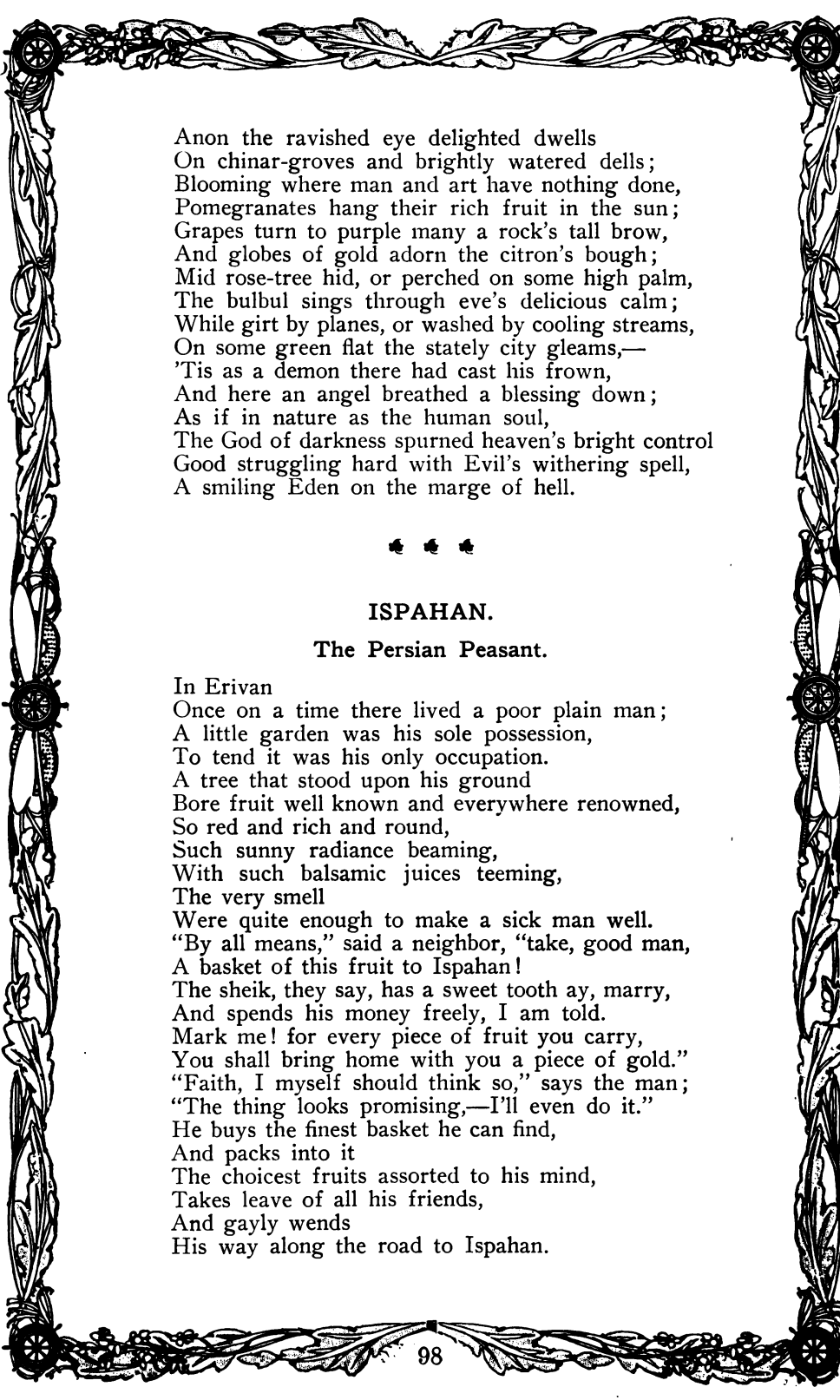
The hyacinth in tender pink outvies
 Beauty's soft cheek, and violets match her eyes;
 Sweet breathe the henna-flowers that harem girls
 So love to twine among their glossy curls;
 And here the purple pansy springs to birth,
 Like some gay insect rising from the earth.
 One sheet of bloom the level greensward yields,
 And simple daisies speak of England's fields;
 Drawn by sweet odor's spell, in humming glee,
 Flits round the gloomy stock the robber bee,
 While to the gorgeous musk-rose, all night long,
 The love-sick bulbul pours his melting song.



SEIGEL-COOPER BUILDING, CHICAGO

PERSIA.

Persia! time-honored land! who looks on thee
 A desert, yet a Paradise, will see,
 Vast chains of hills where not a shrub appears,
 Wastes where no dews distil their diamond tears,
 The only living things foul birds of prey,
 Who whet their beaks, or court the solar ray,
 And wolves that fill with howling midnight's vale,
 Turning the cheek of far-off traveler pale;—



Anon the ravished eye delighted dwells
On chinar-groves and brightly watered dells;
Blooming where man and art have nothing done,
Pomegranates hang their rich fruit in the sun;
Grapes turn to purple many a rock's tall brow,
And globes of gold adorn the citron's bough;
Mid rose-tree hid, or perched on some high palm,
The bulbul sings through eve's delicious calm;
While girt by planes, or washed by cooling streams,
On some green flat the stately city gleams,—
'Tis as a demon there had cast his frown,
And here an angel breathed a blessing down;
As if in nature as the human soul,
The God of darkness spurned heaven's bright control
Good struggling hard with Evil's withering spell,
A smiling Eden on the marge of hell.



ISPAHAN.

The Persian Peasant.

In Erivan
Once on a time there lived a poor plain man;
A little garden was his sole possession,
To tend it was his only occupation.
A tree that stood upon his ground
Bore fruit well known and everywhere renowned,
So red and rich and round,
Such sunny radiance beaming,
With such balsamic juices teeming,
The very smell
Were quite enough to make a sick man well.
"By all means," said a neighbor, "take, good man,
A basket of this fruit to Ispahan!
The sheik, they say, has a sweet tooth ay, marry,
And spends his money freely, I am told.
Mark me! for every piece of fruit you carry,
You shall bring home with you a piece of gold."
"Faith, I myself should think so," says the man;
"The thing looks promising,—I'll even do it."
He buys the finest basket he can find,
And packs into it
The choicest fruits assorted to his mind,
Takes leave of all his friends,
And gayly wends
His way along the road to Ispahan.

KHORASSAN (BACTRIA).

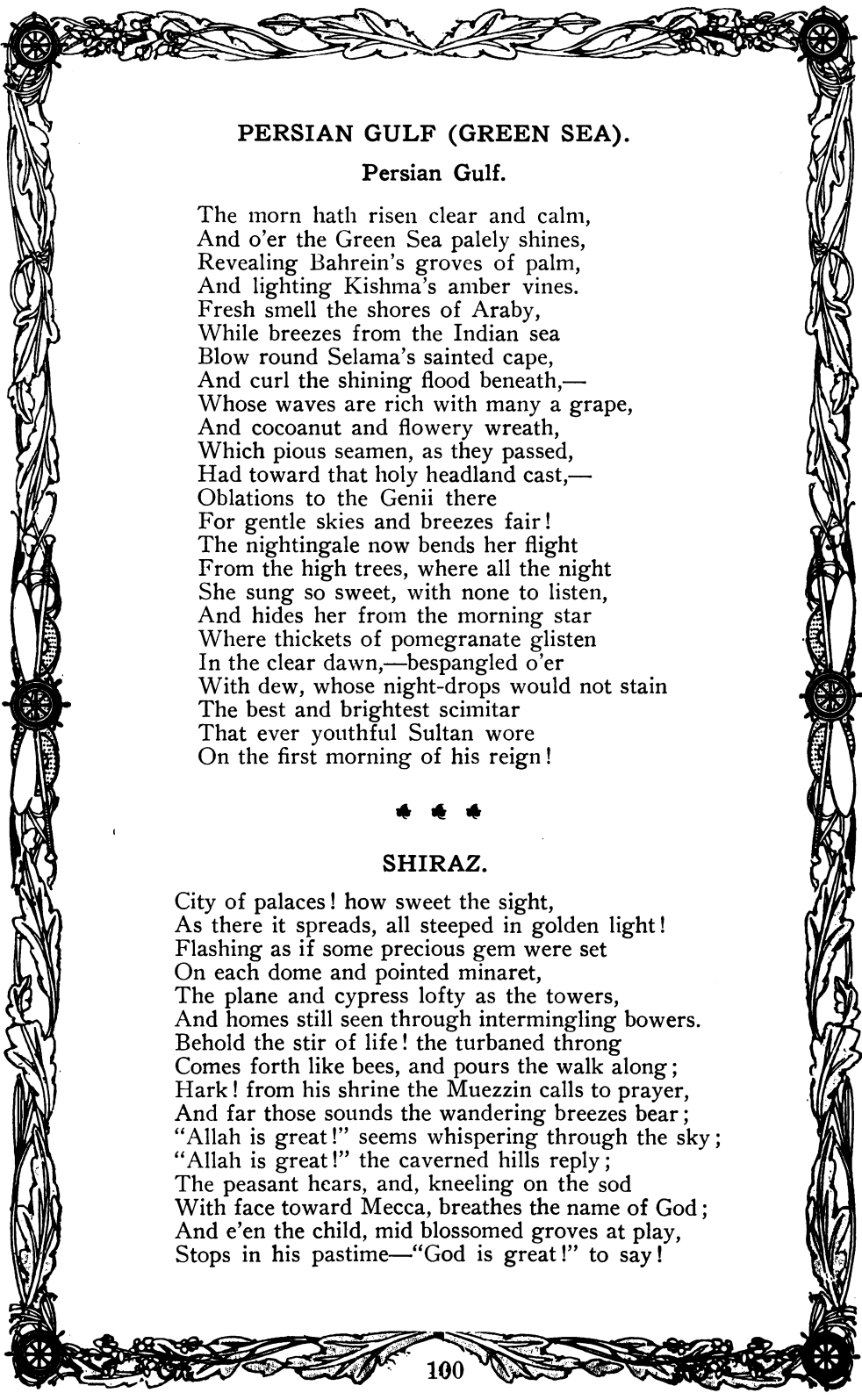
The Veiled Prophet.

In that delight province of the sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowerets and fruit blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves,
Among Merou's bright palaces and groves;
There, on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions raised him, sat the prophet-chief,



MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

The great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
The veil, the silver veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were even the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's cheek, when down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!



PERSIAN GULF (GREEN SEA).

Persian Gulf.

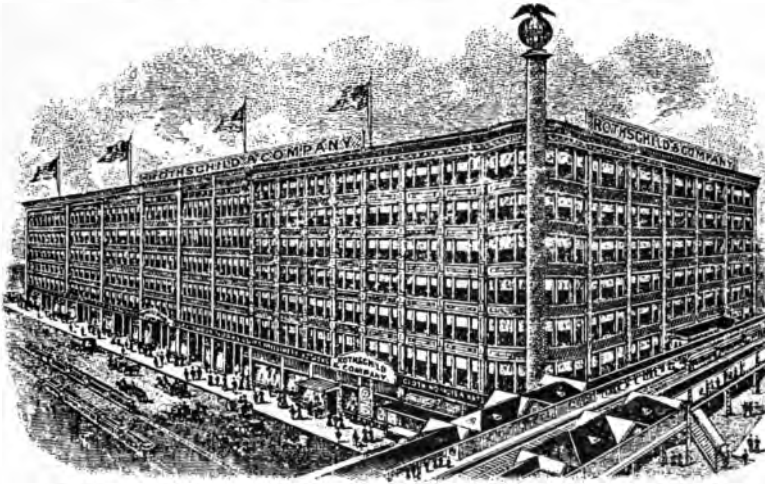
The morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein's groves of palm,
And lighting Kishma's amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round Selama's sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoanut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they passed,
Had toward that holy headland cast,—
Oblations to the Genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen,
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!



SHIRAZ.

City of palaces! how sweet the sight,
As there it spreads, all steeped in golden light!
Flashing as if some precious gem were set
On each dome and pointed minaret,
The plane and cypress lofty as the towers,
And homes still seen through intermingling bowers.
Behold the stir of life! the turbaned throng
Comes forth like bees, and pours the walk along;
Hark! from his shrine the Muezzin calls to prayer,
And far those sounds the wandering breezes bear;
"Allah is great!" seems whispering through the sky;
"Allah is great!" the caverned hills reply;
The peasant hears, and, kneeling on the sod
With face toward Mecca, breathes the name of God;
And e'en the child, mid blossomed groves at play,
Stops in his pastime—"God is great!" to say!

Shiraz the proud! not yet fame hath ceased,
 Nurse of bright genius, Athen of the East!
 Where, sage and poet, brilliant Sadi sprang.
 And crowned with Love's own garlands, Hafiz sang;
 Hafiz, who shed joy's spell on every theme,
 And painted life one rapturous summer dream.
 With verdure still the poet's lawns are clad,
 Still roses bend o'er crystal Roknabad;
 And maidens, like young Peris, fresh and gay,
 Dance 'neath the shades of bowery Mossela;
 Now to crisp gold Morn turns the babbling waves.



ROTHSCHILD & CO., CHICAGO

INDIA.

Brahma.

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun,
 "Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb, "Roll
 on!"

I am the blush of morning, and I am the evening breeze;
 I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas;
 I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
 The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;
 The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered
 fear,

The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-
 wrung tear;

I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and must and wine,
 The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fine;

I am the breath of the flute, I am the mind of man,
God's glitter, the light of the diamond, and the sea-pearl's
 lustre wan,
The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat
 that rise,
Flint sparks, the taper, the moth that about it flies.



INDIAN PALACE

NIRVANA.

Along the scholar's glowing page
I read the Orient thinker's dream
Of things that are not what they seem,—
Of mystic chant and Soma's rage.

The sunlight flooding all the room
To me again was Indra's smile,
And on the hearth the blazing pile
For Agni's sake did fret and fume.

Yet most I read of who aspire
To win Nirvana's deep repose,
Of that long way the Spirit goes
To reach the absence of desire.

But through the music of my book
Another music smote my ear,
A tinkle silver-sweet and clear,—
The babble of the mountain-brook.

"O, leave," it said, "your ancient seers;
Come out into the woods with me;
Behold an older mystery
Than Buddhist's hope or Brahmin's fears!"

The voice so sweet I could but hear;
I sallied forth, with staff in hand,
While, mile on mile, the mountain-land
Was radiant with the dying year.



THE VICTIM.

High in the parching sun, where Ganges wild
Roars to the jungles, and broad billows scatters
Upon the burning shores of Hindostan,
Rose a great temple,—in no puny age
Fashioned, but built, like Babel, 'gainst the skies.
Based on a rock, and cut in granite stone,
Its pillars and Titanian capitals
Heaved their enormous bulks, till each o'erlooked
Wide India. To some God, whose name is lost,
This wilderness of stone was dedicate.
Millions of quick-eyed slaves, with dusky brows,
All wreathed in white, came here in the old time,
And on the prostrate marble bent, and swore
Allegiance to a Name! Then, amidst storms
Of blood and tears, rose Siva, at whose feet
Widows were slain; maidens, whose hearts were warm
With summer love, old age and infancy,
Shrank in her blazing altars, and left gold
Unto the temple's saints for priestly prayers.
Then prayed the priests; and then, while darkness lay
On the dull world, the bearded Brahmins did
Mysterious rites, and their nocturnal songs
Went sounding through the long stone-carved aisles
Of Elephanta to brute Jaggernaut.



HINDOSTAN.

Father of rivers, Ganges, hail to thee!
Thou in the joy of thine unfading day,
Goest thy wonted way,
Unwearied, to the sea;

And, ever gazing with a steadfast gaze
On the huge canopy of sunny heaven,
Singest from morn to even
Thy changeless song of praise.

So thou art happy ; for thy hymn is loud
Eternally to him, the eternal King :
Doubt flaps her murky wing,
Dim Ignorance spreads her cloud.

Around thee ; and wild fancies, wild and vain,
Hither and thither thread the lurid air ;
Darkness, Sin's mother, there
Holds her unlovely reign.

And never, since thy glorious course began,
Hath the glad light, Nature's most precious flower,
Looked from its home of power
Upon the soul of man.

How often yet,—how often will the sun
Behold the rites of death with that calm smile ?
Lo, they have laid the pile ;
The virgins, one by one.

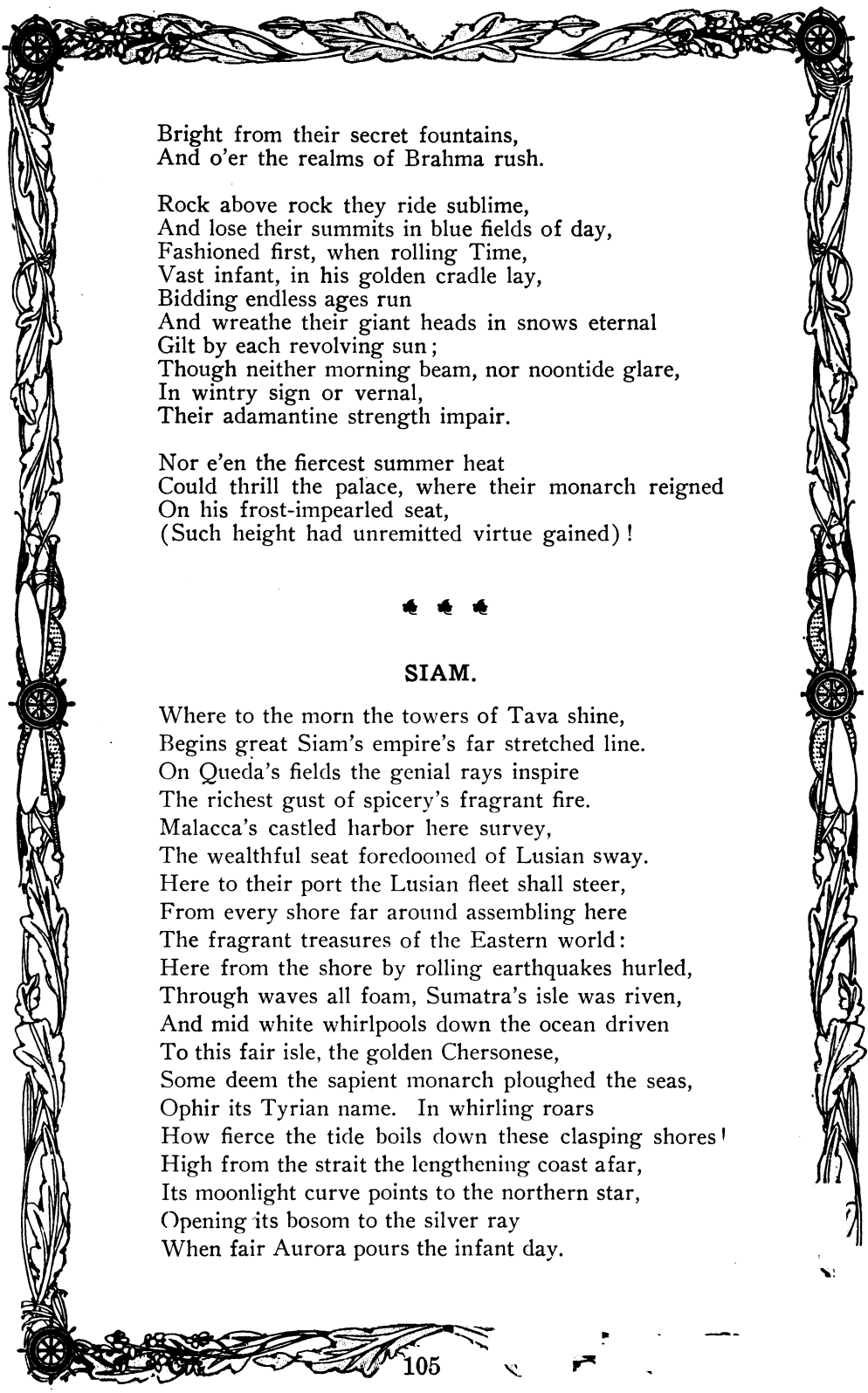


HULL HOUSE, CHICAGO

HIMALAYA, THE MOUNTAINS.

Hymn to Durga.

From thee begins the solemn air,
Adorned Ganesa ; next, thy sire we praise
(Him, from whose red clustering hair
A new-born crescent sheds propitious rays,
Fair as Ganga's curling foam),
Dread Is'wara ; who loved o'er awful mountains,
Rapt in prescience deep, to roam,
But chiefly those, whence holy rivers gush,



Bright from their secret fountains,
And o'er the realms of Brahma rush.

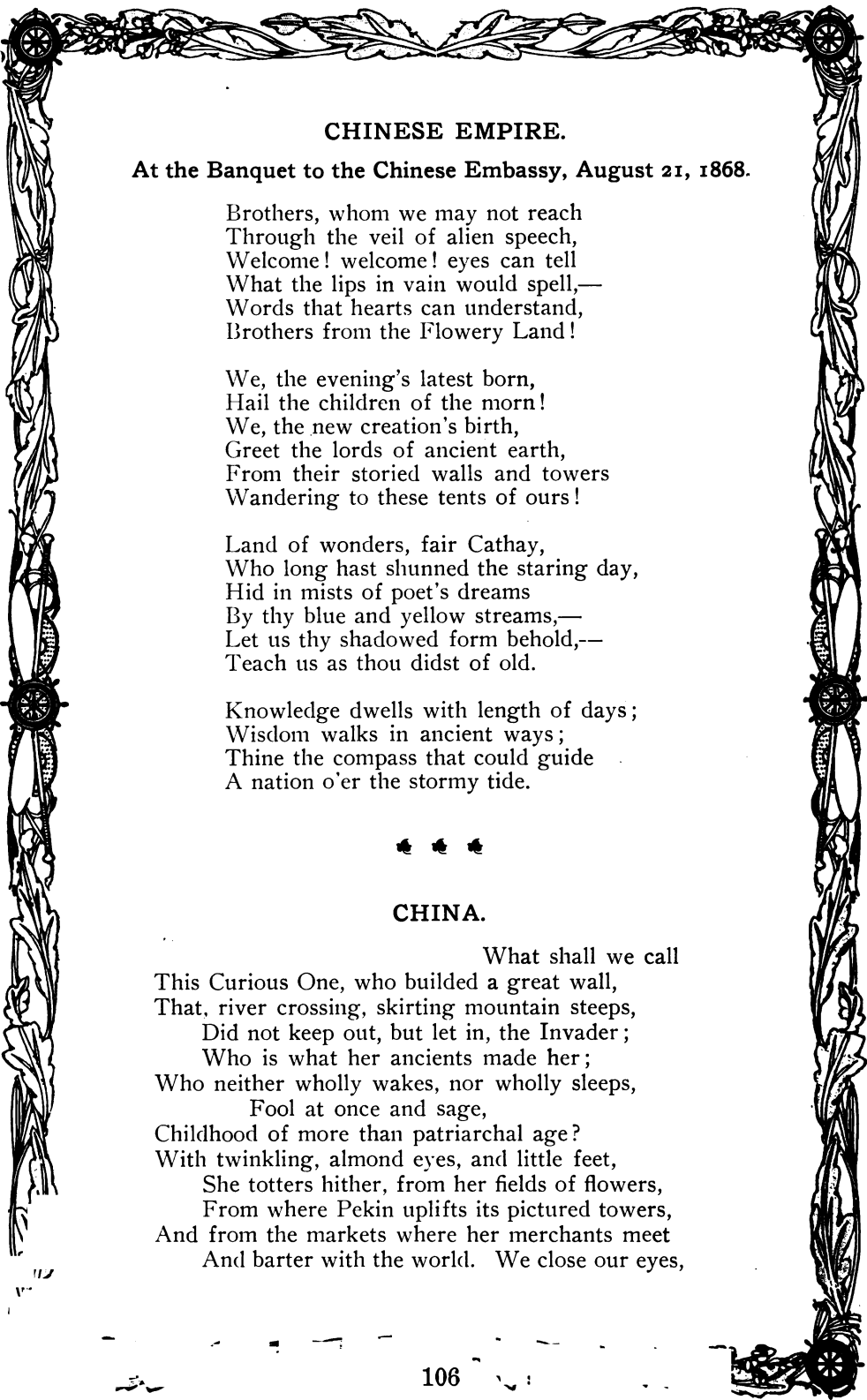
Rock above rock they ride sublime,
And lose their summits in blue fields of day,
Fashioned first, when rolling Time,
Vast infant, in his golden cradle lay,
Bidding endless ages run
And wreath their giant heads in snows eternal
Gilt by each revolving sun;
Though neither morning beam, nor noontide glare,
In wintry sign or vernal,
Their adamant strength impair.

Nor e'en the fiercest summer heat
Could thrill the palace, where their monarch reigned
On his frost-impearled seat,
(Such height had unremitted virtue gained) !



SIAM.

Where to the morn the towers of Tava shine,
Begins great Siam's empire's far stretched line.
On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire
The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.
Malacca's castled harbor here survey,
The wealthful seat foredoomed of Lusian sway.
Here to their port the Lusian fleet shall steer,
From every shore far around assembling here
The fragrant treasures of the Eastern world:
Here from the shore by rolling earthquakes hurled,
Through waves all foam, Sumatra's isle was riven,
And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven
To this fair isle, the golden Chersonese,
Some deem the sapient monarch ploughed the seas,
Ophir its Tyrian name. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down these clasping shores !
High from the strait the lengthening coast afar,
Its moonlight curve points to the northern star,
Opening its bosom to the silver ray
When fair Aurora pours the infant day.



CHINESE EMPIRE.

At the Banquet to the Chinese Embassy, August 21, 1868.

Brothers, whom we may not reach
Through the veil of alien speech,
Welcome! welcome! eyes can tell
What the lips in vain would spell,—
Words that hearts can understand,
Brothers from the Flowery Land!

We, the evening's latest born,
Hail the children of the morn!
We, the new creation's birth,
Greet the lords of ancient earth,
From their storied walls and towers
Wandering to these tents of ours!

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,
Who long hast shunned the staring day,
Hid in mists of poet's dreams
By thy blue and yellow streams,—
Let us thy shadowed form behold,—
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days;
Wisdom walks in ancient ways;
Thine the compass that could guide
A nation o'er the stormy tide.



CHINA.

What shall we call
This Curious One, who builded a great wall,
That, river crossing, skirting mountain steeps,
Did not keep out, but let in, the Invader;
Who is what her ancients made her;
Who neither wholly wakes, nor wholly sleeps,
Fool at once and sage,
Childhood of more than patriarchal age?
With twinkling, almond eyes, and little feet,
She totters hither, from her fields of flowers,
From where Peking uplifts its pictured towers,
And from the markets where her merchants meet
And barter with the world. We close our eyes,



THE TEMPLE, CHICAGO

And see her otherwise.
(Perhaps the spell began
With the quaint figures on her painted fan.)
At first she is a Land,
A stretch of plains and mountains, and long rivers,
Down with her inland tribute she delivers
To the sea cities: where a child may stand,
A man may climb, plants are, and shrubs, and trees;
Arable everywhere,
No idlers there
In that vast hive-world of industrious bees!
Now she is many persons, many things,
The little and the great.

PEKIN.

Into the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of this dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed,
And saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,
And the shining scimitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alau;
And he stood before the Khan, and said:
"The enemies of my lord are dead;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey thy least behest;
The plains are dark with the mulberry trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.



JAPAN.

Ode to the Mikado of Japan.

I.

First of thy race,—first of thy nation's Kings!
Who see'st and weigh'st the world by reason's light,
Not judging by old Custom's sight,
But by the rolling tide of men and things,—
Thou mayst sow broadcast o'er thy brilliant land
New thoughts and hopes as glowing as thy own,
Burying grim Idols in thy deep sea-sand,
That men may kneel at shrines from slavery won.
Those slaveries of soul, designed
By the close-veiled mysterious power
Which priestcraft bred for thee, and all,
By thine own sceptre fall!

Their depths thy piercing brain hath countermined,
The fabric sinks in one black thunder-shower,
And Life's expanding wings flame up behind!



THE MERCHANTS LOAN & TRUST CO., CHICAGO

II.

The mind of man,
Once opened, claims a boundless span;
Thou canst no more
Contract its shore
Than make a flood-tide ebb at thy command.
Take then thy stand
On Nature's constant love and youth,
Her heart and truth,
And thy resolve to search and weigh
All creeds that ferment 'neath this pregnant day.

JAPAN.

These shores forsake, to future ages due:
A world of islands claims thy happier view,
Where lavish Nature all her bounty pours,
And flowers and fruits of every fragrance showers.
Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face
Northward she sinks, the nether seas embrace
Her eastern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,
Illustrious Gama, shall thy labors bear!
How bright a silver mine! when heaven's own lore
From Pagan dross shall purify her ore.



YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure drift,
And on the hillside I can see
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift
Their twisted columns of smoke on high,
Cloud-cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

THE JOURNEY OF TONASE AND KONAMI
FROM KAMAKURA TO YAMASHINA.

Konami.

Who first on thee, O fleeting world,
Thy name bestowed, O Aska stream, I pray
Thee tell me who art onwards whirled
Mid shifting sandbanks, so changeful is the way
Of life to us from happ'ness hurled,—
A wavelet now hath touched thy well-known strand
Whom Yenya welcomed as the bride
Of his esquire who long had sought her hand,
Low-fallen with Yenya's fall her pride!
She was betrothed, and Kakagawa's child
Fond hope deep in her being bore,
But adverse Fortune ne'er upon her smiled,
Nor bridal gifts exchanged, no more
By lover sought, her soul is sad.

Tonase.

Peace, daughter, peace, thy mother bids thee haste
Towards Yamashina, where glad
By bridegroom thou shalt surely be embraced.
Alas! a bride-train thus forlorn
Hath never yet in all the world been known;
With doubt and grief my heart is torn,
Without attendant, mother and child alone,
On foot must urge their weary way,
And strive Yamato's far-off land to gain.



YOSHINO.

Lofty Ashibiki Hill,
Limpid waters leap adown thee,
Streamy falls of Yoshino.
Pensive by the river standing,
Search I long the clear depths,
Listening to the shrilly cries,
Echoing through the streamy land
Of the snipelets up the river,
Calling down the river sharply
Calling on their absent mates:
Yet of yonder busy flock
Each must perish in his turn,
Lying dead upon the ground.

As the joyous scene I view,
Ah, what sadness fills my soul,
Endless as the wild vine's creeper,—
Generations thousands ten
Pass away like morning rime.
Let us pray to gods of earth,
Let us pray to gods of heaven!
Ever dreaded be the gods!



Africa

She sat where the level sands
Sent back the sky's fierce glare;
She folded her mighty hands,
And waited with calm despair,
While the red sun dropped down the streaming air.

Her throne was broad and low,
Built of cinnamon;
Huge ivory, row on row,
Varying its columns dun,
Barred with the copper of the setting sun.

Up from the river came
The low and sullen roar
Of lions, with eyes of flame,
That haunted its reedy shore,
And the neigh of the hippopotamus,
Trampling the watery floor.

Her great dusk face no light
From the sunset glow could take;
Dark as the primal night
Ere over the earth God spake;
It seemed for her a dawn could never break.

She opened her massy lips,
And sighed with a dreary sound,
As when by the sand's eclipse
Bewildered men are bound,
And like a train of mourners
The columned winds sweep round.

ALGERIA.

Under the Olives.

Seated in a Moorish garden
On the Sahel of Algiers,
Wandering breezes brought the burden
Of its history in past years.

Lost amidst the mist of ages,
Its first chronicles arise;
Yonder is the chain of Atlas,
And the pagan paradise!

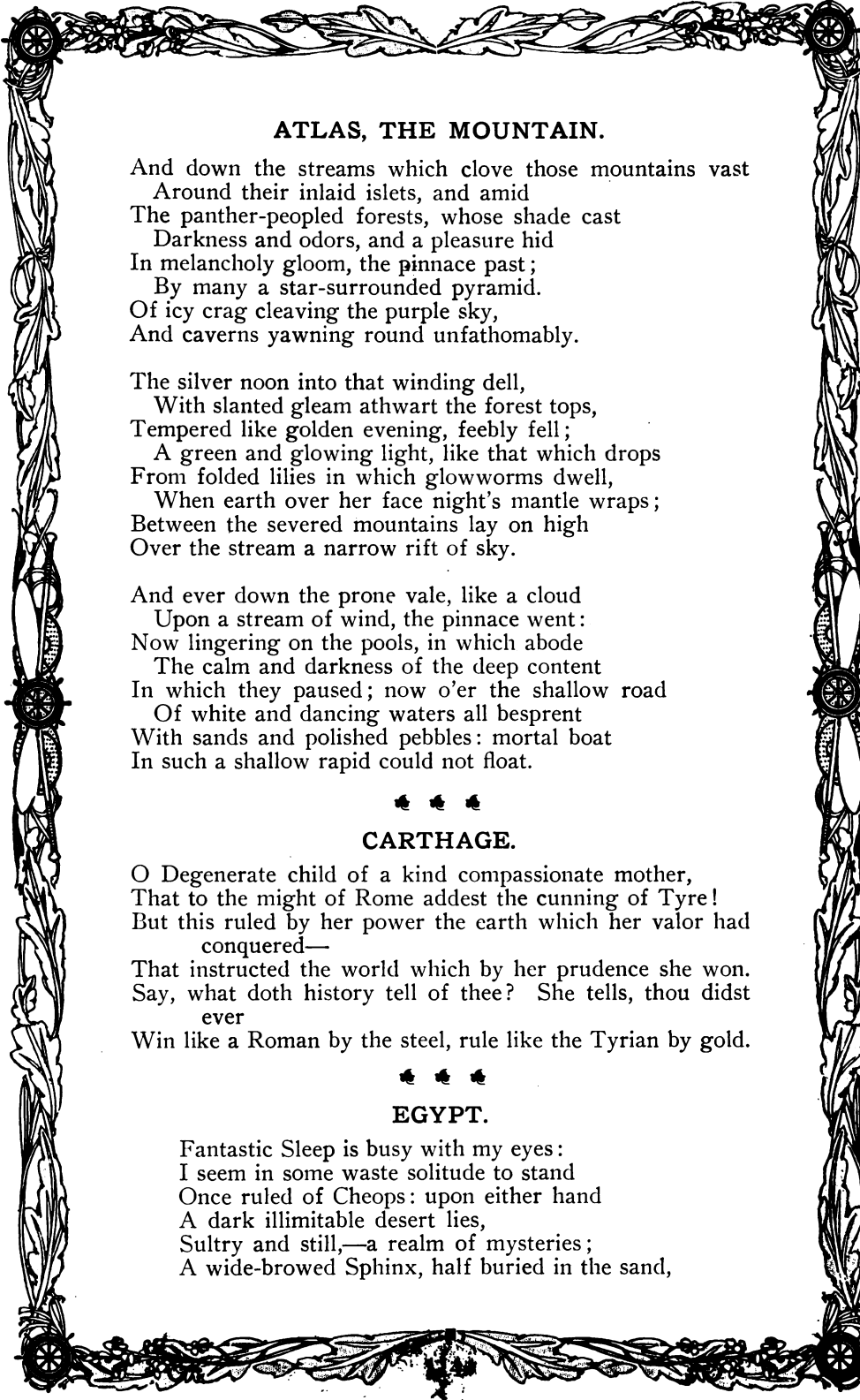


GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS

Past these shores the wise Phœnicians
Coasted outward towards the west,
Hoping there to find Atlantis;
And the Islands of the Blest.

Somewhere in these mystic valleys
Grew the golden-fruited trees,
Which the wandering son of Zeus
Stole from the Hesperides.

Many monsters, famed in story,
Had their habitations here,
Scaly coats and tresses hoary
Struck adventurous souls with fear.



ATLAS, THE MOUNTAIN.

And down the streams which clove those mountains vast
Around their inlaid islets, and amid
The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast
Darkness and odors, and a pleasure hid
In melancholy gloom, the pinnacle past;
By many a star-surrounded pyramid.
Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,
And caverns yawning round unfathomably.

The silver noon into that winding dell,
With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,
Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell;
A green and glowing light, like that which drops
From folded lilies in which glowworms dwell,
When earth over her face night's mantle wraps;
Between the severed mountains lay on high
Over the stream a narrow rift of sky.

And ever down the prone vale, like a cloud
Upon a stream of wind, the pinnacle went:
Now lingering on the pools, in which abode
The calm and darkness of the deep content
In which they paused; now o'er the shallow road
Of white and dancing waters all besprent
With sands and polished pebbles: mortal boat
In such a shallow rapid could not float.



CARTHAGE.

O Degenerate child of a kind compassionate mother,
That to the might of Rome addest the cunning of Tyre!
But this ruled by her power the earth which her valor had
conquered—
That instructed the world which by her prudence she won.
Say, what doth history tell of thee? She tells, thou didst
ever
Win like a Roman by the steel, rule like the Tyrian by gold.



EGYPT.

Fantastic Sleep is busy with my eyes:
I seem in some waste solitude to stand
Once ruled of Cheops: upon either hand
A dark illimitable desert lies,
Sultry and still,—a realm of mysteries;
A wide-browed Sphinx, half buried in the sand,

With orblest sockets stares across the land,
 The woofulest thing beneath these brooding skies,
 Where all is woeful, weird-lit vacancy.
 'Tis neither midnight, twilight nor noonrise.
 Lo! while I gaze, beyond the vast sand-sea
 The nebulous clouds are downward slowly drawn,
 And one bleared star, faint-glimmering like a bee,
 Is shut in the rosy outstretched hand of Dawn.



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON

THE PYRAMIDS.

After the fantasies of many a night,
 After the deep desires of many a day,
 Rejoicing as an ancient Eremite
 Upon the desert's edge at last I lay:
 Before me rose, in wonderful array,
 Those works where man has rivalled Nature most,
 Those Pyramids, that fear no more decay
 Than waves inflict upon the rockiest coast,
 Or winds on mountain-steeps, and like endurance boast.

Fragments the deluge of old Time has left
 Behind it in its subsidence,—long walls
 Of cities of their very name bereft,—
 Lone columns, remnants of majestic halls,—
 Rich-traceried chambers, where the night dew falls,—
 All have I seen with feelings due, I trow,
 Yet not with such as these memorials
 Of the great unremembered, that can show
 The mass and shape they wore four thousand years ago.

THE SPHINX AND THE PYRAMIDS.

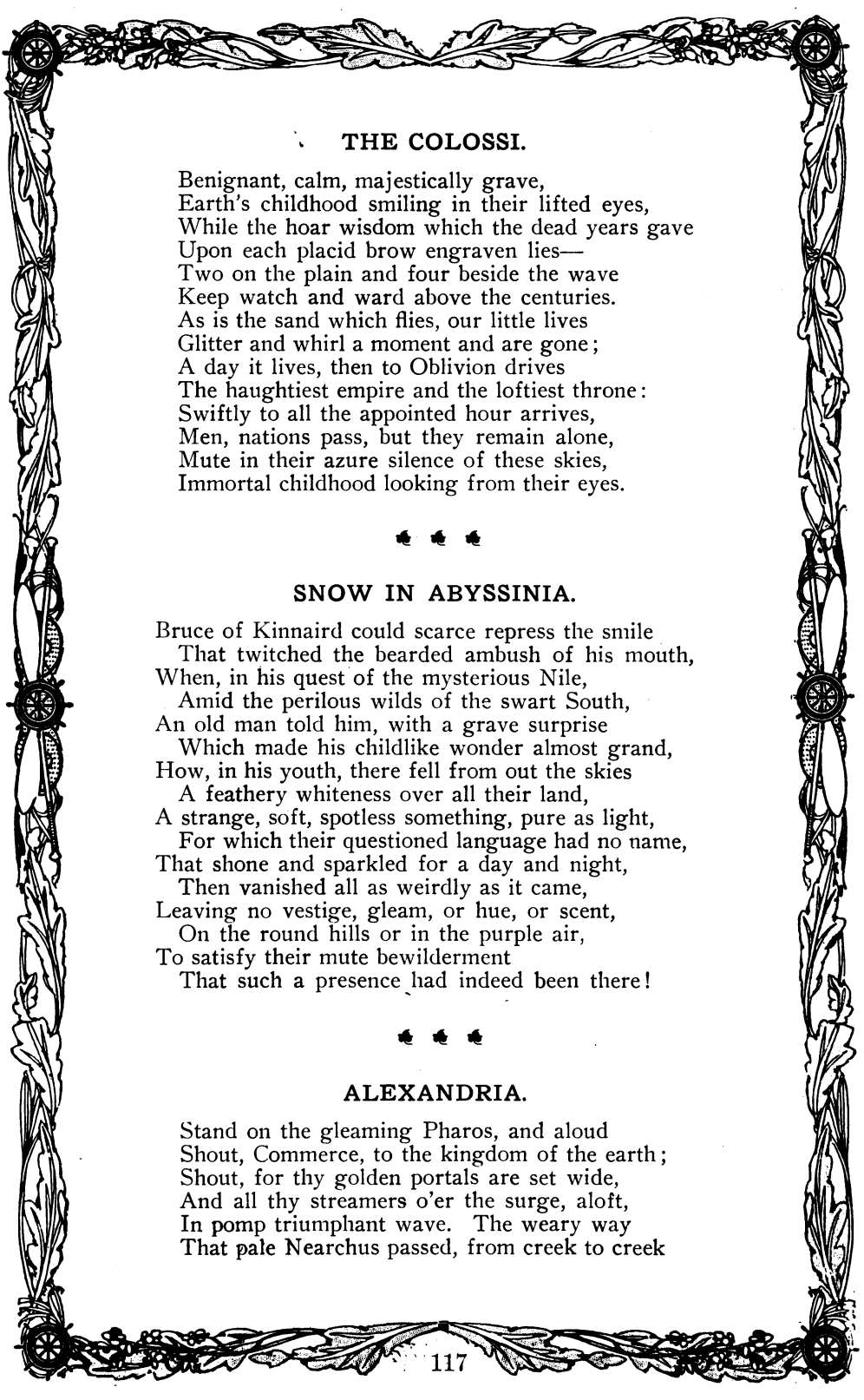
The shadow of the Pyramids
Fled round before the sun:
 By day it fled,
 It onward sped;
And when its daily task was done,
The moon arose and round the plain
The weary shadow fled again.

The Sphinx looked east,
The Sphinx looked west,
And north and south her shadow fell;
 How many times she sought for rest
And found it not, no tongue may tell.



PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX, EGYPT

But much it vexed the heart of greedy Time
That neither rain nor snow, nor frost, nor hail,
Troubles the calm of the Egyptian clime;
For these for him, like heavy iron flail,
And wedge and saw, and biting tooth and file,
Against the palaces of kings prevail,
And crumble down the loftiest pile,
And eat the ancient hills away,
And make the very mountains know decay.
And sorely he would grudge, and much would carp,
That he could never keep his polished blade,
His mowing sickle keen and sharp,
For all the din and all the dust he made.



THE COLOSSI.

Benignant, calm, majestically grave,
Earth's childhood smiling in their lifted eyes,
While the hoar wisdom which the dead years gave
Upon each placid brow engraven lies—
Two on the plain and four beside the wave
Keep watch and ward above the centuries.
As is the sand which flies, our little lives
Glitter and whirl a moment and are gone;
A day it lives, then to Oblivion drives
The haughtiest empire and the loftiest throne:
Swiftly to all the appointed hour arrives,
Men, nations pass, but they remain alone,
Mute in their azure silence of these skies,
Immortal childhood looking from their eyes.



SNOW IN ABYSSINIA.

Bruce of Kinnaird could scarce repress the smile
That twitched the bearded ambush of his mouth,
When, in his quest of the mysterious Nile,
Amid the perilous wilds of the swart South,
An old man told him, with a grave surprise
Which made his childlike wonder almost grand,
How, in his youth, there fell from out the skies
A feathery whiteness over all their land,
A strange, soft, spotless something, pure as light,
For which their questioned language had no name,
That shone and sparkled for a day and night,
Then vanished all as weirdly as it came,
Leaving no vestige, gleam, or hue, or scent,
On the round hills or in the purple air,
To satisfy their mute bewilderment
That such a presence had indeed been there!



ALEXANDRIA.

Stand on the gleaming Pharos, and aloud
Shout, Commerce, to the kingdom of the earth;
Shout, for thy golden portals are set wide,
And all thy streamers o'er the surge, aloft,
In pomp triumphant wave. The weary way
That pale Nearchus passed, from creek to creek

Advancing slow, no longer bounds the track
 Of the adventurous mariner, who steers
 Steady, with eye intent upon the stars,
 To Elam's echoing port. Meantime, more high
 Aspiring, o'er the Western main her towers
 The imperial city lifts, the central mart
 Of nations, and beneath the calm clear sky,
 At distance from the palmy marge, displays
 Her clustering columns, whitening to the morn.
 Damascus' fleece, Golconda's gems are there.
 Murmurs the haven with one ceaseless hum;
 The hurrying camel's bell, the driver's song,
 Along the sands resound. Tyre, art thou fallen?
 A prouder city crowns the inland sea,
 Raised by his hand who smote thee.

ALEXANDRIA



STATUE OF MOHAMMED
 CONSULS' SQ., WESTERN
 SIDE

KEDIVE'S PALACE
 PORT ALEXANDRIA
 COLUMN OF POMPEY

ASSOUAN (SYENE).

Juvenal at Syene.

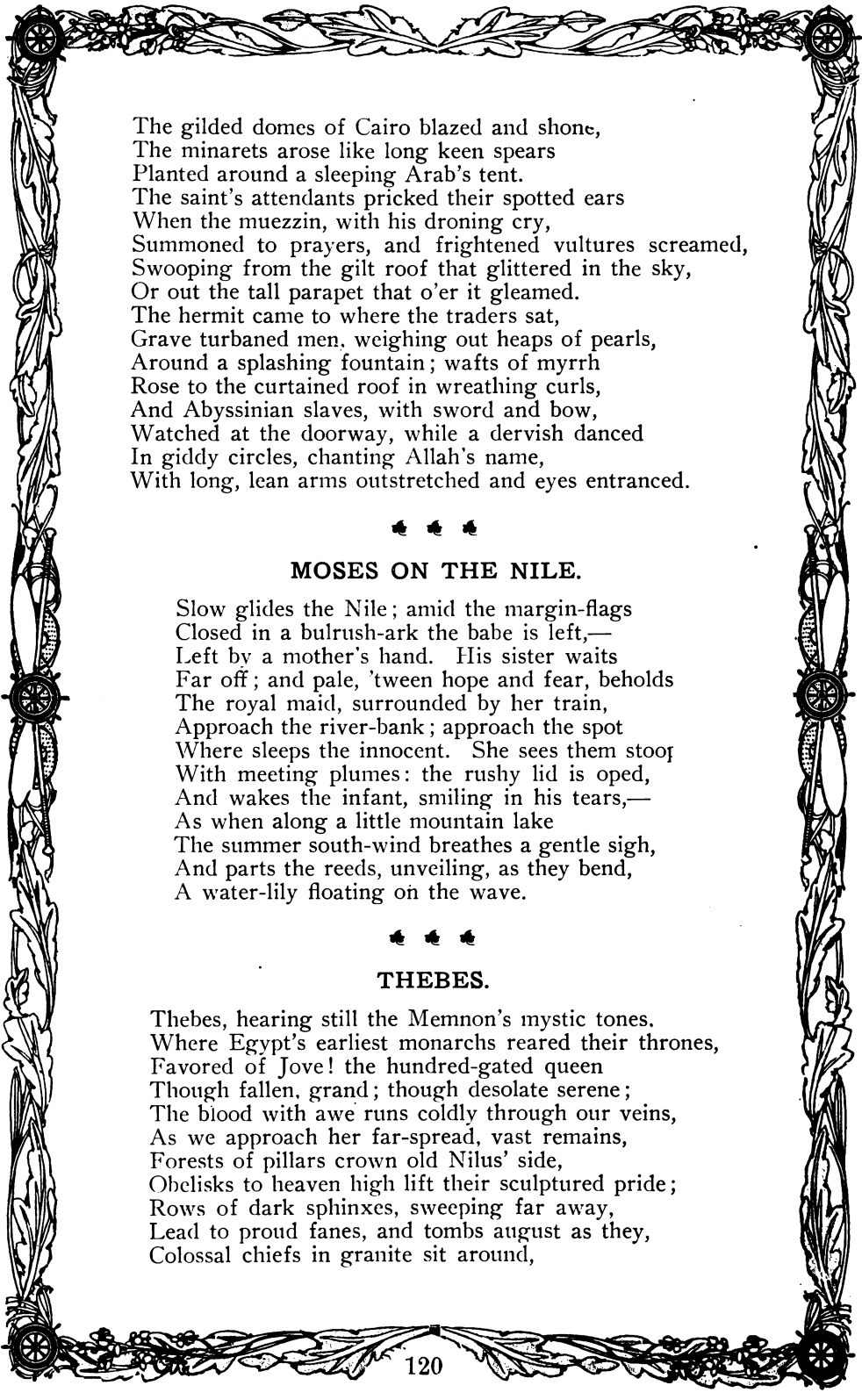
Here at the utmost bound of Roman power,
The prison walls the Arabian Libyan waste,
Slave over slaves, thy tyrant bade thee cower,
Even by the soldier's office more disgraced,
Eating thy indignant heart out through each hour,
And every drop of Exile's chalice taste.
Take comfort, noble heart, for while the hand
Which held thee loosens in the charnel's dust,
That shameless forehead bears its eternal brand
Yet in thy living page, and cruelty's lust
Cut into deathless adamant shall stand,—
So that Oblivion spare its pitying rust,—
But thy name, brightening through these Christian years,
Virtue shall speak it but with grateful tears.



CITADEL, CAIRO, EGYPT

CAIRO.

To Cairo city, one hot afternoon,
In the midsummer, came an anchorite,
Pale, shrunk as any corpse, thin, lean and blanched,
From dwelling in the tombs deep from the light:
Tall, gaunt, and wan, across the desert sand
He strode, trampling on avarice; by his side,
Licking his hands, two dappled panthers paced,
With lolling tongues, and dark and tawny hide.



The gilded domes of Cairo blazed and shone,
The minarets arose like long keen spears
Planted around a sleeping Arab's tent.
The saint's attendants pricked their spotted ears
When the muezzin, with his droning cry,
Summoned to prayers, and frightened vultures screamed,
Swooping from the gilt roof that glittered in the sky,
Or out the tall parapet that o'er it gleamed.
The hermit came to where the traders sat,
Grave turbaned men, weighing out heaps of pearls,
Around a splashing fountain; wafts of myrrh
Rose to the curtained roof in wreathing curls,
And Abyssinian slaves, with sword and bow,
Watched at the doorway, while a dervish danced
In giddy circles, chanting Allah's name,
With long, lean arms outstretched and eyes entranced.



MOSES ON THE NILE.

Slow glides the Nile; amid the margin-flags
Closed in a bulrush-ark the babe is left,—
Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits
Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear, beholds
The royal maid, surrounded by her train,
Approach the river-bank; approach the spot
Where sleeps the innocent. She sees them stoop
With meeting plumes: the rushy lid is oped,
And wakes the infant, smiling in his tears,—
As when along a little mountain lake
The summer south-wind breathes a gentle sigh,
And parts the reeds, unveiling, as they bend,
A water-lily floating on the wave.



THEBES.

Thebes, hearing still the Memnon's mystic tones.
Where Egypt's earliest monarchs reared their thrones,
Favored of Jove! the hundred-gated queen
Though fallen, grand; though desolate serene;
The blood with awe runs coldly through our veins,
As we approach her far-spread, vast remains,
Forests of pillars crown old Nilus' side,
Obelisks to heaven high lift their sculptured pride;
Rows of dark sphinxes, sweeping far away,
Lead to proud fanes, and tombs august as they,
Colossal chiefs in granite sit around,

As wrapped in thought, or sunk in grief profound.
 Titans or gods sure built these walls that stand
 Defying years, and Ruin's wasting hand.
 So vast, sublime the view, we almost deem
 We rove, spell-bound, through some fantastic dream,
 Sweep through the halls that Typhon rears below,
 And see, in yon dark Nile, hell's river flow.
 E'en as we walk these fanes and ruined ways,
 In musings lost, yet dazzled while we gaze,
 The mighty columns ranged in long array,
 The statues fresh as chiselled yesterday.

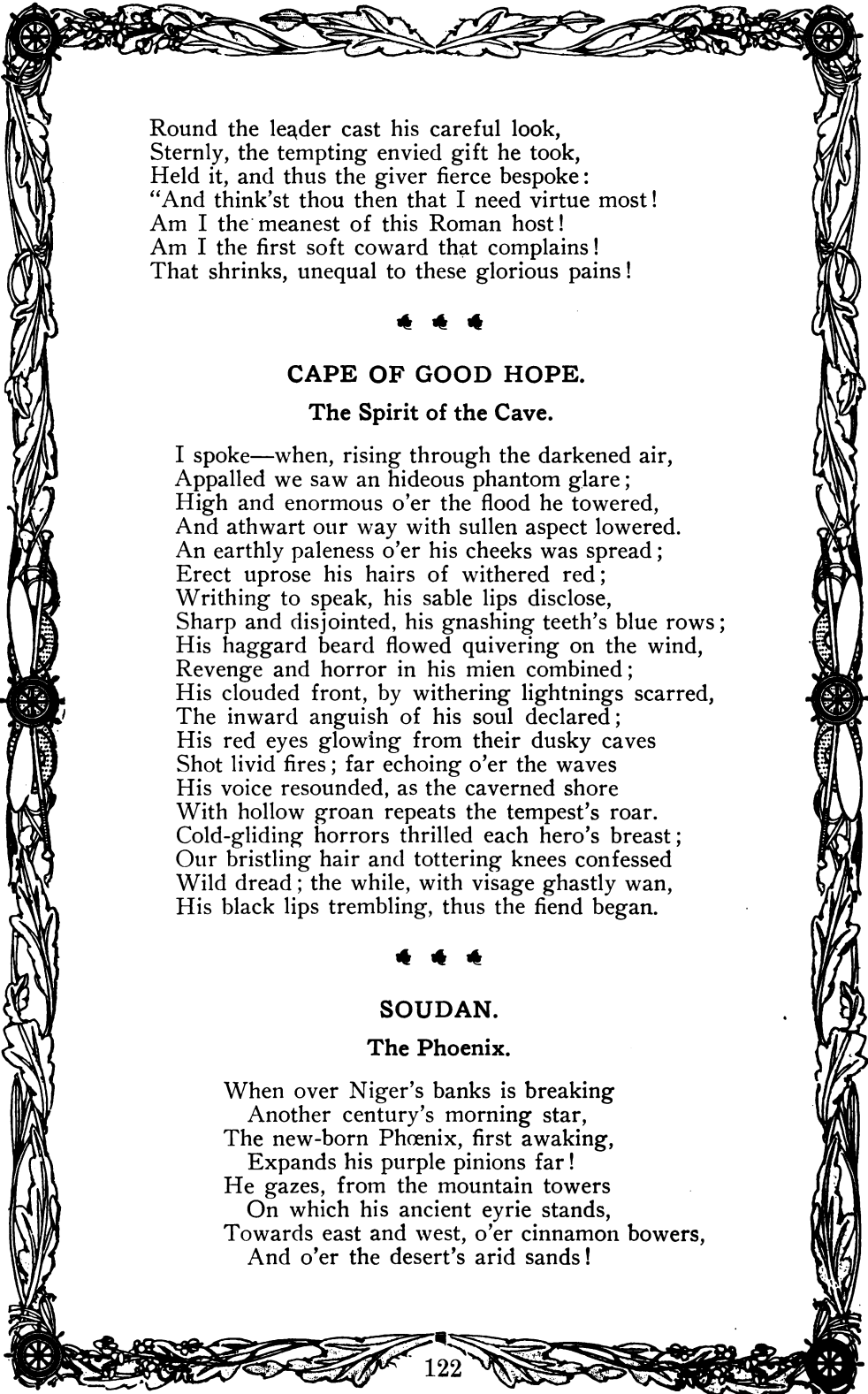


A TRAIN

SAHARA, THE GREAT DESERT.

Cato in the Deserts of Africa.

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
 To warmer, calmer skies they journey on.
 The slackening storms the neighboring sun confess,
 The heat strikes fiercer, and the winds grow less,
 Whilst parching thirst and fainting sweats increase.
 As forward on the weary way they went,
 Panting with drought, and all with labor spent,
 Amidst the desert desolate and dry,
 One chanced a little trickling spring to spy;
 Proud of the prize, he drained the scanty store,
 And in his helmet to the chieftain bore.
 Around, in crowds, the thirsty legions stood,
 Their throats and clammy jaws with dust bestrewed,
 And all with wishful eyes the liquid treasure viewed.



Round the leader cast his careful look,
Sternly, the tempting envied gift he took,
Held it, and thus the giver fierce bespoke:
"And think'st thou then that I need virtue most!
Am I the meanest of this Roman host!
Am I the first soft coward that complains!
That shrinks, unequal to these glorious pains!



CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The Spirit of the Cave.

I spoke—when, rising through the darkened air,
Appalled we saw an hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And athwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread;
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjointed, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scarred,
The inward anguish of his soul declared;
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires; far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold-gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; the while, with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began.



SOUDAN.

The Phoenix.

When over Niger's banks is breaking
Another century's morning star,
The new-born Phoenix, first awaking,
Expands his purple pinions far!
He gazes, from the mountain towers
On which his ancient eyrie stands,
Towards east and west, o'er cinnamon bowers,
And o'er the desert's arid sands!

He sees the red sirocco wheeling
Its sandy clouds along the waste,
And streams through palmy valleys stealing,
Where the plumed ostrich speeds in haste.
There waves the Moorish flag of battle;
There sound at night the jackal's cries;
There caravans are chased as cattle,
By storms that far beneath him rise.

Southward, he sees the Caffre rangers,
In gathering hordes, for fight arrayed;
Northward, the tents of hostile strangers
Are pitched beneath the fig-tree's shade!
There swords are red, where, far extending,
Their squadrons combat on the sand,
And France's battle cries are blending
With those of Abdel Kader's band!

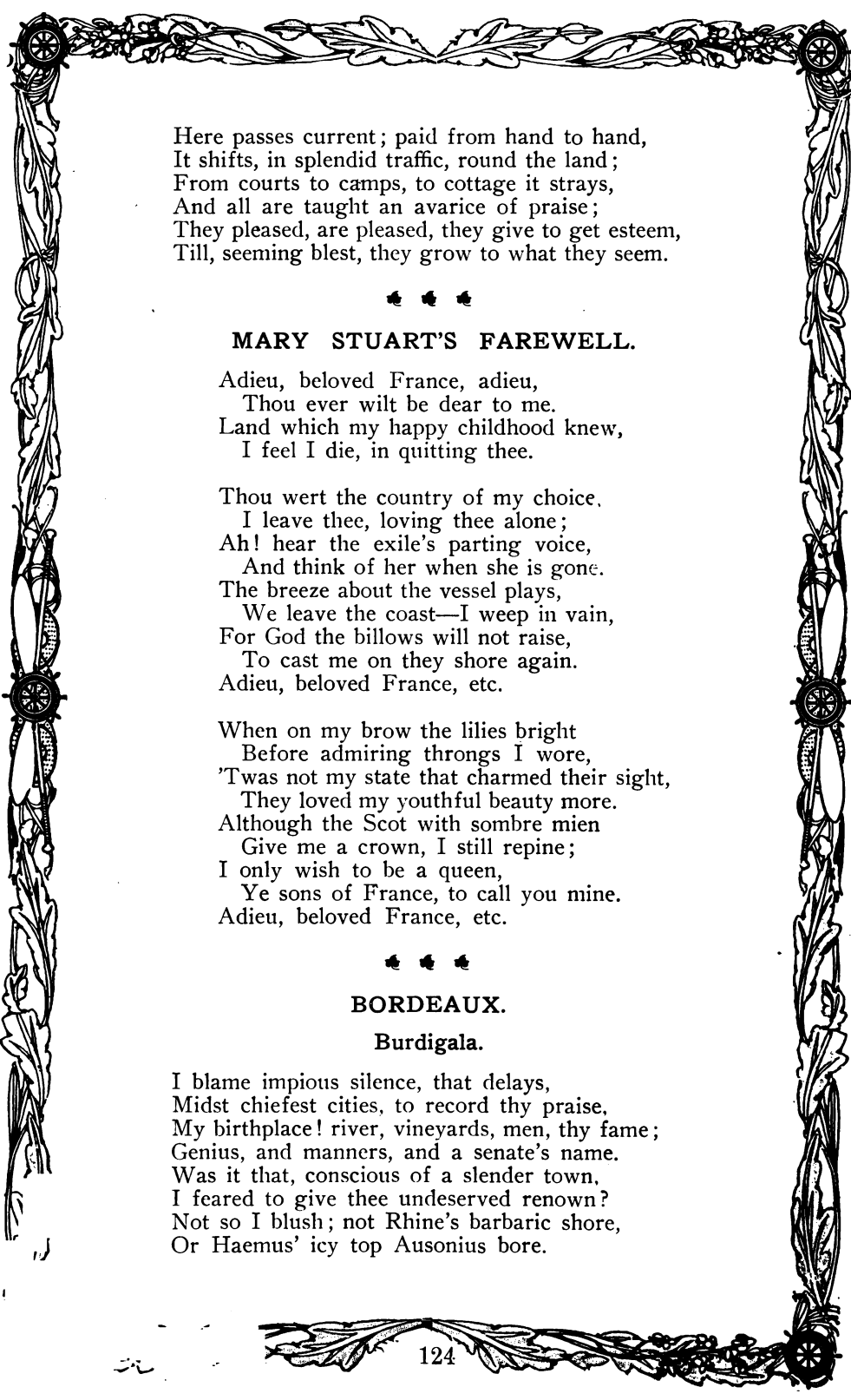


Europe

FRANCE.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain;
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of three score.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away;
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here—
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,



Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land ;
From courts to camps, to cottage it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They pleased, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.



MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.

Adieu, beloved France, adieu,
Thou ever wilt be dear to me.
Land which my happy childhood knew,
I feel I die, in quitting thee.

Thou wert the country of my choice,
I leave thee, loving thee alone ;
Ah ! hear the exile's parting voice,
And think of her when she is gone.
The breeze about the vessel plays,
We leave the coast—I weep in vain,
For God the billows will not raise,
To cast me on they shore again.
Adieu, beloved France, etc.

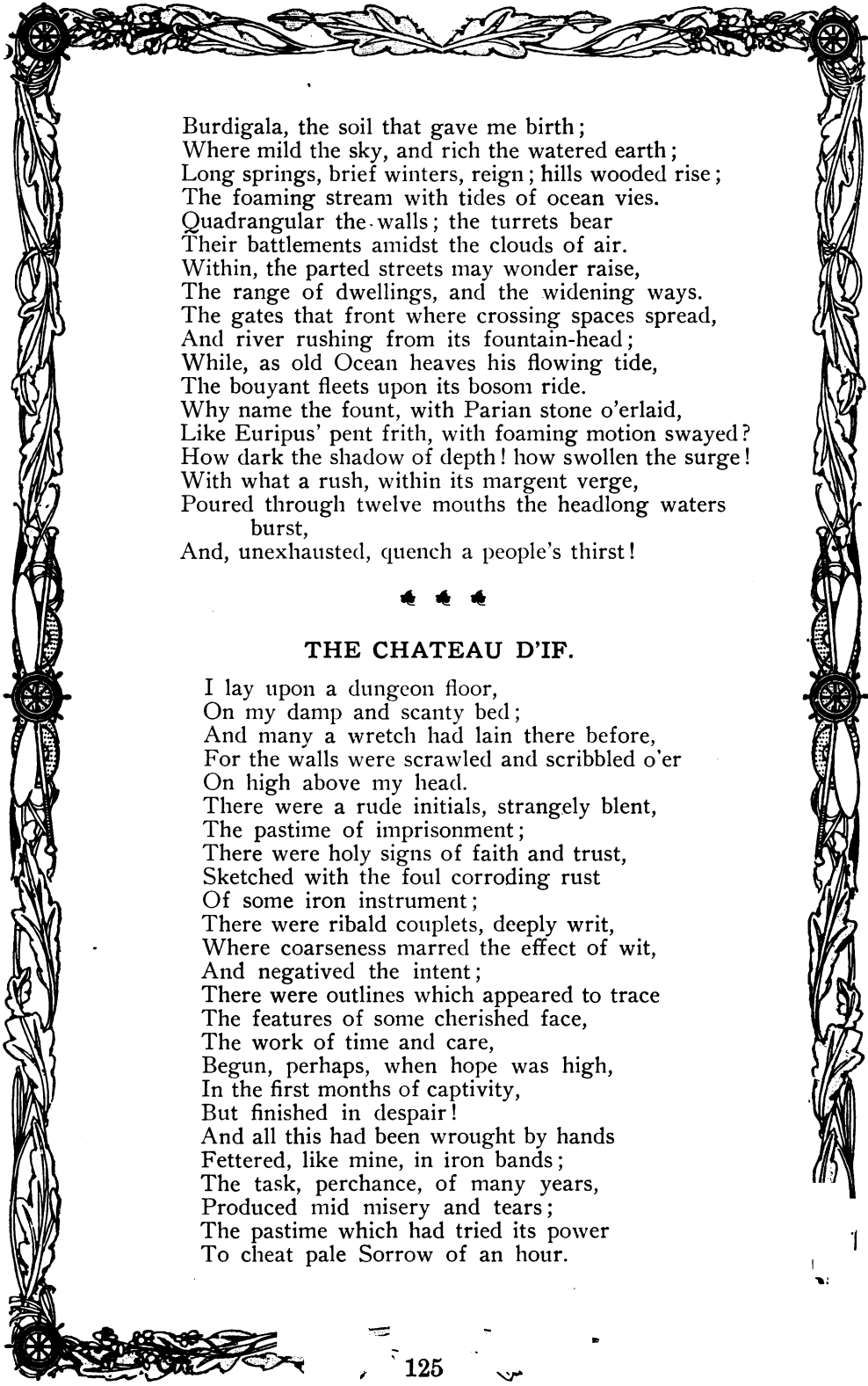
When on my brow the lilies bright
Before admiring throngs I wore,
'Twas not my state that charmed their sight,
They loved my youthful beauty more.
Although the Scot with sombre mien
Give me a crown, I still repine ;
I only wish to be a queen,
Ye sons of France, to call you mine.
Adieu, beloved France, etc.



BORDEAUX.

Burdigala.

I blame impious silence, that delays,
Midst chiefest cities, to record thy praise,
My birthplace ! river, vineyards, men, thy fame ;
Genius, and manners, and a senate's name.
Was it that, conscious of a slender town,
I feared to give thee undeserved renown ?
Not so I blush ; not Rhine's barbaric shore,
Or Haemus' icy top Ausonius bore.

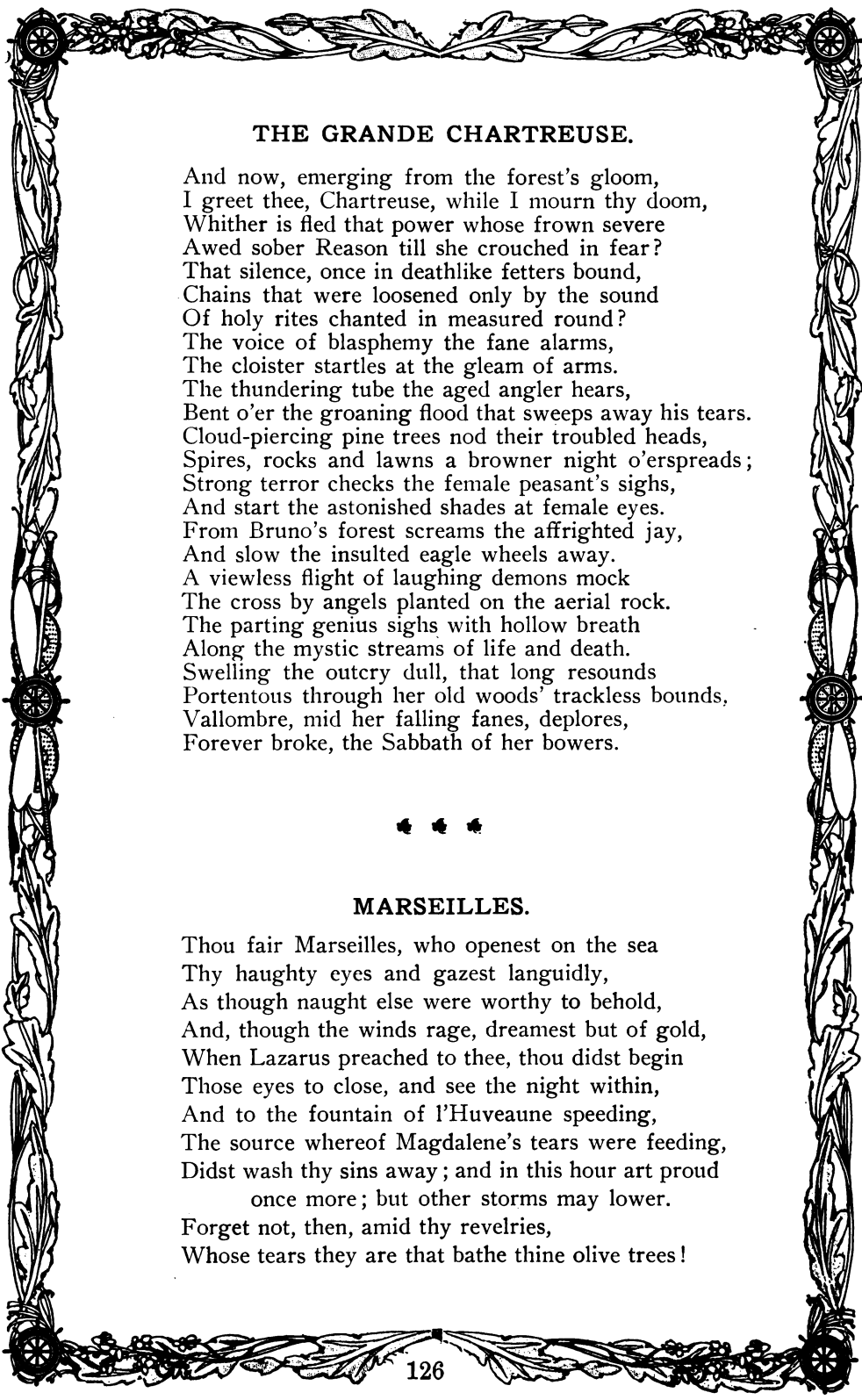


Burdigala, the soil that gave me birth ;
Where mild the sky, and rich the watered earth ;
Long springs, brief winters, reign ; hills wooded rise ;
The foaming stream with tides of ocean vies.
Quadrangular the walls ; the turrets bear
Their battlements amidst the clouds of air.
Within, the parted streets may wonder raise,
The range of dwellings, and the widening ways.
The gates that front where crossing spaces spread,
And river rushing from its fountain-head ;
While, as old Ocean heaves his flowing tide,
The bouyant fleets upon its bosom ride.
Why name the fount, with Parian stone o'erlaid,
Like Euripus' pent frith, with foaming motion swayed ?
How dark the shadow of depth ! how swollen the surge !
With what a rush, within its margent verge,
Poured through twelve mouths the headlong waters
burst,
And, unexhausted, quench a people's thirst !



THE CHATEAU D'IF.

I lay upon a dungeon floor,
On my damp and scanty bed ;
And many a wretch had lain there before,
For the walls were scrawled and scribbled o'er
On high above my head.
There were a rude initials, strangely blent,
The pastime of imprisonment ;
There were holy signs of faith and trust,
Sketched with the foul corroding rust
Of some iron instrument ;
There were ribald couplets, deeply writ,
Where coarseness marred the effect of wit,
And negated the intent ;
There were outlines which appeared to trace
The features of some cherished face,
The work of time and care,
Begun, perhaps, when hope was high,
In the first months of captivity,
But finished in despair !
And all this had been wrought by hands
Fettered, like mine, in iron bands ;
The task, perchance, of many years,
Produced mid misery and tears ;
The pastime which had tried its power
To cheat pale Sorrow of an hour.



THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

And now, emerging from the forest's gloom,
I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn thy doom,
Whither is fled that power whose frown severe
Awed sober Reason till she crouched in fear?
That silence, once in deathlike fetters bound,
Chains that were loosened only by the sound
Of holy rites chanted in measured round?
The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms,
The cloister startles at the gleam of arms.
The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps away his tears.
Cloud-piercing pine trees nod their troubled heads,
Spires, rocks and lawns a browner night o'erspreads;
Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,
And start the astonished shades at female eyes.
From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,
And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
A viewless flight of laughing demons mock
The cross by angels planted on the aerial rock.
The parting genius sighs with hollow breath
Along the mystic streams of life and death.
Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
Portentous through her old woods' trackless bounds,
Vallombre, mid her falling fanes, deploras,
Forever broke, the Sabbath of her bowers.

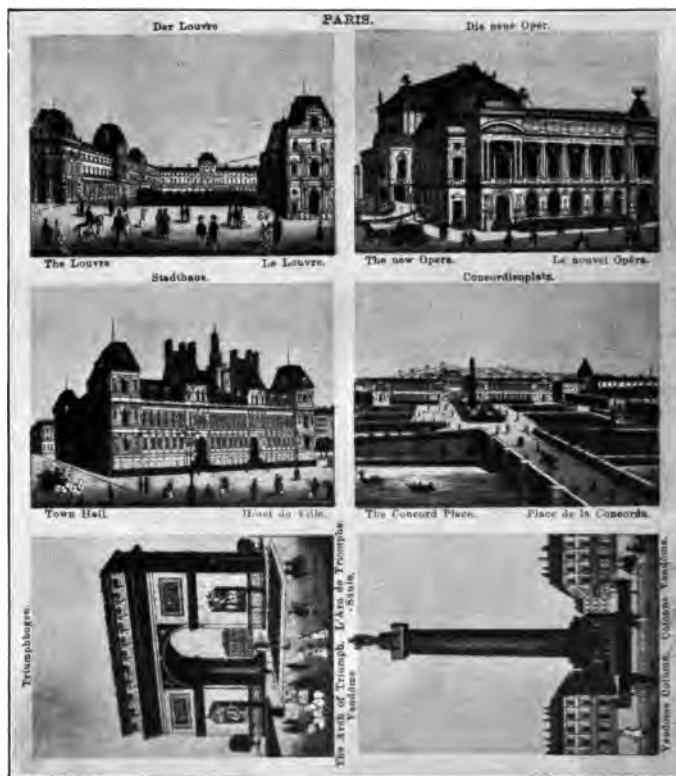


MARSEILLES.

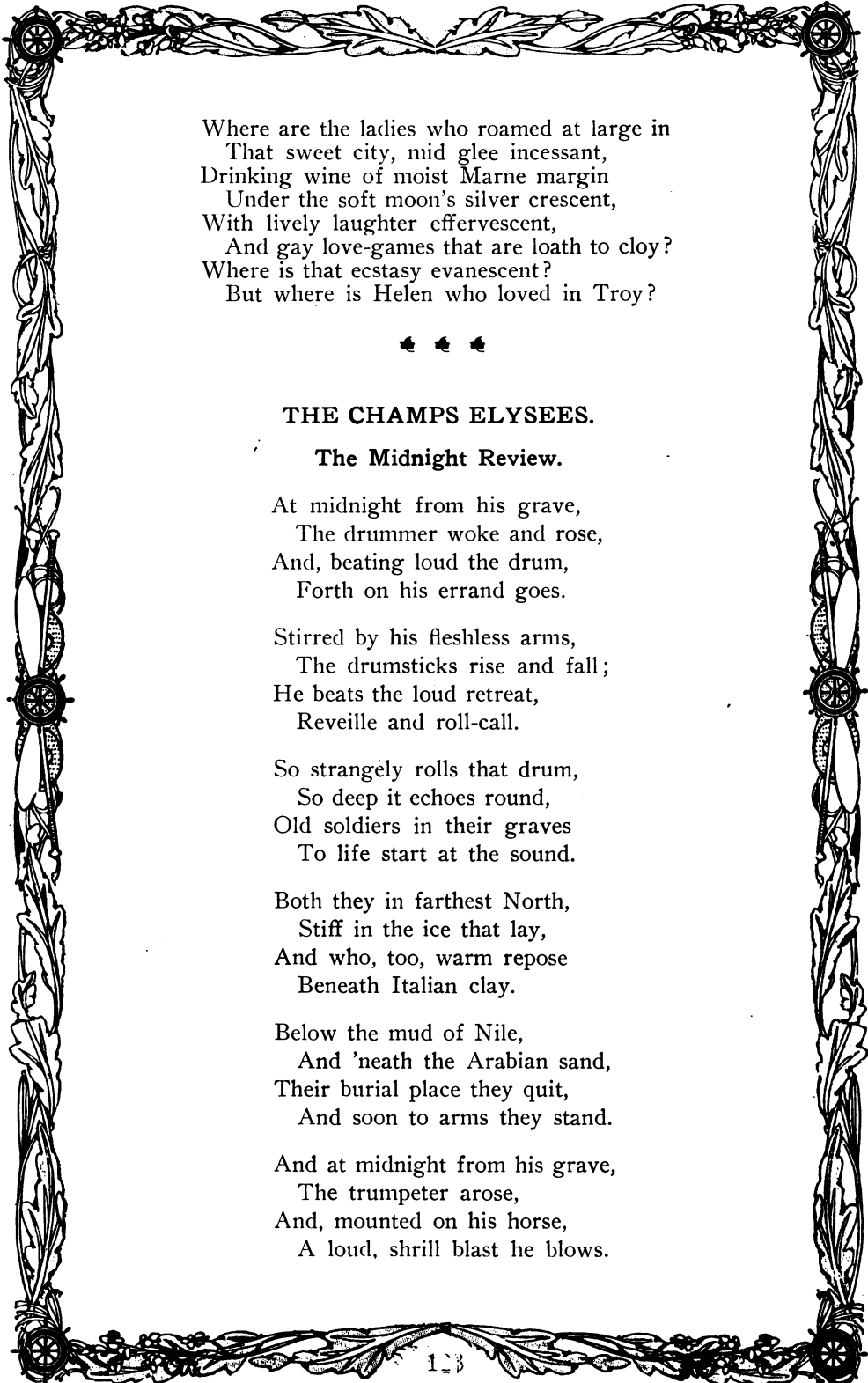
Thou fair Marseilles, who openest on the sea
Thy haughty eyes and gazest languidly,
As though naught else were worthy to behold,
And, though the winds rage, dreamest but of gold,
When Lazarus preached to thee, thou didst begin
Those eyes to close, and see the night within,
And to the fountain of l'Huveaune speeding,
The source whereof Magdalene's tears were feeding,
Didst wash thy sins away; and in this hour art proud
once more; but other storms may lower.
Forget not, then, amid thy revelries,
Whose tears they are that bathe thine olive trees!

PARIS AND TROY.

Where is Paris, the beautiful city?
 Has it dissolved like a mirage wondrous—
 Its ladies bright and gallants witty—
 Passed like an earthquake shock from under us?
 Swept away by the onset thunderous
 Of Teutons mad with the battle joy?
 Fate and time from beauty sunder us.
 Where is the famous city Troy?



Where is Napoleon? Where each captain
 Who rode in his steel-clad train but lately,
 Every one rare vision rapt in
 Of a France that loomed o'er Europe greatly,
 Of a Gallic Empire, strong and stately—
 A baby giant with war for a toy?
 Where do those phantoms march sedately?
 But where is Hector who fought for Troy?



Where are the ladies who roamed at large in
That sweet city, mid glee incessant,
Drinking wine of moist Marne margin
Under the soft moon's silver crescent,
With lively laughter effervescent,
And gay love-games that are loath to cloy?
Where is that ecstasy evanescent?
But where is Helen who loved in Troy?



THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

The Midnight Review.

At midnight from his grave,
The drummer woke and rose,
And, beating loud the drum,
Forth on his errand goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms,
The drumsticks rise and fall;
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveille and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round,
Old soldiers in their graves
To life start at the sound.

Both they in farthest North,
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And who, too, warm repose
Beneath Italian clay.

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath the Arabian sand,
Their burial place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave,
The trumpeter arose,
And, mounted on his horse,
A loud, shrill blast he blows.

THE TUILLERIES.

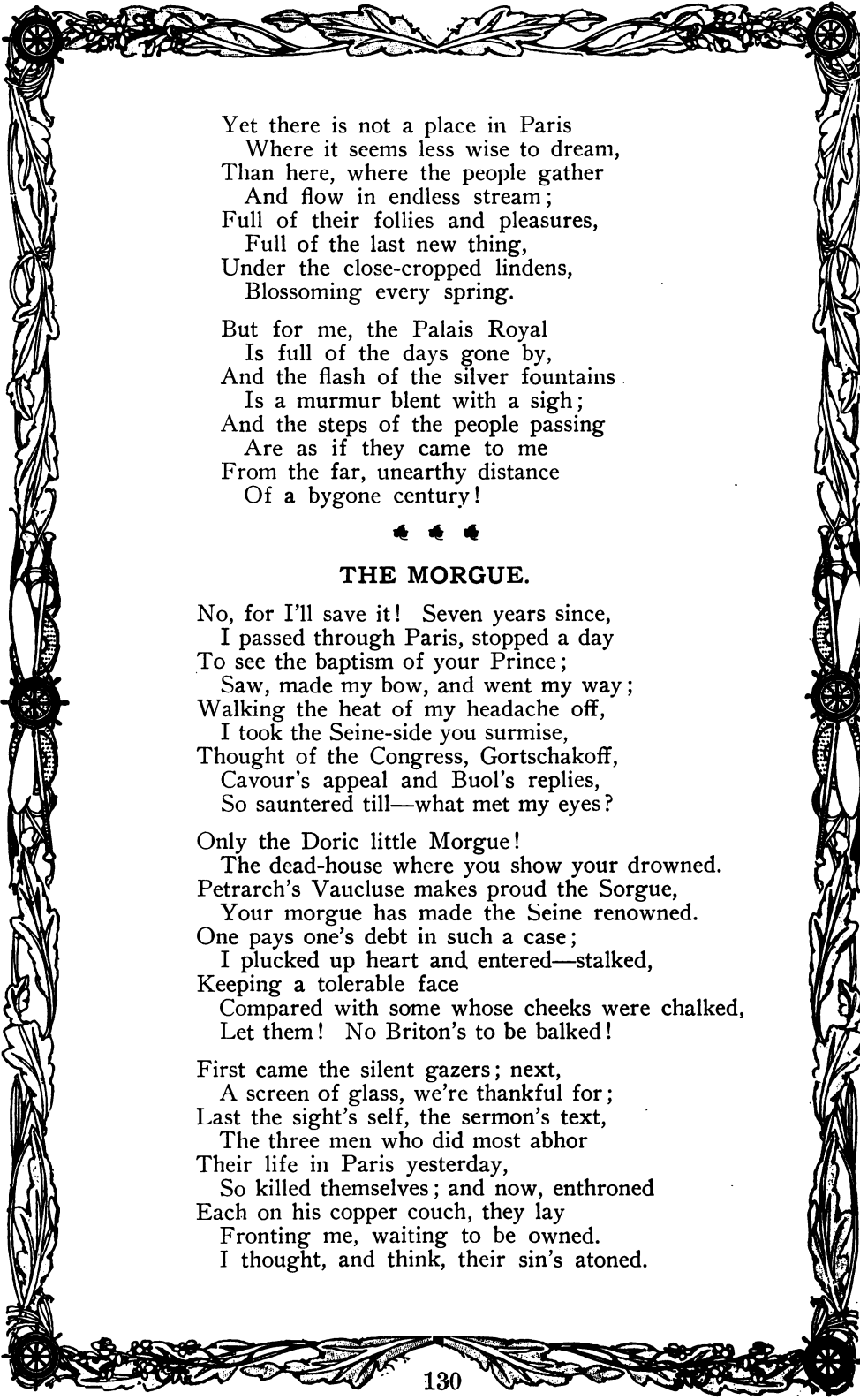
Large, lofty, gorgeous, all that meets the eye,
Strong with the stamp of ancient majesty ;
The impress which, so undefined, yet clear,
Tells that the former mighty have been here.
All looking hoary pomp ; the walls riched scrolled,
The roof high flourished, arras stiff with gold,
In many a burning hue and broad festoon
Wreathing those casements, blazoned now with noon,
The marble tablets on their silver claws,
Loaded with nymph and grace and pix and vase.
Beside the mirror foot, the Indian screen
Dazzling the eye with dragon red and green ;
The mighty mirror, brightening, doubling all,
In its deep crystal lit an endless hall.



AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO

THE GARDEN OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

In the Palais Royal by moonlight,
Watching the fountains play,
Are a thousand ghostly shadows
Of those who are passed away.
Shadows of beauty and splendor,
Flitting from salle to salle ;
Sweetest of all among them,
Marie Therese de Lamballe !



Yet there is not a place in Paris
Where it seems less wise to dream,
Than here, where the people gather
And flow in endless stream;
Full of their follies and pleasures,
Full of the last new thing,
Under the close-cropped lindens,
Blossoming every spring.

But for me, the Palais Royal
Is full of the days gone by,
And the flash of the silver fountains
Is a murmur blent with a sigh;
And the steps of the people passing
Are as if they came to me
From the far, unearthly distance
Of a bygone century!

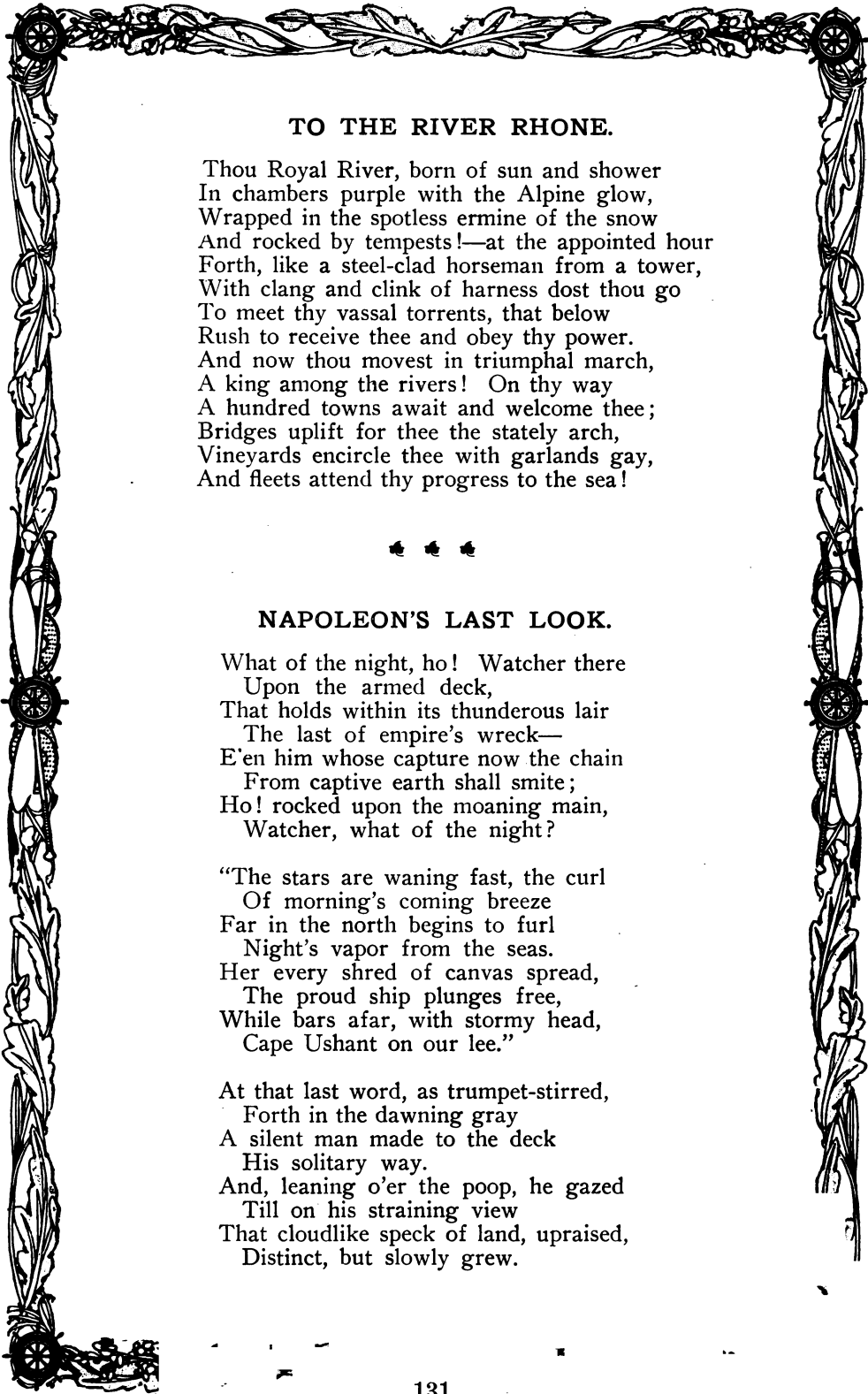


THE MORGUE.

No, for I'll save it! Seven years since,
I passed through Paris, stopped a day
To see the baptism of your Prince;
Saw, made my bow, and went my way;
Walking the heat of my headache off,
I took the Seine-side you surmise,
Thought of the Congress, Gortschakoff,
Cavour's appeal and Buol's replies,
So sauntered till—what met my eyes?

Only the Doric little Morgue!
The dead-house where you show your drowned.
Petrarch's Vaucluse makes proud the Sorgue,
Your morgue has made the Seine renowned.
One pays one's debt in such a case;
I plucked up heart and entered—stalked,
Keeping a tolerable face
Compared with some whose cheeks were chalked,
Let them! No Briton's to be balked!

First came the silent gazers; next,
A screen of glass, we're thankful for;
Last the sight's self, the sermon's text,
The three men who did most abhor
Their life in Paris yesterday,
So killed themselves; and now, enthroned
Each on his copper couch, they lay
Fronting me, waiting to be owned.
I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.



TO THE RIVER RHONE.

Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests!—at the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal march,
A king among the rivers! On thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!



NAPOLEON'S LAST LOOK.

What of the night, ho! Watcher there
Upon the armed deck,
That holds within its thunderous lair
The last of empire's wreck—
E'en him whose capture now the chain
From captive earth shall smite;
Ho! rocked upon the moaning main,
Watcher, what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast, the curl
Of morning's coming breeze
Far in the north begins to furl
Night's vapor from the seas.
Her every shred of canvas spread,
The proud ship plunges free,
While bars afar, with stormy head,
Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet-stirred,
Forth in the dawning gray
A silent man made to the deck
His solitary way.
And, leaning o'er the poop, he gazed
Till on his straining view
That cloudlike speck of land, upraised,
Distinct, but slowly grew.

HAVRE



LA BOURSE
PALACE OF JUSTICE
MUSEE DES PILOTES

EXPOSITION MARITIME
HOTEL DE VILLA
PORTE PRINCIPALE DE EXPOSITION

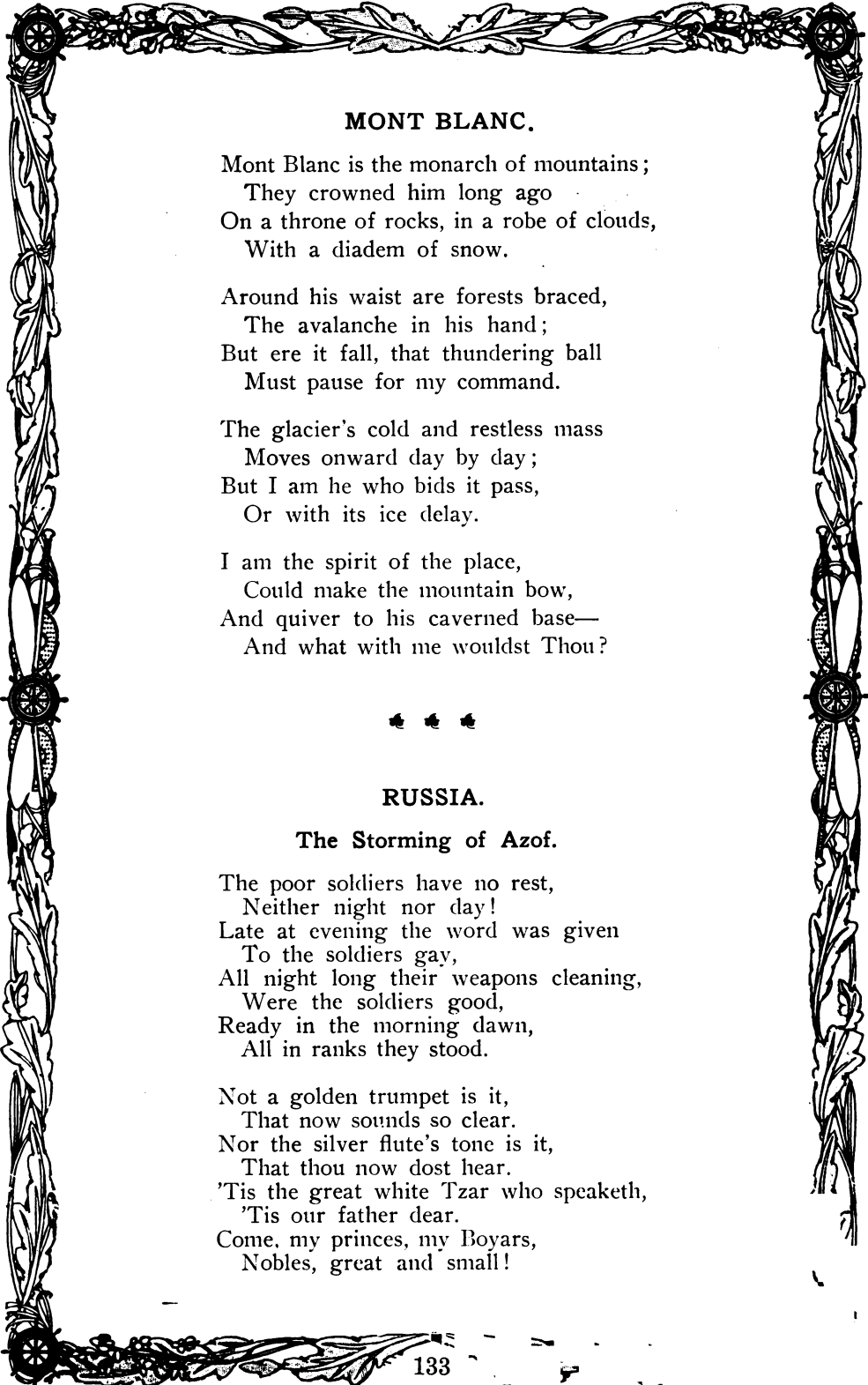
IN HIGH SAVOY.

Nature's fair, fruitless, aimless world
Men take and mould at will.
Scoop havens from the wasteful sea;
Tame heaths to green fertility,
And grind their roadway through the hill.

Another aspect now she dons,
Changed by the hands of men;
What harvest plains of golden hope,
What vineyards on the amber slope,
What lurid gorge-lights in the glen!

Yet still some relic she reserves
Of what was all her own;
Keeps the wild surface of the moor,
Or where the glacier torrents roar,
Reigns o'er gray piles of wrinkled stone.

And though man's daily strengthening sway
Contracts her precinct fair,
Yet round smooth sweeps of vine-set land
Her vaporous ranks of summit stand
As ghosts in morning's silent air.



MONT BLANC.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.

The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.

I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow,
And quiver to his caverned base—
And what with me wouldst Thou?

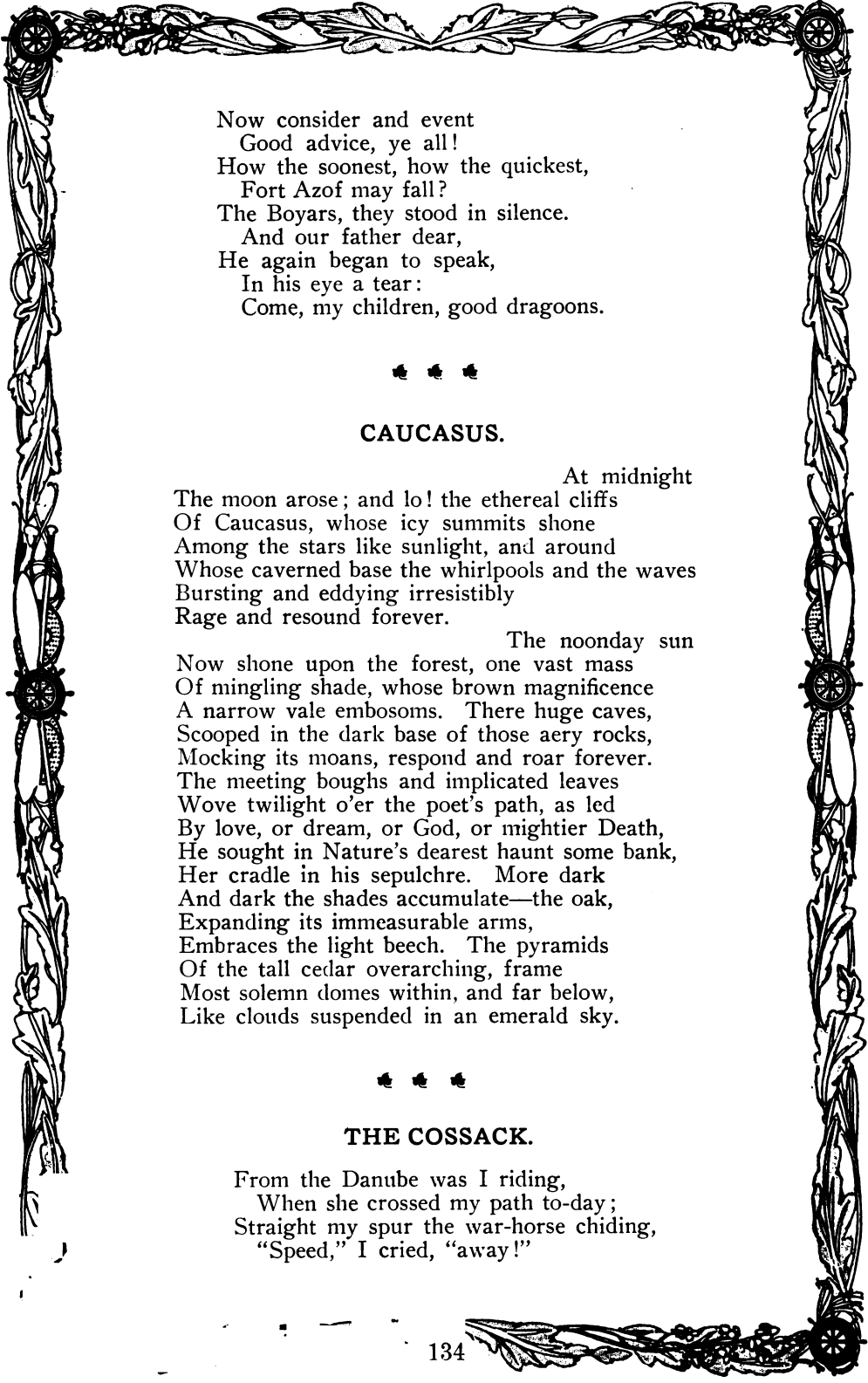


RUSSIA.

The Storming of Azof.

The poor soldiers have no rest,
Neither night nor day!
Late at evening the word was given
To the soldiers gay,
All night long their weapons cleaning,
Were the soldiers good,
Ready in the morning dawn,
All in ranks they stood.

Not a golden trumpet is it,
That now sounds so clear.
Nor the silver flute's tone is it,
That thou now dost hear.
'Tis the great white Tzar who speaketh,
'Tis our father dear.
Come, my princes, my Boyars,
Nobles, great and small!



Now consider and event
Good advice, ye all!
How the soonest, how the quickest,
Fort Azof may fall?
The Boyars, they stood in silence.
And our father dear,
He again began to speak,
In his eye a tear:
Come, my children, good dragoons.



CAUCASUS.

At midnight
The moon arose; and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, and around
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves
Bursting and eddying irresistibly
Rage and resound forever.

The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There huge caves,
Scooped in the dark base of those aery rocks,
Mocking its moans, respond and roar forever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as led
By love, or dream, or God, or mightier Death,
He sought in Nature's dearest haunt some bank,
Her cradle in his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immeasurable arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching, frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky.



THE COSSACK.

From the Danube was I riding,
When she crossed my path to-day;
Straight my spur the war-horse chiding,
"Speed," I cried, "away!"

O the splendor of the city,
 When the sun is in the west!
 Ruddy gold on spire and belfry,
 Gold on Moskwa's placid breast;
 Till the twilight soft and sombre
 Falls on wall and street and square,
 And the domes and towers in shadow
 Stand like silent monks at prayer.
 'Tis the hour for dream and legend.
 Meet me by the Sacred Gate!
 We will watch the crowd go by us;
 We will stories old relate;
 Till the bugle of the barracks
 Call the soldier to repose,
 And from off the steppe to northward
 Chill the wind of midnight blows.

SUNSET IN MOSCOW.



"Ah," she said, "your steed detaining,
 Stay and hear your love's complaining;
 See how tears my cheeks are staining;
 Dear Cossack, O stay!"
 "Well thou knowest when last we parted,
 Liska, what distress was mine;
 Almost was I broken-hearted,
 Now the turn is thine!"
 "Dear Cossack, forbear to grieve me,
 Must I lose thee, canst thou leave me,
 Grief will sure of life bereave me,
 If I thee resign!"
 "Break not thus your hands with wringing;
 Hush the sob, and dry the tear!
 Soon from battle laurels bringing,
 Love, expect me here."
 "Laurels bought with blood alarm me,
 Glory cannot tempt nor charm me,
 Ah, there's naught on earth could harm me,
 Wert thou safe, my dear!"

Upon earth's lap there lay a pleasant land,
 With mountain, wood, and river beautified,
 And city-dotted. For the pleasant land
 The icy North and burning South did battle
 Whose it should be; and so it lay between them
 Unclaimed, unowned, like the shining spoils
 Under the crossed lances of contending chiefs;
 Or like April days, whose morn is sunshine
 And evening storm. Its never-falling fields
 Strong men and sturdy, robed in vest of green,
 And when the year was older took their payment
 In grain and gold. Its ever-smiling homes
 True wives and comely daughters tenanted,
 Round the most holy altar of the hearth
 Moving like holy ministers. To them
 Sorrow and pain, envy and hate, came ever;
 Only the mild-eyed, kind consoler, Death,
 Called them from happy life to happier,
 Where eyes are shining that can have no tears,
 And brows are beaming that can never frown,
 And lips are breathing love that cannot lie.
 There went a whisper of their happiness

THE DIVISION OF POLAND.

Dreaming and looking seaward,
 No longer the warders wait,
 Guard of the Crescent banner,
 Gleaming on tower and gate—
 The banner unfurled by the Prophet,
 Nor boom the guns of the Fortress,
 When sunset airs blow free,
 While the warriors kneel, as the echoes
 Die over steep and sea—
 Kneel and pray that the Moslem
 Lord of the world may be.
 Gone are the Turk, and the Crescent,
 And the Fortress of Khodja Bey;
 And lo! in their place, Odessa,
 And the Russ with a grander sway—
 The Russ and the Royal Eagle,
 That makes the Fate his prey!

ODESSA.



POLISH COLLEGE, CHICAGO

See! From the Finland marshes there
 'Tis proud St. Isaac's rears in air,
 Pillar on pillar, that shining dome!
 And just beyond its glorious swell,
 'Tis the slender spire of the Citadel
 Where the great Czar Peter slumbers well
 All by the Neva's flood foam—
 That lifts it across till the golden bars
 Gleam and burn with the midnight stars!
 Taller than Luxor's shafts, and grander,
 Looms the pillar of Alexander
 Guarding the palace that fronts the square;
 And, out where the mist o'er Okhta flies,
 The towers of the Nevski Cloister rise—
 Shrine of the saint who, deathless, lies
 Circled with jewels rare;
 And Smolnoi's wealth of spangled blue
 Beams all the dusky distance through.

SAINT PETERSBURG.



Over the blue pines of the eastern woods,
 Upon the icy crags where Russian eagles
 Sat lean and famine-withered. So he turned
 With hot hunger flashing in his eye,
 And listened; presently upon the rock
 He wet his beak, and plumed his ragged feathers,
 And rose with terrible and savage clang
 Into the frightened air—nor rose alone,
 But at the sound the golden beak of Prussia
 And the two-headed bird of Austria
 Came swooping up, and o'er the happy land
 Held bloody carnival; for each one tore
 A bleeding fragment from his proper beak,
 As of a kid caught straying and alone.
 So there went up a cry from earth to heaven,
 And pale-eyed nation asked, "Is there a God?"
 But other blood than Polish blood hath dyed
 Green Vistula to red, and there hath come
 In these last days a dreader Nemesis—
 One who hath spoiled the spoiler, and for blood
 Asked blood—for shattered throne hath shattered
 thrones,
 So that the nations have forgot their fears,
 And crying exulting, "Yea, there is a God!"



SEVASTOPOL.

Over the Dead is a Syrian sky,
 And a light wind blows from the Vale of Baidar ;
 But what care they as they mutely lie—
 Column and captain, steed and rider?

Tulips and poppies can never bloom
 Dear to their slumbers as English daisies ;
 Nor the nightingale's warble in bowery gloom
 Atone for the skylark's rapturous mazes.

Ghostly cities and nameless graves ;
 This is the sum of the battle's story !
 And the wind of Baidar the brown grass waves,
 And sighs above them, "Alas for Glory!"

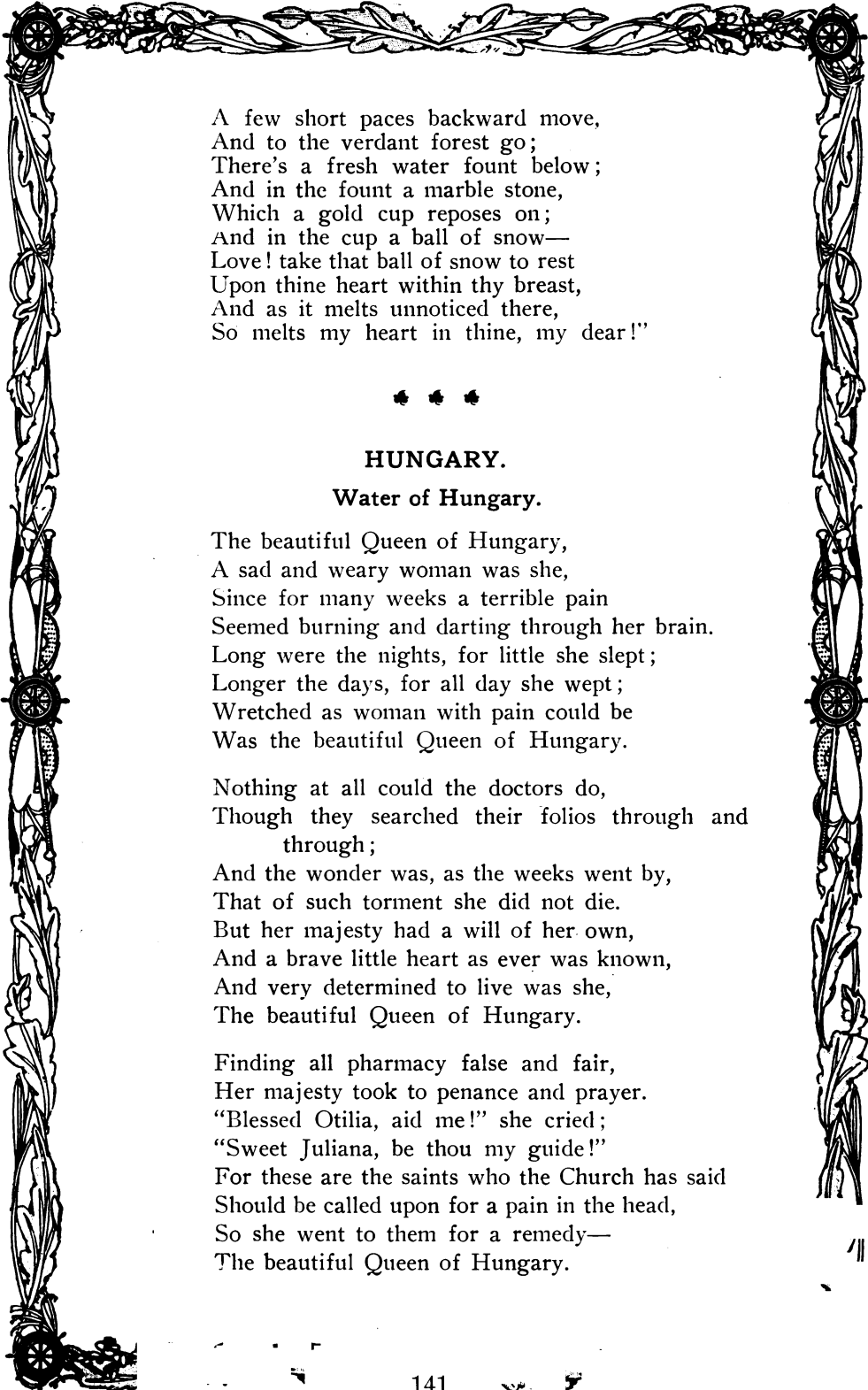
AUSTRIA.

Buda's Farewell.

Against white Buda's walls a vine
Doth its white branches fondly twine.
O no! It was no vine-tree there;
It was a fond, a faithful pair,
Bound each to each in earliest snow—
And, O, they must be severed now!
And these their farewell words: "We part,



Break from my bosom—break my heart!
Go to a garden—go and see
Some rose-branch blushing on the tree;
And from that branch a rose-flower tear,
Then place it on thy bosom bare;
And as its leaflets fade and pine,
So fades my sinking heart in thine."
And thus the other spoke: "My love!



A few short paces backward move,
And to the verdant forest go;
There's a fresh water fount below;
And in the fount a marble stone,
Which a gold cup reposes on;
And in the cup a ball of snow—
Love! take that ball of snow to rest
Upon thine heart within thy breast,
And as it melts unnoticed there,
So melts my heart in thine, my dear!"



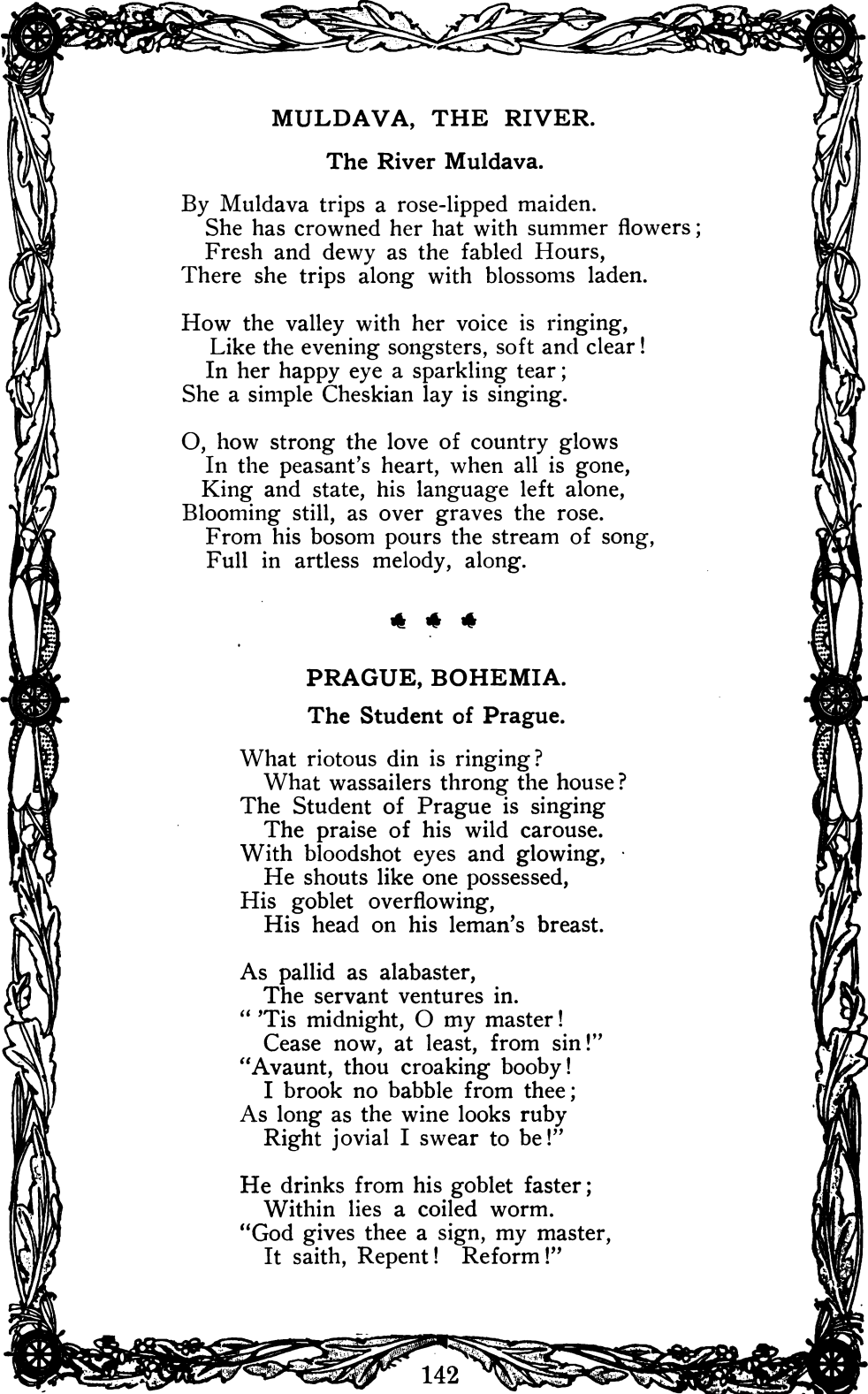
HUNGARY.

Water of Hungary.

The beautiful Queen of Hungary,
A sad and weary woman was she,
Since for many weeks a terrible pain
Seemed burning and darting through her brain.
Long were the nights, for little she slept;
Longer the days, for all day she wept;
Wretched as woman with pain could be
Was the beautiful Queen of Hungary.

Nothing at all could the doctors do,
Though they searched their folios through and
through;
And the wonder was, as the weeks went by,
That of such torment she did not die.
But her majesty had a will of her own,
And a brave little heart as ever was known,
And very determined to live was she,
The beautiful Queen of Hungary.

Finding all pharmacy false and fair,
Her majesty took to penance and prayer.
"Blessed Otilia, aid me!" she cried;
"Sweet Juliana, be thou my guide!"
For these are the saints who the Church has said
Should be called upon for a pain in the head,
So she went to them for a remedy—
The beautiful Queen of Hungary.



MULDAVA, THE RIVER.

The River Muldava.

By Muldava trips a rose-lipped maiden.
She has crowned her hat with summer flowers;
Fresh and dewy as the fabled Hours,
There she trips along with blossoms laden.

How the valley with her voice is ringing,
Like the evening songsters, soft and clear!
In her happy eye a sparkling tear;
She a simple Cheskian lay is singing.

O, how strong the love of country glows
In the peasant's heart, when all is gone,
King and state, his language left alone,
Blooming still, as over graves the rose.
From his bosom pours the stream of song,
Full in artless melody, along.



PRAGUE, BOHEMIA.

The Student of Prague.

What riotous din is ringing?
What wassailers throng the house?
The Student of Prague is singing
The praise of his wild carouse.
With bloodshot eyes and glowing,
He shouts like one possessed,
His goblet overflowing,
His head on his leman's breast.

As pallid as alabaster,
The servant ventures in.
" 'Tis midnight, O my master!
Cease now, at least, from sin!"
"Avaunt, thou croaking booby!
I brook no babble from thee;
As long as the wine looks ruby
Right jovial I swear to be!"

He drinks from his goblet faster;
Within lies a coiled worm.
"God gives thee a sign, my master,
It saith, Repent! Reform!"

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I have read, in some old, marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice or sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As the clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

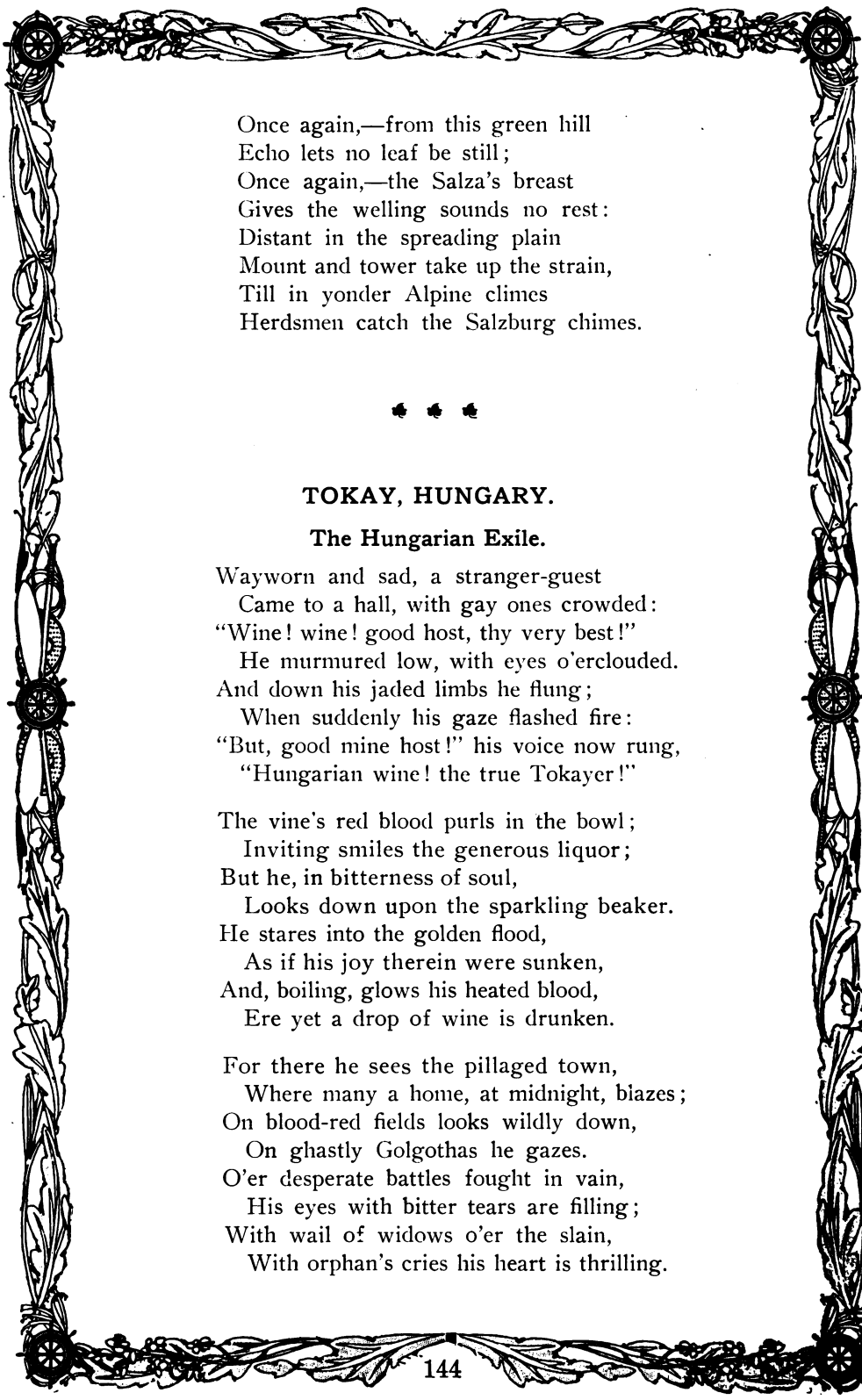
Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.



SALZBURG.

The Salzburg Chimes.

Sweetly float o'er town and tower
Strains that mark the dawning hour;
Soothing, as it glides along,
Yon fair stream with tinkling song;
Over vineyard, rock, and wood,
And where ancient bastion stood,
Heralds now of peaceful times,
Sweetly float the Salzburg chimes.



Once again,—from this green hill
Echo lets no leaf be still;
Once again,—the Salza's breast
Gives the welling sounds no rest:
Distant in the spreading plain
Mount and tower take up the strain,
Till in yonder Alpine climes
Herdsman catch the Salzburg chimes.



TOKAY, HUNGARY.

The Hungarian Exile.

Wayworn and sad, a stranger-guest
Came to a hall, with gay ones crowded:
"Wine! wine! good host, thy very best!"
He murmured low, with eyes o'erclouded.
And down his jaded limbs he flung;
When suddenly his gaze flashed fire:
"But, good mine host!" his voice now rung,
"Hungarian wine! the true Tokayer!"

The vine's red blood purls in the bowl;
Inviting smiles the generous liquor;
But he, in bitterness of soul,
Looks down upon the sparkling beaker.
He stares into the golden flood,
As if his joy therein were sunken,
And, boiling, glows his heated blood,
Ere yet a drop of wine is drunken.

For there he sees the pillaged town,
Where many a home, at midnight, blazes;
On blood-red fields looks wildly down,
On ghastly Golgothas he gazes.
O'er desperate battles fought in vain,
His eyes with bitter tears are filling;
With wail of widows o'er the slain,
With orphan's cries his heart is thrilling.

TRIESTE, ILLYRIA.

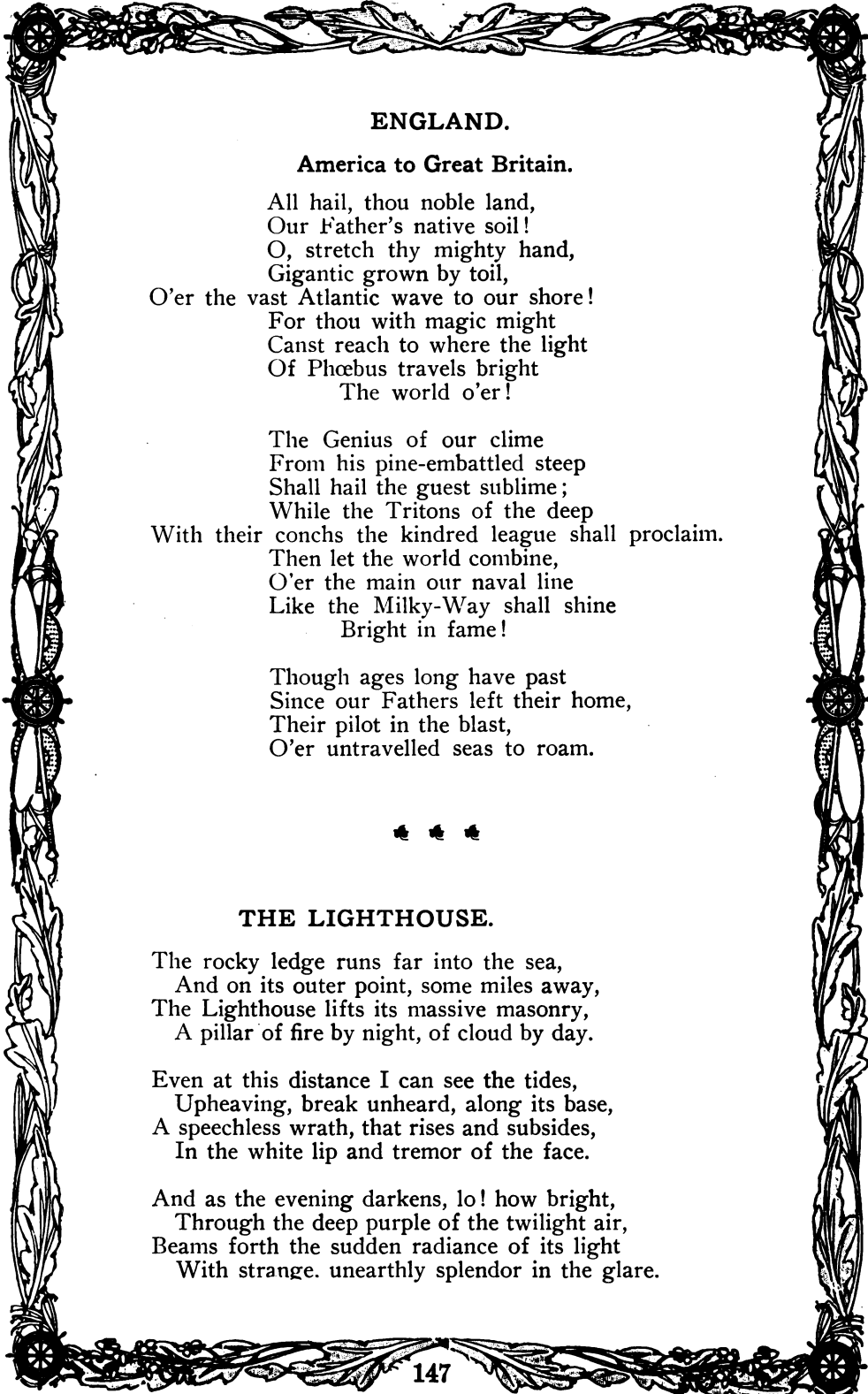
Warning.

We were sailing by Trieste,
Where a day or two we harbored:
A sunset was in the west,
When, looking over the vessel's side,
One of our company espied
A sudden speck to larboard.
And, as a sea-duck flies and swims
At once, so came the light craft up,
With its sole lateen sail that trims
(Dancing, as round a sinking cup),
And by us like a fish it curled,
And drew itself up close beside,



PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO

Its great sail on the instant furled,
And o'er its planks a shrill voice cried
(A neck as bronzed as a Lascar's),
"Buy wine of us, you English brig?
Or fruit, tobacco, and cigars?
A pilot for you to Trieste?
Without one, look you ne'er so big,
They'll never let you up the bay!
We natives should know best."
I turned, and "Just those fellows' way,"
Our captain said, "the 'long-shore thieves
Are laughing at us in their sleeves."



ENGLAND.

America to Great Britain.

All hail, thou noble land,
Our Father's native soil!
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime
From his pine-embattled steep
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine,
O'er the main our naval line
Like the Milky-Way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam.

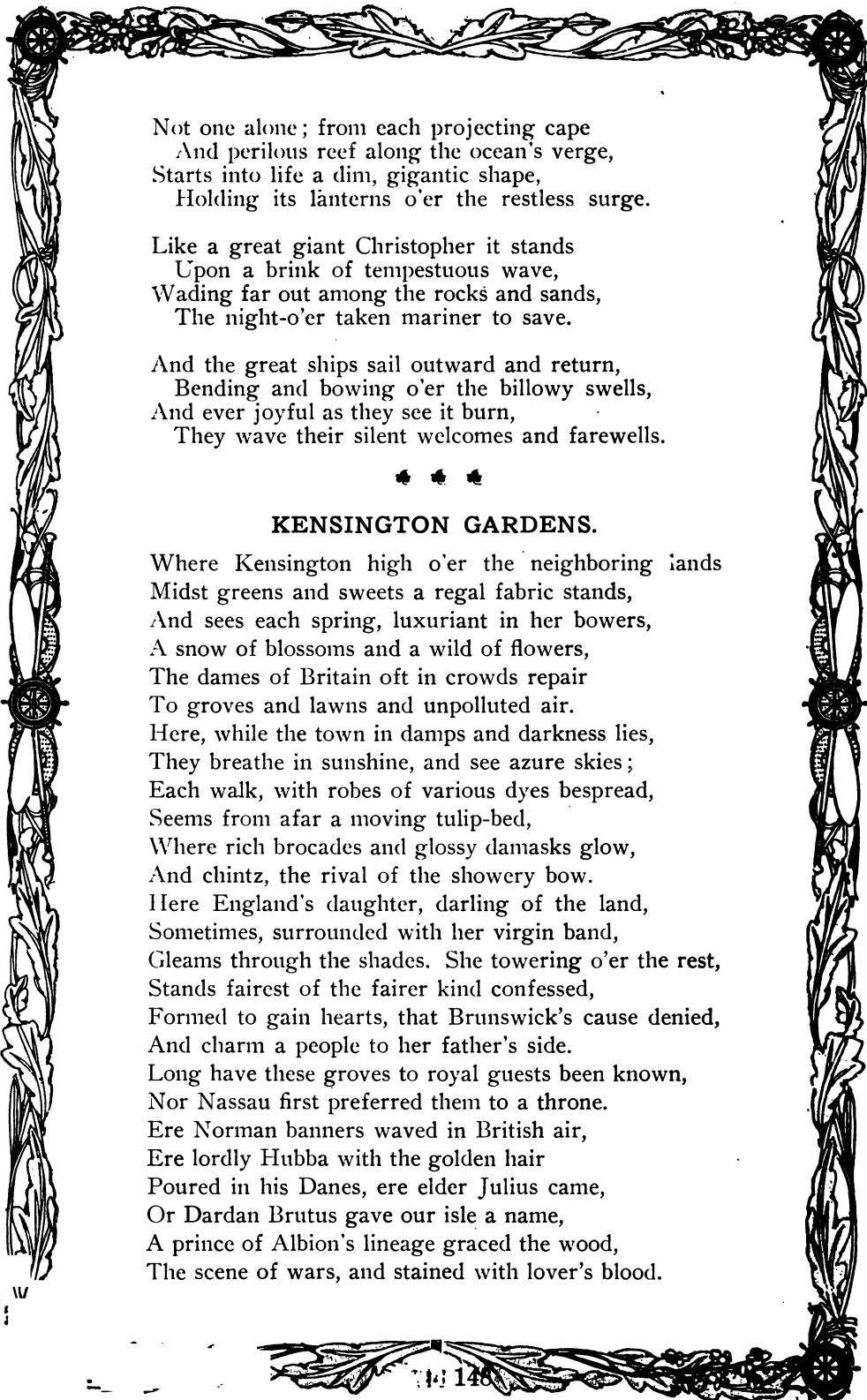


THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard, along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides,
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange. unearthly splendor in the glare.



Not one alone ; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lanterns o'er the restless surge.

Like a great giant Christopher it stands
Upon a brink of tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'er taken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.



KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Where Kensington high o'er the neighboring lands
Midst greens and sweets a regal fabric stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies ;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chintz, the rival of the showery bow.
Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confessed,
Formed to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side.
Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first preferred them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners waved in British air,
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Poured in his Danes, ere elder Julius came,
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name,
A prince of Albion's lineage graced the wood,
The scene of wars, and stained with lover's blood.

LIVERPOOL.

In Liverpool the good old town, we miss
The grand old relics of a reverend past—
Cathedrals, shrines that pilgrims come to kiss,
Walls wrinkled by the blast.

Some crypt or keep, historically dear,
You find, go where you will, all England through;
But what we have to venerate,—all here
Ridiculously new.

We have our Castle Street, but castle none;
Redcross Street, but its legend we can learn;
Oldhall Street, too, we have, the old hall gone;
Tithebarn Street, but no barn.

Huge warehouses for cotton, rice and corn,
Tea and tobacco, lig and other woods,
Oils, tallow, hides, that smell so foully foreign,
Yea, all things known as goods.

These we can show, but nothing to restore
The spirit of old times save here and there
An ancient mansion with palatial door,
In some degenerate square.

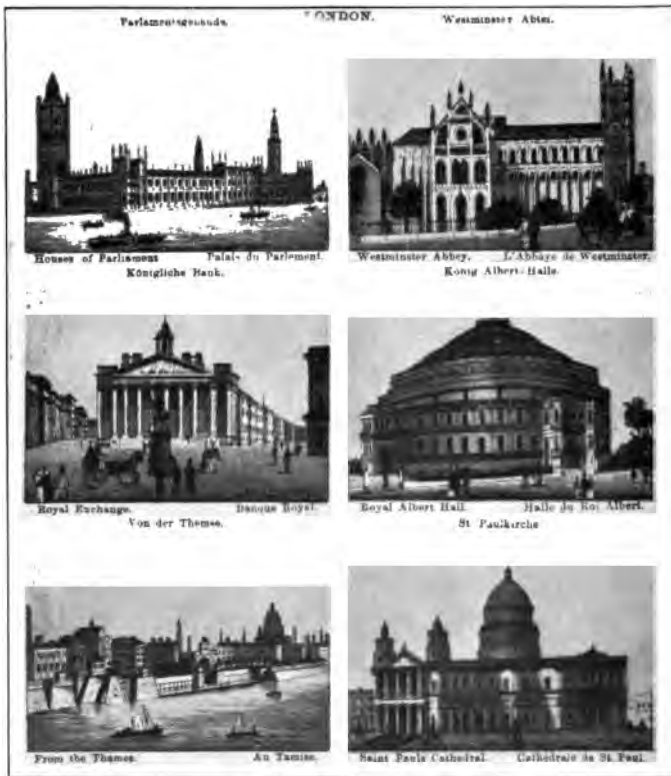
Then rise the merchant princes of old days,
Their silken dames, their skippers from the strand,
Who brought their sea-borne riches not always
Quite free from contraband.



LONDON.

It is a goodly sight through the clear air,
From Hampstead's heathy height to see at once
England's vast capital in fair expanse,—
Towers, belfries, lengthened streets, and structures fair.
St. Paul's high dome amidst the vassal bands
Of neighboring spires, a regal chieftain stands,
And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
With distance softly tinted, side by side
In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,
The towers of Westminster, her Abbey's pride:
While far beyond the hills of Surrey shine
Through thin soft haze, and show their wavy line.
Viewed thus, a goodly sight! but when surveyed
Through denser air when moistened winds prevail,

In her grand panoply of smoke arrayed,
While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,
She is sublime. She seems a curtained gloom
Connecting heaven and earth,—a threatening sign of doom.
With more than natural height, reared in the sky,
'Tis then St. Paul's arrests the wondering eye;
The lower parts in swathing mist concealed,
The higher through some half-spent shower revealed,
So far from earth removed, that well, I trow,
Did not its form man's artful structure show,
It might some lofty alpine peak be deemed,—
The eagle's haunt, with cave and crevice seamed.



PLYMOUTH.

Corineus and Gogmagog.

All doubtful to which part the victory would go
Upon that lofty place at Plymouth called the Hoe,
Those mighty wrestlers met; with many an ireful look

Who threatened, as the one hold of the other took :
But, grappled, glowing fire shines in their sparkling eyes.
And whilst at length of arm one from the other lies,
Their lusty sinews swell like cables, as they strive :
Their feet such trampling make, as though they forced to
drive

A thunder out of earth, which staggered with the weight :
Thus either's utmost force urged to the greatest height,
Whilst one upon his hip the other seeks to lift,
And the adverse (by a turn) doth from his cunning shift.



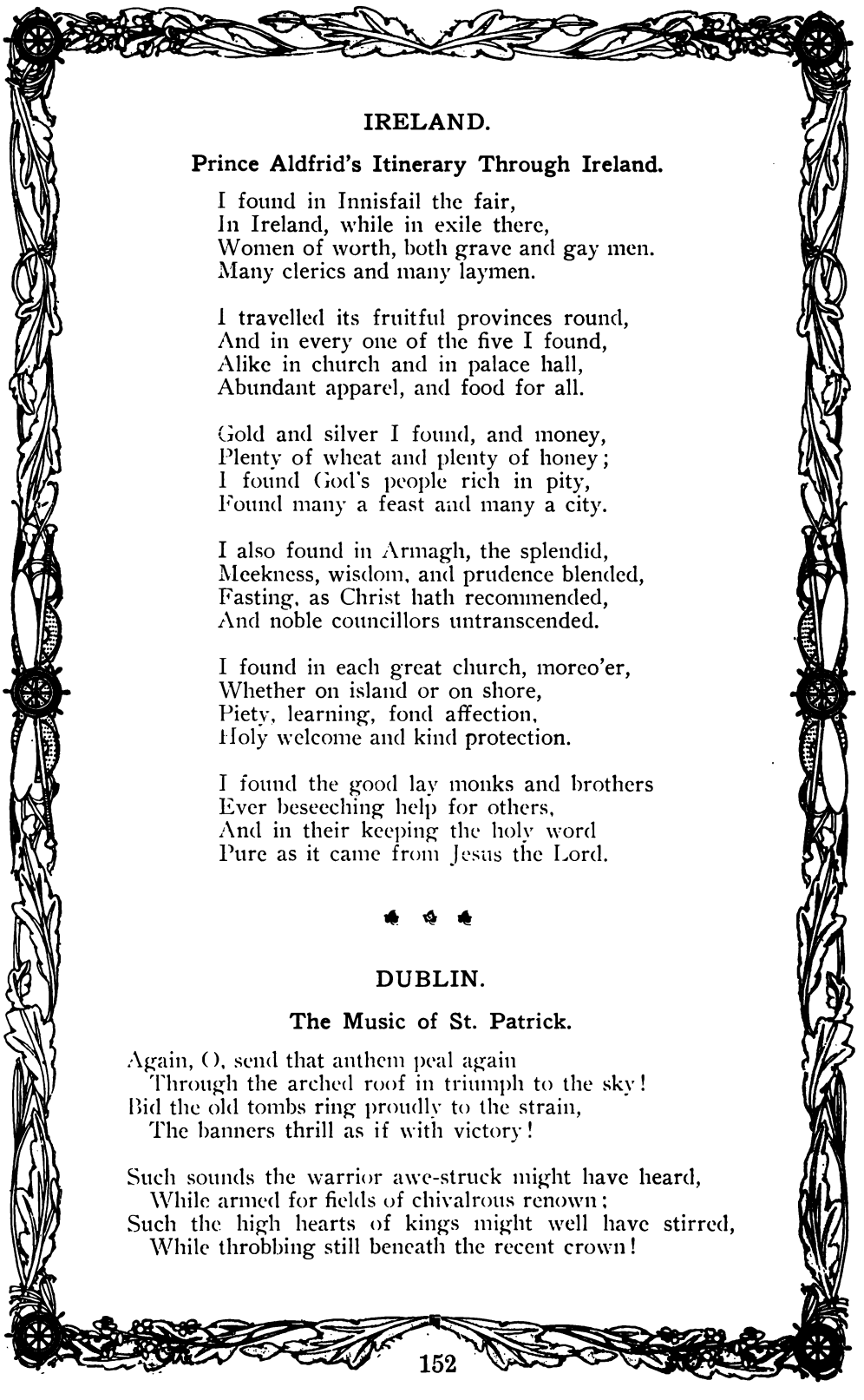
SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

Here stood the city of the dead ; look around,—
Dost thou not mark a visionary band,
Druids and bards upon the summits stand,
Of the majestic and time-hallowed mound?
Hark! heard ye not at times the acclaiming word
Of harps, as when those bards, in white array,
Hailed the ascending lord of light and day!
Here o'er the clouds the first cathedral rose,
Whose prelates now in yonder fane repose,
Among the mighty of years passed away :
For there her latest seat Religion chose,
There still to heaven ascends the holy lay,
And never may those shrines in dust and silence close.



THE FROZEN RIVER.

O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year
When winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air ;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar :
See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable not their own ;
Wheels o'er the hardened water smoothly glide,
And raze with whitened tracks the slippery tide ;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire ;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So, when the general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.



IRELAND.

Prince Aldfrid's Itinerary Through Ireland.

I found in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men.
Many clerics and many laymen.

I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel, and food for all.

Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a city.

I also found in Armagh, the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended,
Fasting, as Christ hath recommended,
And noble councillors untranscended.

I found in each great church, moreo'er,
Whether on island or on shore,
Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome and kind protection.

I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And in their keeping the holy word
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.



DUBLIN.

The Music of St. Patrick.

Again, O, send that anthem peal again
Through the arched roof in triumph to the sky!
Bid the old tombs ring proudly to the strain,
The banners thrill as if with victory!

Such sounds the warrior awe-struck might have heard,
While armed for fields of chivalrous renown;
Such the high hearts of kings might well have stirred,
While throbbing still beneath the recent crown!

Those notes once more!—They bear my soul away,
They lend the wings of morning to its flight;
No earthly passion in the exulting lay
Whispers one tone to win me from that height.

All is of Heaven! Yet wherefore to mine eye
Gush the vain tears unbidden from their source,
Even while the waves of that strong harmony
Roll with my spirit on their sounding course?

Wherefore must rapture its full heart reveal
Thus, by the burst of sorrow's token shower!
O, is it not, that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour?



CATHAL'S FAREWELL TO THE RYE.

Shining sickle! lie thou there;
Another harvest needs thy hand,
Another sickle I must bear
Back to the fields of my own land.
Farewell, sickle! welcome, sword!

A crop waves red on Connaught's plain,
Of bearded men and banners gay,
But we will beat them down like rain,
And sweep them like the storm away.
Farewell, sickle! welcome, sword!

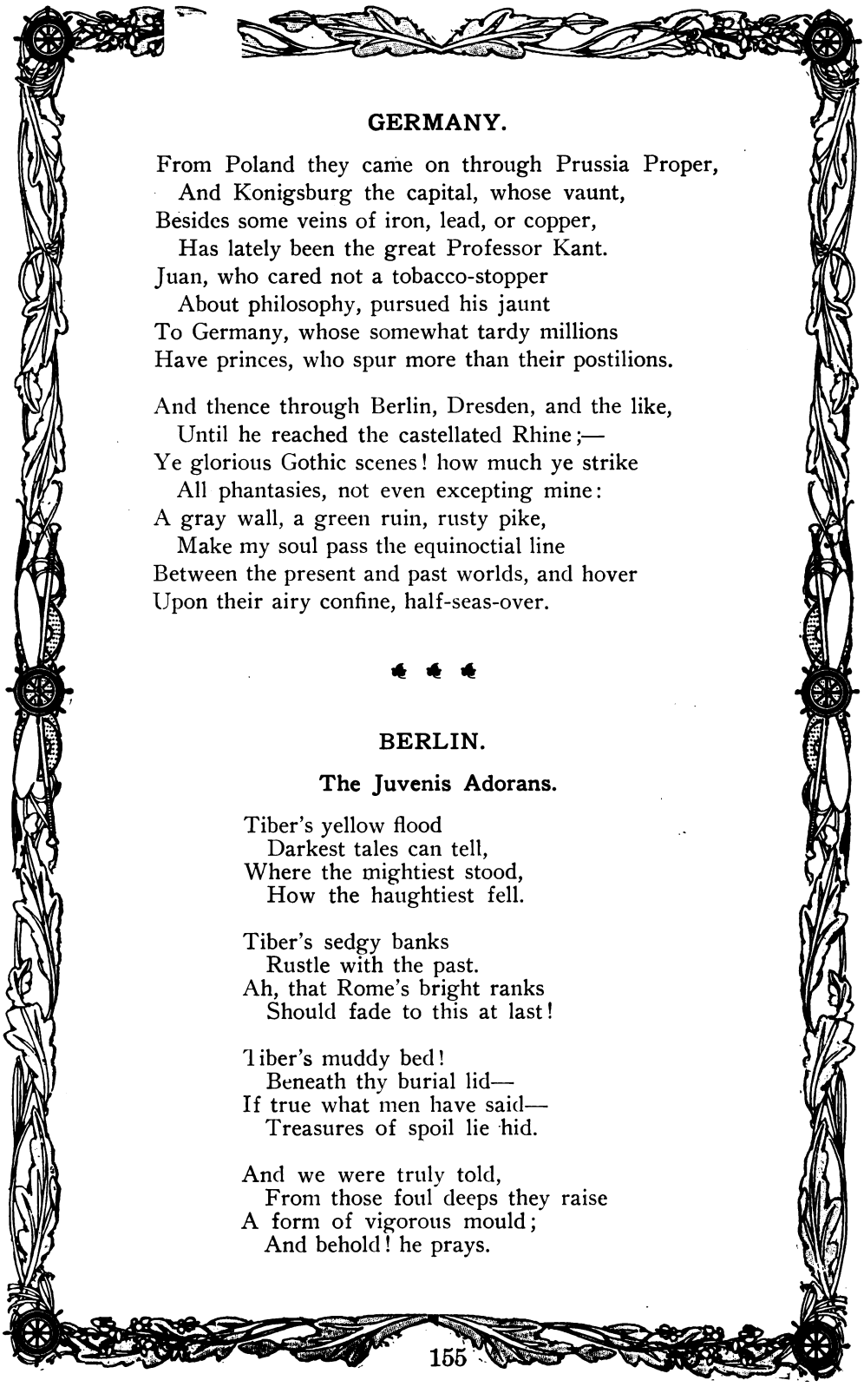
Peaceful sickle! lie thou there,
Deep buried in the vanquished rye;
May this that in thy stead I bear
Above as thick a reaping lie!
Farewell, sickle! welcome, sword!

Welcome, sword! out from your sheath,
And look upon the glowing sun;
Sharp-shearer of the field of death,
Your time of rust and rest is gone.
Welcome, welcome, trusty sword!

Welcome, sword! no more repose
For Cathal Crov-derg or for thee,
Until we walk o'er Erin's foes,
Or they walk over you and me,
My lightning, banner-cleaving sword!



MERCY ACADEMY, CHICAGO



GERMANY.

From Poland they came on through Prussia Proper,
And Konigsburg the capital, whose vaunt,
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper
About philosophy, pursued his jaunt
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions
Have princes, who spur more than their postilions.

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the like,
Until he reached the castellated Rhine;—
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine:
A gray wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confine, half-seas-over.



BERLIN.

The Juvenis Adorans.

Tiber's yellow flood
Darkest tales can tell,
Where the mightiest stood,
How the haughtiest fell.

Tiber's sedgy banks
Rustle with the past.
Ah, that Rome's bright ranks
Should fade to this at last!

Tiber's muddy bed!
Beneath thy burial lid—
If true what men have said—
Treasures of spoil lie hid.

And we were truly told,
From those foul deeps they raise
A form of vigorous mould;
And behold! he prays.

Not crouchingly he stands,
 Not kneeling as in dread,
 Not clasped his eager hands,
 Not bowed his noble head.

His gaze is on the sky,
 As if his trust were there;
 His arms stretched wide and high,
 As if his thanks were prayer.



DANNENBERG.

Covenant-song Before Battle.

On the morning of the fight near Dannenberg
 Awful omens, dark and ruddy;
 Usher in this morn of wrath,
 And the sun looks cold and bloody
 Out upon our bloody path.

Startling news a world will waken
Ere a few more hours are past,
And e'en now the lots are shaken,
And the iron die is cast.
Brothers, the night-shades are flying!—take warning.
Now, by the fresh, holy light of the morning,
Swear, hand in hand, to be true to the last.

In the gloom of nights behind us
Insult, ignominy frown,—
Foreign slaves with chains to bind us,
And our German oak bowed down.
Shamed has been the speech our mothers
Taught us, and our God blasphemed;
We have pawned our honor,—brothers,
German brothers, be it redeemed!
Brothers, the hour is come! Side by side stand now!
Turn Heaven's wrath from your loved native land now!
Let the Palladium—the lost—be redeemed!



HAMBURG.

An Incident of the Fire at Hamburg.

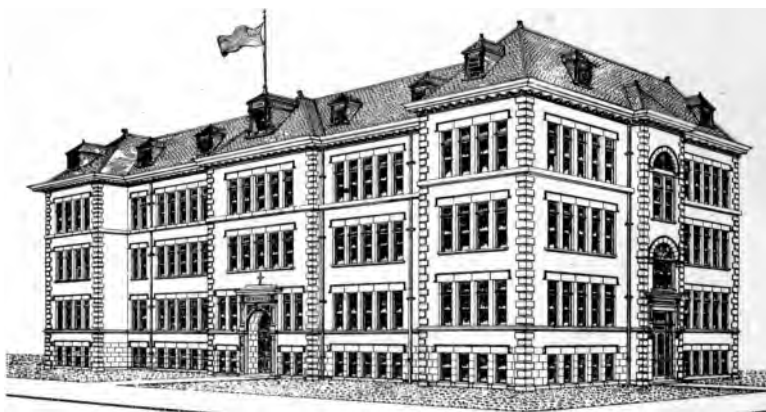
The tower of old Saint Nicholas soared upward to the skies,
Like some huge piece of Nature's make, the growth of centuries;
You could not call its crowding spires a work of human art,
They seemed to struggle lightward from a sturdy living heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in oak,
Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that gray pile she spoke;
And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone,
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedient stone.

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect, yet so rough,
A whim of Nature crystallized slowly in granite tough;
The thick spires yearned towards the sky in quaint harmonious lines,
And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a grove of blasted pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with better right
To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and of light;
And in that forest, petrified, as forester, there dwells
Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward red as
blood,
Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the eddying
flood;
For miles away the fiery spray poured down its deadly rain,
And back and forth the billows sucked, and paused, and
burst again.



ST. ALPHONSUS SCHOOL
CHICAGO

SEPTEMBER 20, 1903.

LORRAINE.

(Lorraine) (Lothringen).

Sweetly the June-time twilights wane
Over the hills of fair Lorraine,
Sweetly the mellow moonbeams fall
O'er rose-wreathed cottage and ivied wall;
But never dawned a brighter eve
Than the holy night of St. Genevieve,
And never moonlight fairer fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle.
Richly the silver splendor shines,
Spangles with sheen the clustered vines,
And rests in benediction fair,
On midnight tresses and golden hair.
Golden hair and midnight tress
Mingle in tender lovingness,

While the evening breezes breathe upon
Marie and Jean, their hearts are one!
The spell of silence lifts at last;
"Marie, the Saint's sweet day is past,
The vesper chimes have died away,
Where shall we be on New Year's day?"



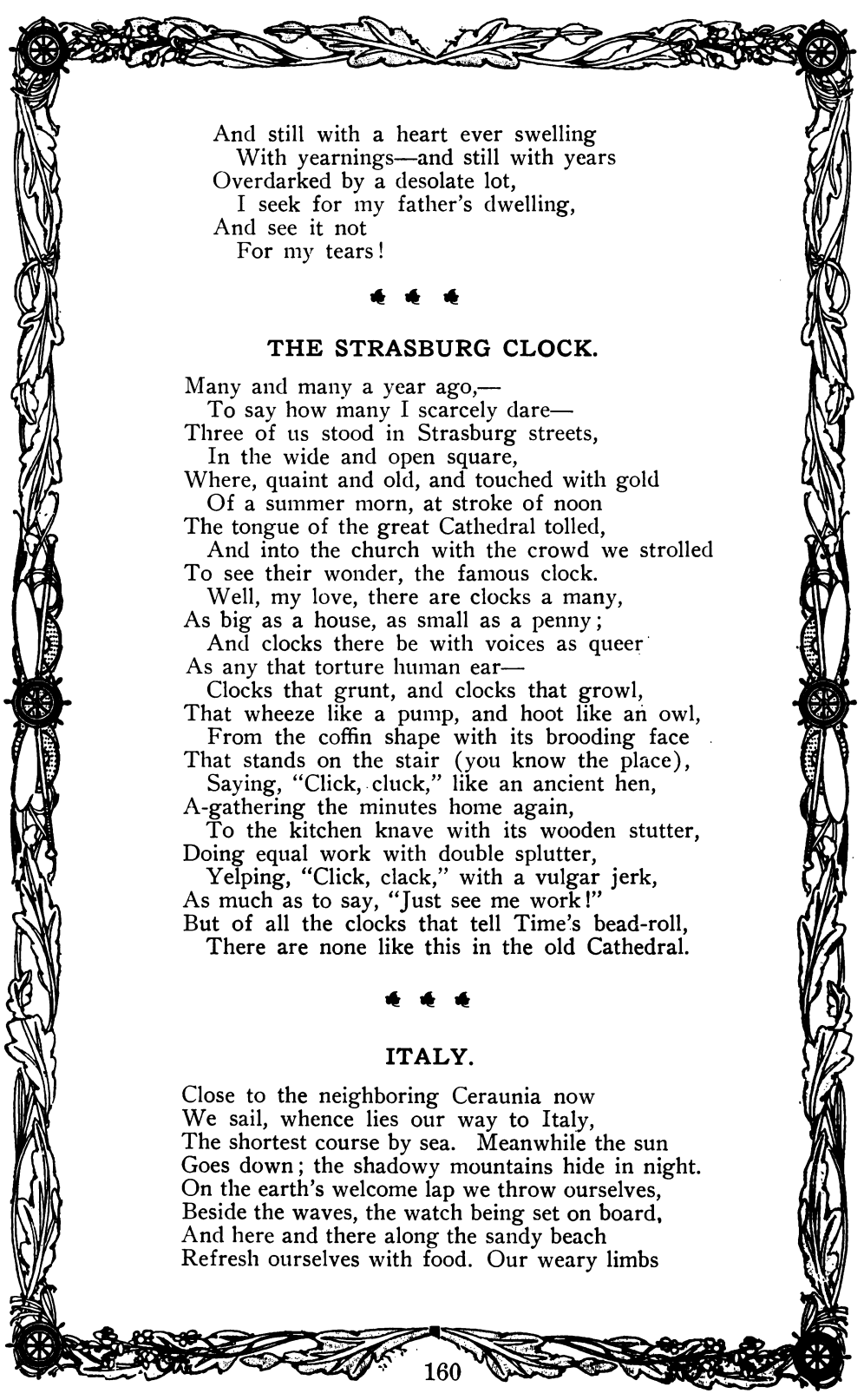
EMPEROR'S PALACE, BERLIN

NOT AT HOME.

My spirit, alas, knoweth no rest!
I lay under heaven's blue dome,
One day, in the summer beam,
By the Mummelsee in the forest,
And dreamed a dream
Of my Home—

My Home, the Home of my Father!
Shone glory within and without;
Shone bright in its garden bowers
Such fruits as the angels gather,
And gold-hued flowers
All about!

Alas! the illusion soon vanished.
I awoke. There were clouds in the sky.
My tears began to flow.
My quiet of soul was banished;
I felt as though
I could die!



And still with a heart ever swelling
With yearnings—and still with years
Overdarked by a desolate lot,
I seek for my father's dwelling,
And see it not
For my tears!



THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

Many and many a year ago,—
To say how many I scarcely dare—
Three of us stood in Strasburg streets,
In the wide and open square,
Where, quaint and old, and touched with gold
Of a summer morn, at stroke of noon
The tongue of the great Cathedral tolled,
And into the church with the crowd we strolled
To see their wonder, the famous clock.
Well, my love, there are clocks a many,
As big as a house, as small as a penny;
And clocks there be with voices as queer
As any that torture human ear—
Clocks that grunt, and clocks that growl,
That wheeze like a pump, and hoot like an owl,
From the coffin shape with its brooding face
That stands on the stair (you know the place),
Saying, "Click, cluck," like an ancient hen,
A-gathering the minutes home again,
To the kitchen knave with its wooden stutter,
Doing equal work with double splutter,
Yelping, "Click, clack," with a vulgar jerk,
As much as to say, "Just see me work!"
But of all the clocks that tell Time's bead-roll,
There are none like this in the old Cathedral.



ITALY.

Close to the neighboring Ceraunia now
We sail, whence lies our way to Italy,
The shortest course by sea. Meanwhile the sun
Goes down; the shadowy mountains hide in night.
On the earth's welcome lap we throw ourselves,
Beside the waves, the watch being set on board,
And here and there along the sandy beach
Refresh ourselves with food. Our weary limbs

Are bathed in sleep. Not yet the night had reached
 Her middle course, when Palinurus leaves
 His bed—no sluggard he—and all the winds
 Essays, listening to catch their sounds; and notes
 In the still sky the softly gliding stars,
 Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades,
 And the two Bears, and armed Orion bright
 With gold. And when he sees that all is still
 Amid the heavens serene, he from the stern
 Gives the clear signal. Then we strike our tents,
 And try the voyage, with our winged sails.
 And now Aurora reddens in the east;
 The stars had vanished; when, far off, we see
 The dusky mountains and the long low shore
 Of Italy. And "Italy" rings first.



VICTOR EMANUEL ARCADE, MILAN

GENOA.

Gently, as roses die, the day declines;
 On the charmed air there is a hush the while;
 And delicate are the twilight-tints that smile
 Upon the summits of the Apennines.
 The moon is up; and o'er the warm wave shines
 A fairy bridge of light, whose beams beguile
 The fancy to some fair and fortunate isle,
 Which love in solitude unlonely shrines.
 The blue night of Italian summer glooms
 Around us; over the crystalline swell
 I gaze on Genoa's spires and palace domes.
 City of cities, the superb, farewell!
 The beautiful, in Nature's bloom, is thine;
 And Art hath made it deathless and divine.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

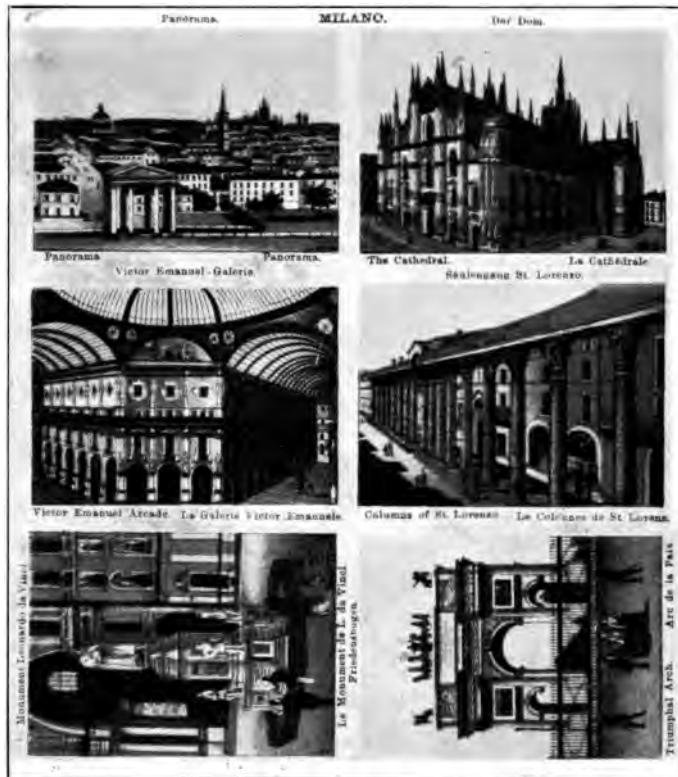
With steps subdued, silence, and labor long,
I reached the marble roofs. Awe vanquished dread.
White were they as the summit of Mont Blanc,
When the noontide parleys with the mountain's head.
The far-off Alps, by morning tinged with red,
Blushed through the spires that round in myriads sprung:
A silver gleam the wind-stirred poplars flung
O'er Lombardy's green sea below me spread.
Of these I little saw. In trance I stood;
Ere death, methought, admitted to the skies;
Around me, like a heavenly multitude
Crowning some specular mount of Paradise,
Thronged that angelic concourse robed in stone:
The sun, ascending, in their faces shone!



THE MILAN CATHEDRAL, ITALY

NAPLES.

I think not, when I gaze upon thy bay,
As clasps, as with a lover's arms, the sea
Tripping to kiss the curved shore smilingly,
O Naples, of thy charms, though poets say,
"See Naples, and in death then pass away."
I have no eye nor ear but for the glee,
The tide, the bustle, the activity,
Thronging thy streets, as 'twere a festive day,
To me, an exile, for how many a year,
In deathlike India, thou art as the gate
Of life, or morning's advent after night;
As welcome as to Dante was the light,
When issuing from the realms of woful fate,
He saw the blessed stars once more appear.



ROME.

He brought our Saviour to the western side
 Of that high mountain, whence He might behold
 Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
 Washed by the southern sea; and, on the north,
 To equal length backed with a ridge of hills,
 That screened the fruits of the earth, and seats of men,
 From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With towers and temples proudly elevate
 On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
 Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
 Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arches,
 Gardens, and groves, presented to His eyes,
 Above the height of mountains interposed.

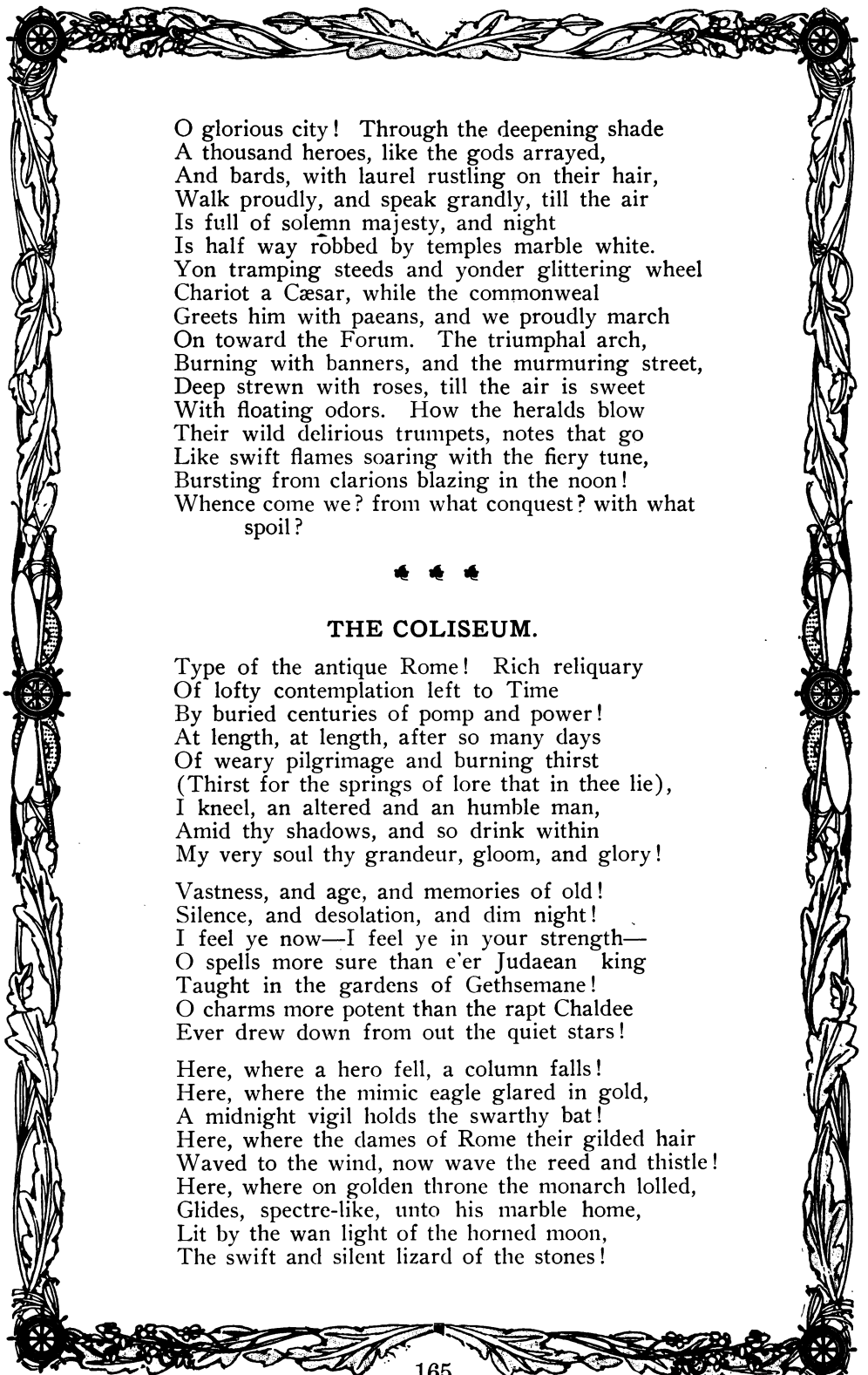


(By what strange parallax, or optic skill
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire),
And now the tempter thus his silence broke:
"The city, which thou seest, no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head."



ROME ENTERED.

The loud vettura rings along the way,
White as the road with dust. The purple day
O'er Monte Mario dies from off the dome,
And, lo! the first star leads us into Rome.



O glorious city! Through the deepening shade
A thousand heroes, like the gods arrayed,
And bards, with laurel rustling on their hair,
Walk proudly, and speak grandly, till the air
Is full of solemn majesty, and night
Is half way robbed by temples marble white.
Yon tramping steeds and yonder glittering wheel
Chariot a Cæsar, while the commonweal
Greets him with pæans, and we proudly march
On toward the Forum. The triumphal arch,
Burning with banners, and the murmuring street,
Deep strewn with roses, till the air is sweet
With floating odors. How the heralds blow
Their wild delirious trumpets, notes that go
Like swift flames soaring with the fiery tune,
Bursting from clarions blazing in the noon!
Whence come we? from what conquest? with what
spoil?



THE COLISEUM.

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length, at length, after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie),
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness, and age, and memories of old!
Silence, and desolation, and dim night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

ROME, CHURCHES OF.

St. Peter's.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyena and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed.



ST. PETER'S, ROME

But, thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone with nothing like to thee;
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that he
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: Its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His holy of holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

Thou movest, but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize,
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles, richer painting, shrines where flame
The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the cloud must
claim.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye, so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,
Not by its fault, but thine, our outward sense
Is but the gradual grasp, and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression, even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies at first our nature's littleness,
Till growing with its growth, we thus dilate.



CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN ST. PETER'S.

Low on the marble floor I lie;
I am alone.
Though friendly voices whisper nigh,
And foreign crowds are passing by,
I am alone.

Great hymns float through
The shadowed aisles. I hear a slow
Refrain, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

With tender joy all others thrill;
I have but tears.
The false priests' voices high and shrill,
Reiterate the "Peace, goodwill";
I have but tears.

I hear anew
The nails and scourge; then come the low,
Sad words, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

Close by my side the poor souls kneel;
I turn away.
Half-pitying looks at me they steal;
They think, because I do not feel,
I turn away.
Ah! if they knew,
How, following them, where'er they go,
I hear, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."



ST. JOHN LATERAN.

Of temples built by mortal hands,
Give honor to the Lateran first;
'Twas here the hope of many lands—
The infant church—was nursed.

And grew unto a great estate,
And waxed strong grace and power,
With Christ for head and faithful mate,
And learning for her dower.

Since this house to Him was raised,
Three times five hundred years had run;
For this let Constantine be praised,
An English mother's son!

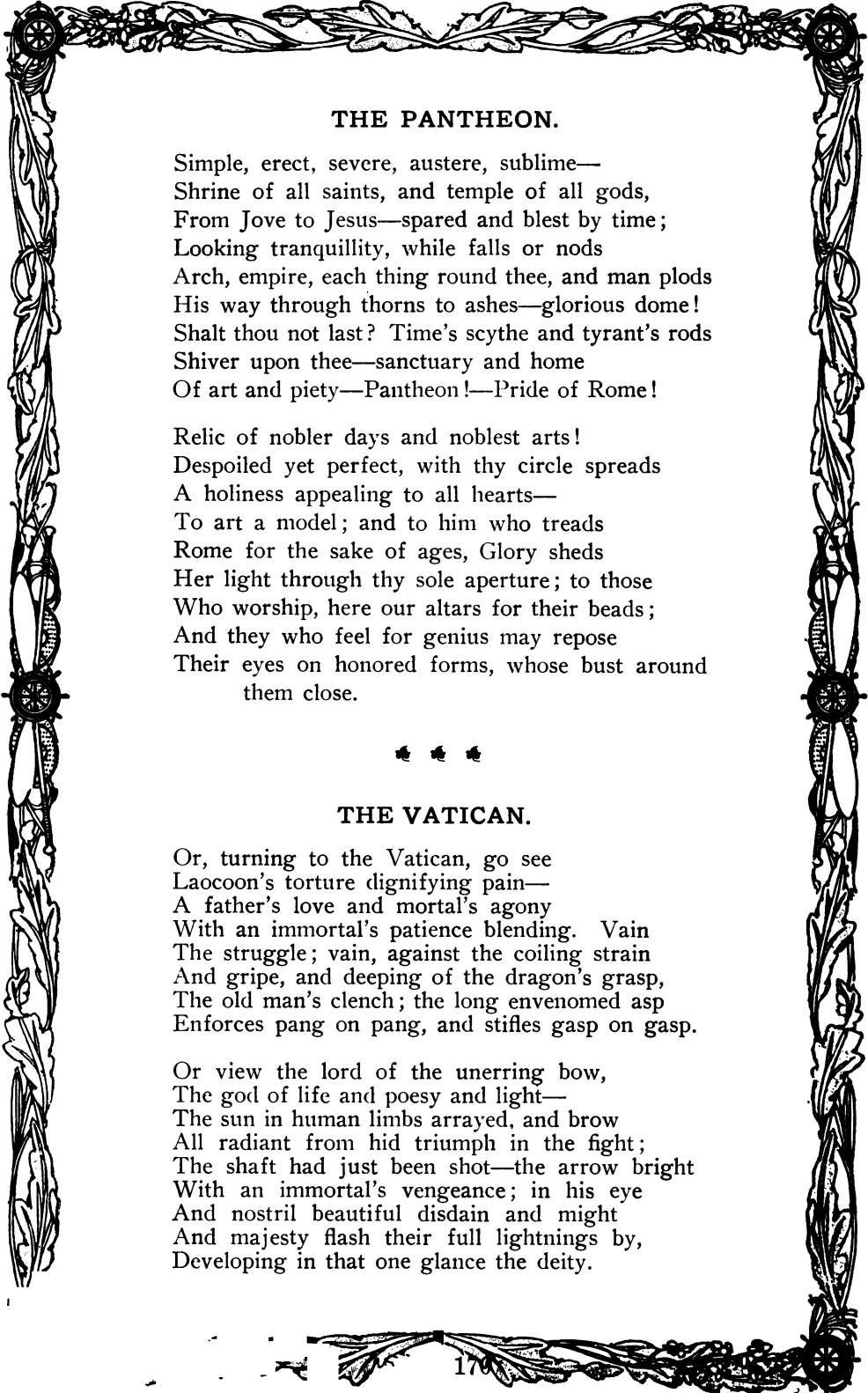
With his own imperial sword
Did dig foundations broad and deep,
That henceforth in his hand the Lord
Rome and her hills should keep.

In after ages, one by one,
Arose the altars vowed to Heaven;
Each crest is sacred now, but none
Like this of all the Seven!

Behold she stands! The Mother Church!
A queen among her countless peers!
Ah! open to be that sacred porch
For thrice five hundred years!



ALVERNO ACADEMY



THE PANTHEON.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrant's rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—Pride of Rome!

Relic of nobler days and noblest arts!
Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here our altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honored forms, whose bust around
 them close.

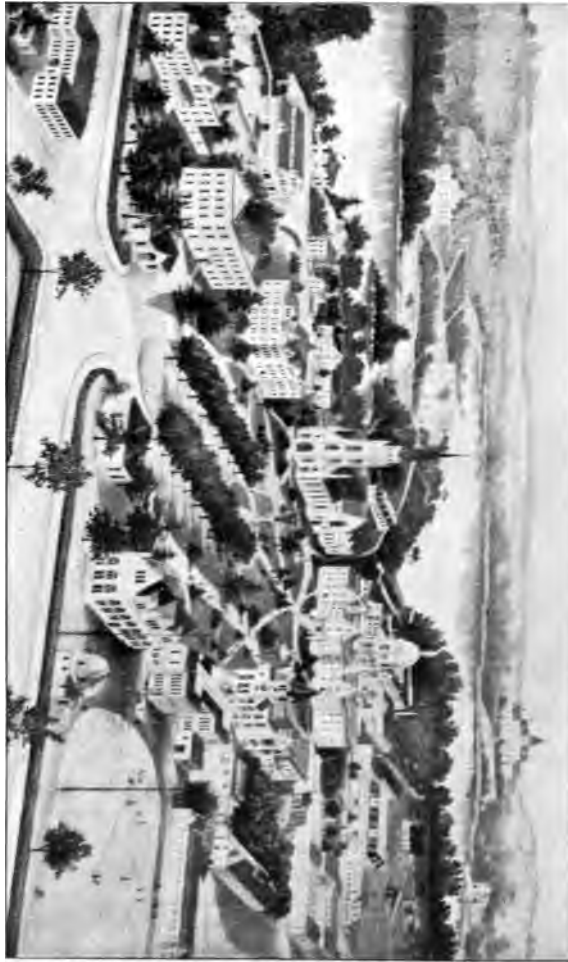


THE VATICAN.

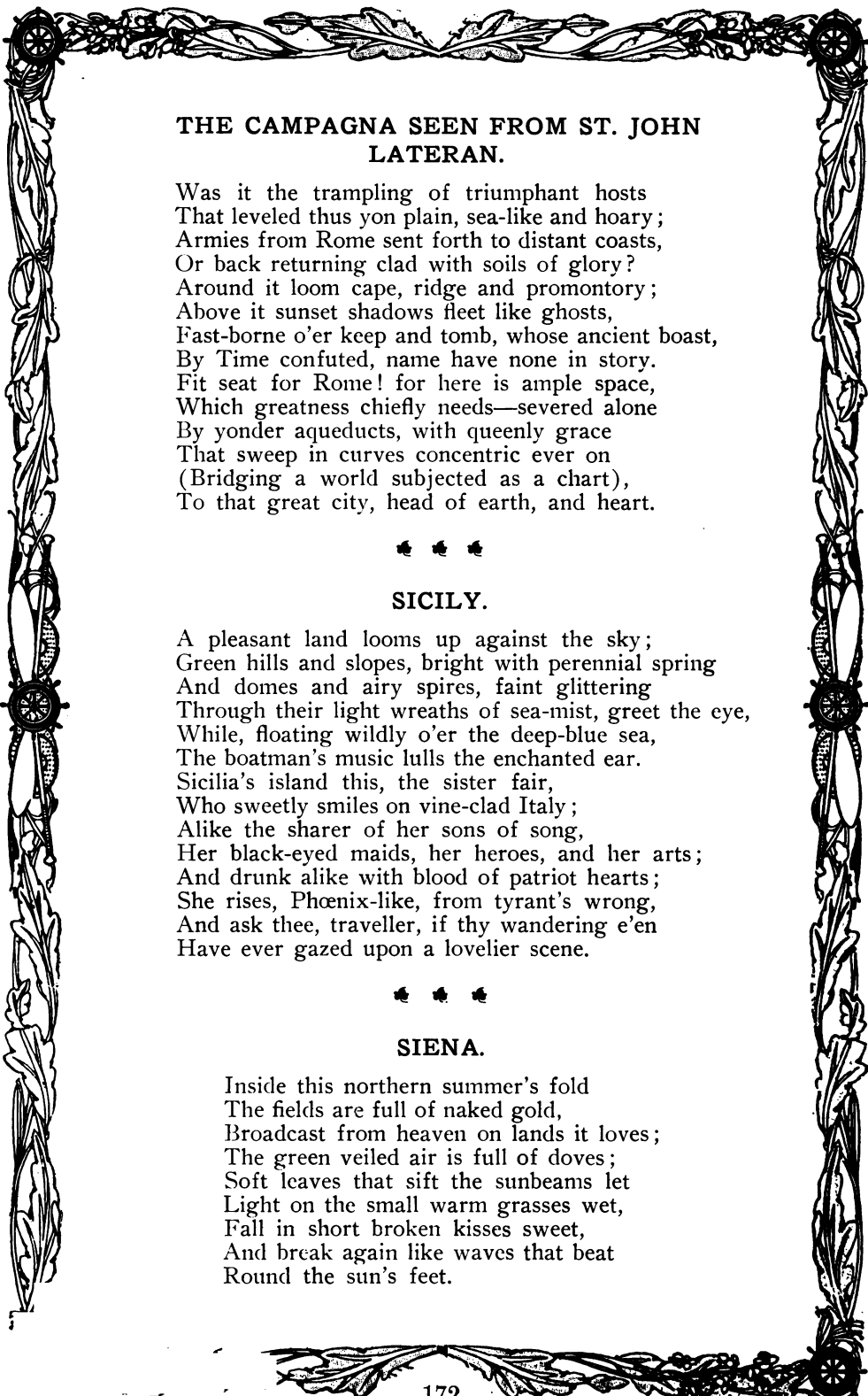
Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending. Vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deeping of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

Or view the lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life and poesy and light—
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from hid triumph in the fight;
The shaft had just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity.

But in this delicate form—a dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision—are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly mood
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!



NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY



THE CAMPAGNA SEEN FROM ST. JOHN LATERAN.

Was it the trampling of triumphant hosts
That leveled thus yon plain, sea-like and hoary ;
Armies from Rome sent forth to distant coasts,
Or back returning clad with soils of glory ?
Around it loom cape, ridge and promontory ;
Above it sunset shadows fleet like ghosts,
Fast-borne o'er keep and tomb, whose ancient boast,
By Time confuted, name have none in story.
Fit seat for Rome ! for here is ample space,
Which greatness chiefly needs—severed alone
By yonder aqueducts, with queenly grace
That sweep in curves concentric ever on
(Bridging a world subjected as a chart),
To that great city, head of earth, and heart.



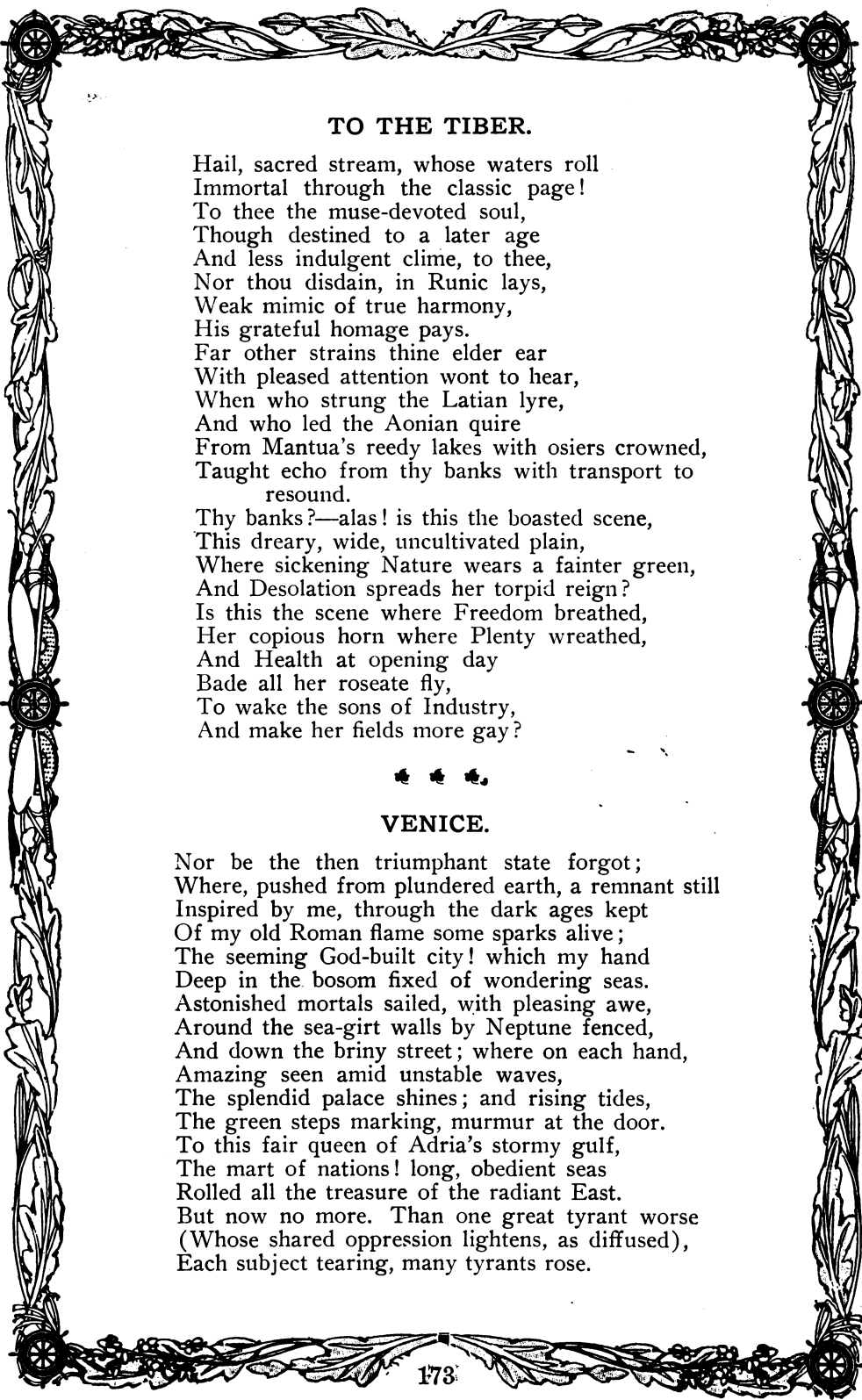
SICILY.

A pleasant land looms up against the sky ;
Green hills and slopes, bright with perennial spring
And domes and airy spires, faint glittering
Through their light wreaths of sea-mist, greet the eye,
While, floating wildly o'er the deep-blue sea,
The boatman's music lulls the enchanted ear.
Sicilia's island this, the sister fair,
Who sweetly smiles on vine-clad Italy ;
Alike the sharer of her sons of song,
Her black-eyed maids, her heroes, and her arts ;
And drunk alike with blood of patriot hearts ;
She rises, Phoenix-like, from tyrant's wrong,
And ask thee, traveller, if thy wandering e'en
Have ever gazed upon a lovelier scene.



SIENA.

Inside this northern summer's fold
The fields are full of naked gold,
Broadcast from heaven on lands it loves ;
The green veiled air is full of doves ;
Soft leaves that sift the sunbeams let
Light on the small warm grasses wet,
Fall in short broken kisses sweet,
And break again like waves that beat
Round the sun's feet.



TO THE TIBER.

Hail, sacred stream, whose waters roll
Immortal through the classic page!
To thee the muse-devoted soul,
Though destined to a later age
And less indulgent clime, to thee,
Nor thou disdain, in Runic lays,
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.
Far other strains thine elder ear
With pleased attention wont to hear,
When who strung the Latian lyre,
And who led the Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crowned,
Taught echo from thy banks with transport to
resound.

Thy banks?—alas! is this the boasted scene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where sickening Nature wears a fainter green,
And Desolation spreads her torpid reign?
Is this the scene where Freedom breathed,
Her copious horn where Plenty wreathed,
And Health at opening day
Bade all her roseate fly,
To wake the sons of Industry,
And make her fields more gay?



VENICE.

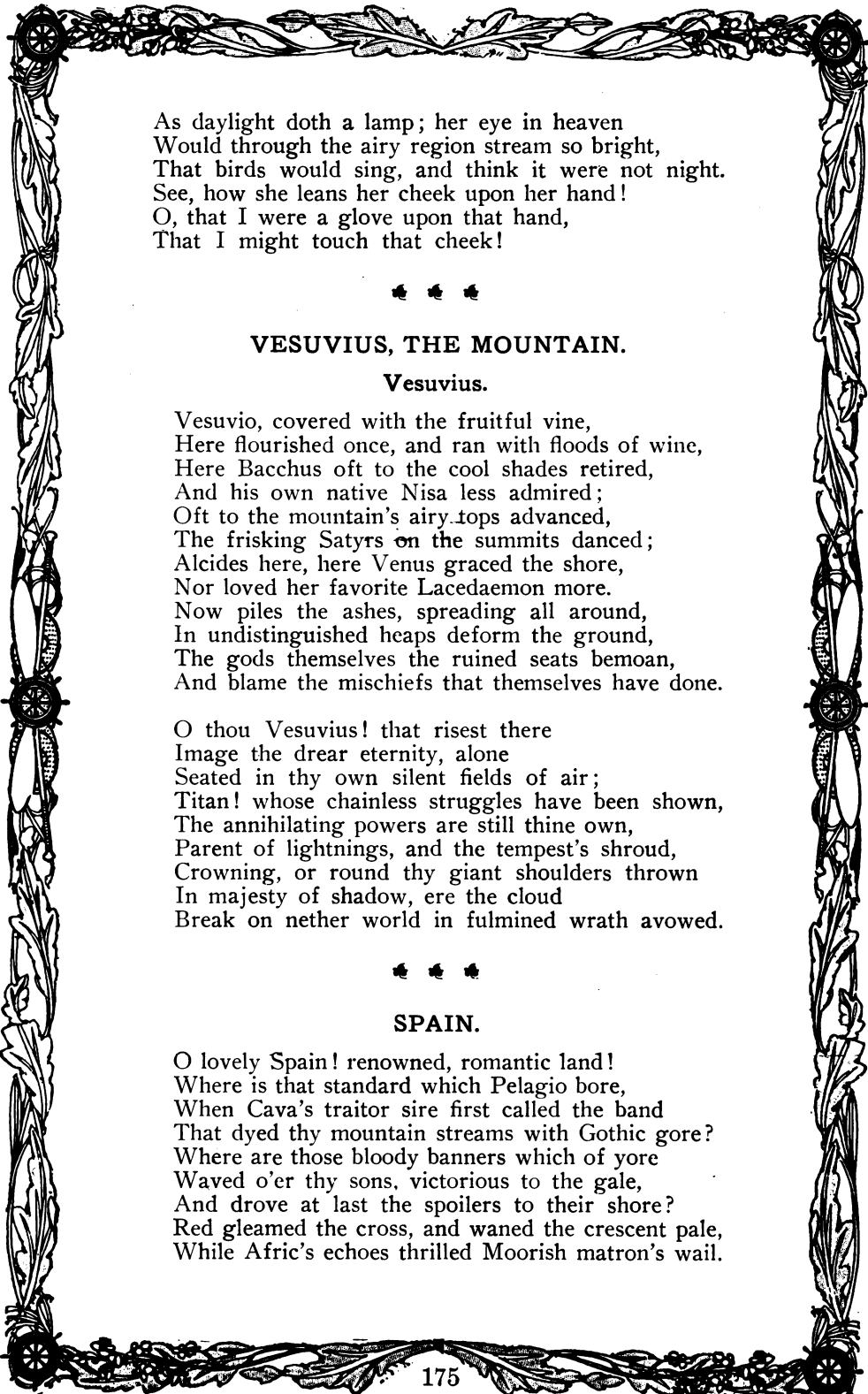
Nor be the then triumphant state forgot;
Where, pushed from plundered earth, a remnant still
Inspired by me, through the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive;
The seeming God-built city! which my hand
Deep in the bosom fixed of wondering seas.
Astonished mortals sailed, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls by Neptune fenced,
And down the briny street; where on each hand,
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines; and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair queen of Adria's stormy gulf,
The mart of nations! long, obedient seas
Rolled all the treasure of the radiant East.
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
(Whose shared oppression lightens, as diffused),
Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose.

The least the proudest. Joined in the dark cabal,
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains;
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease
 They likewise added, to secure their sway.
 Thus Venice fainter shines; and Commerce thus,
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.



THE GARDEN SCENE.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound—
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and 'green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
 It is my lady; O, it is my love;
 O, that she knew she were!
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,



As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!



VESUVIUS, THE MOUNTAIN.

Vesuvius.

Vesuvio, covered with the fruitful vine,
Here flourished once, and ran with floods of wine,
Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retired,
And his own native Nisa less admired;
Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanced,
The frisking Satyrs on the summits danced;
Alcides here, here Venus graced the shore,
Nor loved her favorite Lacedaemon more.
Now piles the ashes, spreading all around,
In undistinguished heaps deform the ground,
The gods themselves the ruined seats bemoan,
And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

O thou Vesuvius! that risest there
Image the drear eternity, alone
Seated in thy own silent fields of air;
Titan! whose chainless struggles have been shown,
The annihilating powers are still thine own,
Parent of lightnings, and the tempest's shroud,
Crowning, or round thy giant shoulders thrown
In majesty of shadow, ere the cloud
Break on nether world in fulmined wrath avowed.

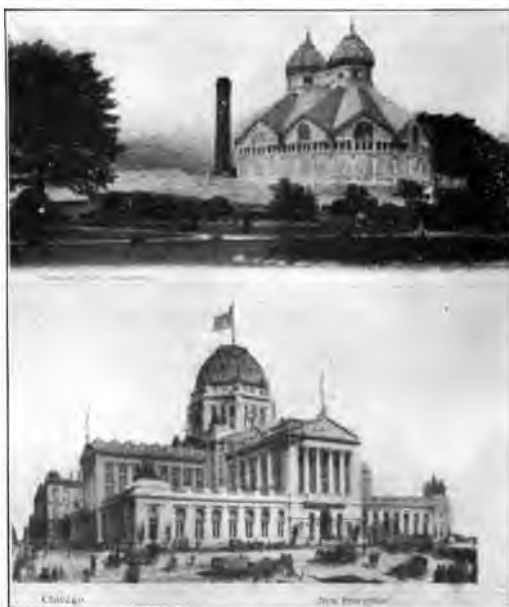


SPAIN.

O lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleamed the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrilled Moorish matron's wail.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
 Ah! such, alas, the hero's amplest fate!
 When granite moulders and when records fail,
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious sate.
 Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
 See how the mighty shrink into a song!
 Can volume, pillar, pile preserve thee great?
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee
 wrong?

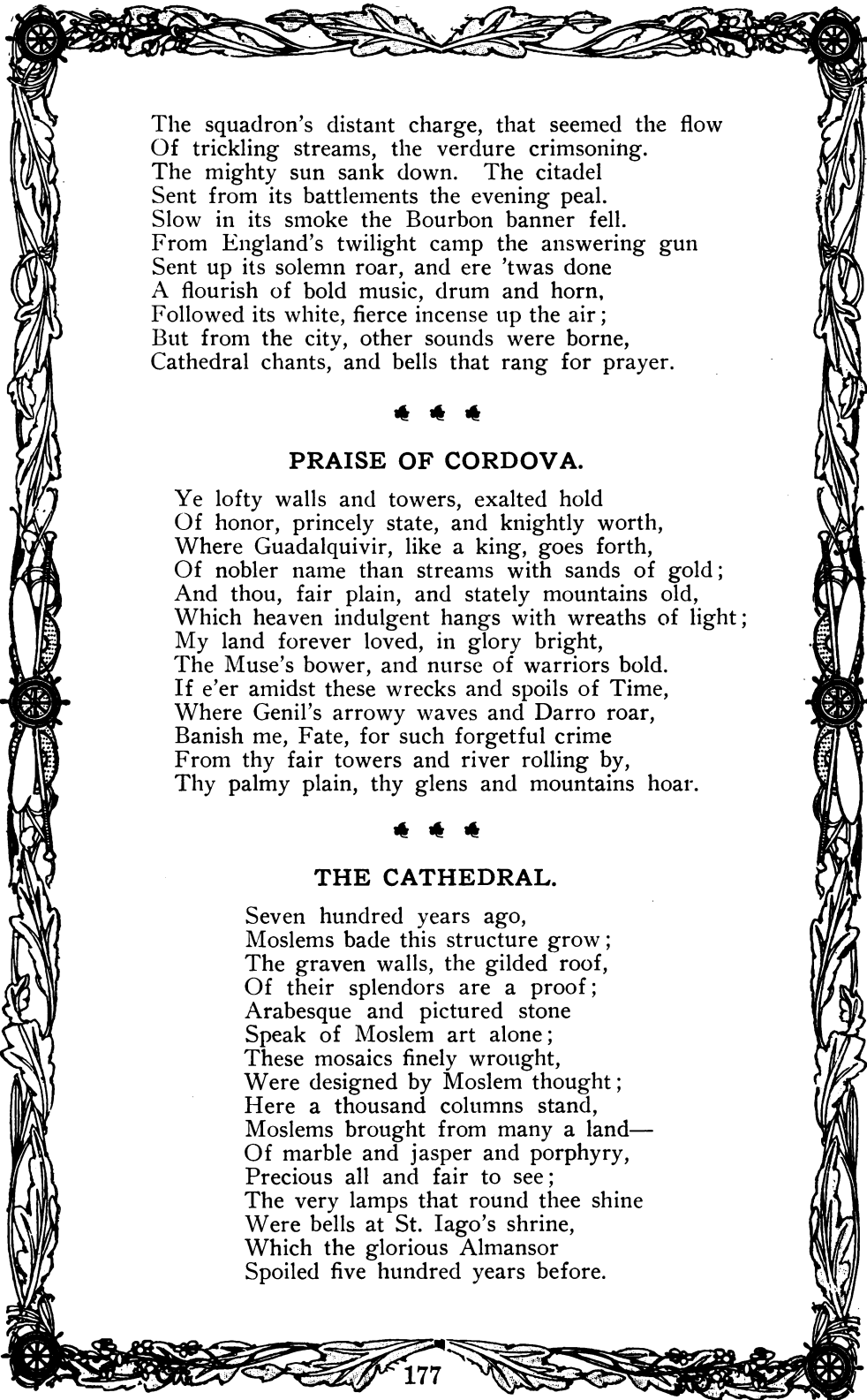
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BARCELONA.

'Twas evening as they reached the mountain's brow
 That showed them Barcelona in the vale,
 And long they paused to see that lovely show;
 The sun low levelled on the city pale,
 Montjuif's bright brow, its lily standard hung,
 Like rising flame, on heaven; the port's thick sail,
 The clouds upon the sea of sapphire flung,
 The white tents scattered o'er the fields, like snow
 That winter leaves upon the green of spring.



The squadron's distant charge, that seemed the flow
Of trickling streams, the verdure crimsoning.
The mighty sun sank down. The citadel
Sent from its battlements the evening peal.
Slow in its smoke the Bourbon banner fell.
From England's twilight camp the answering gun
Sent up its solemn roar, and ere 'twas done
A flourish of bold music, drum and horn,
Followed its white, fierce incense up the air;
But from the city, other sounds were borne,
Cathedral chants, and bells that rang for prayer.



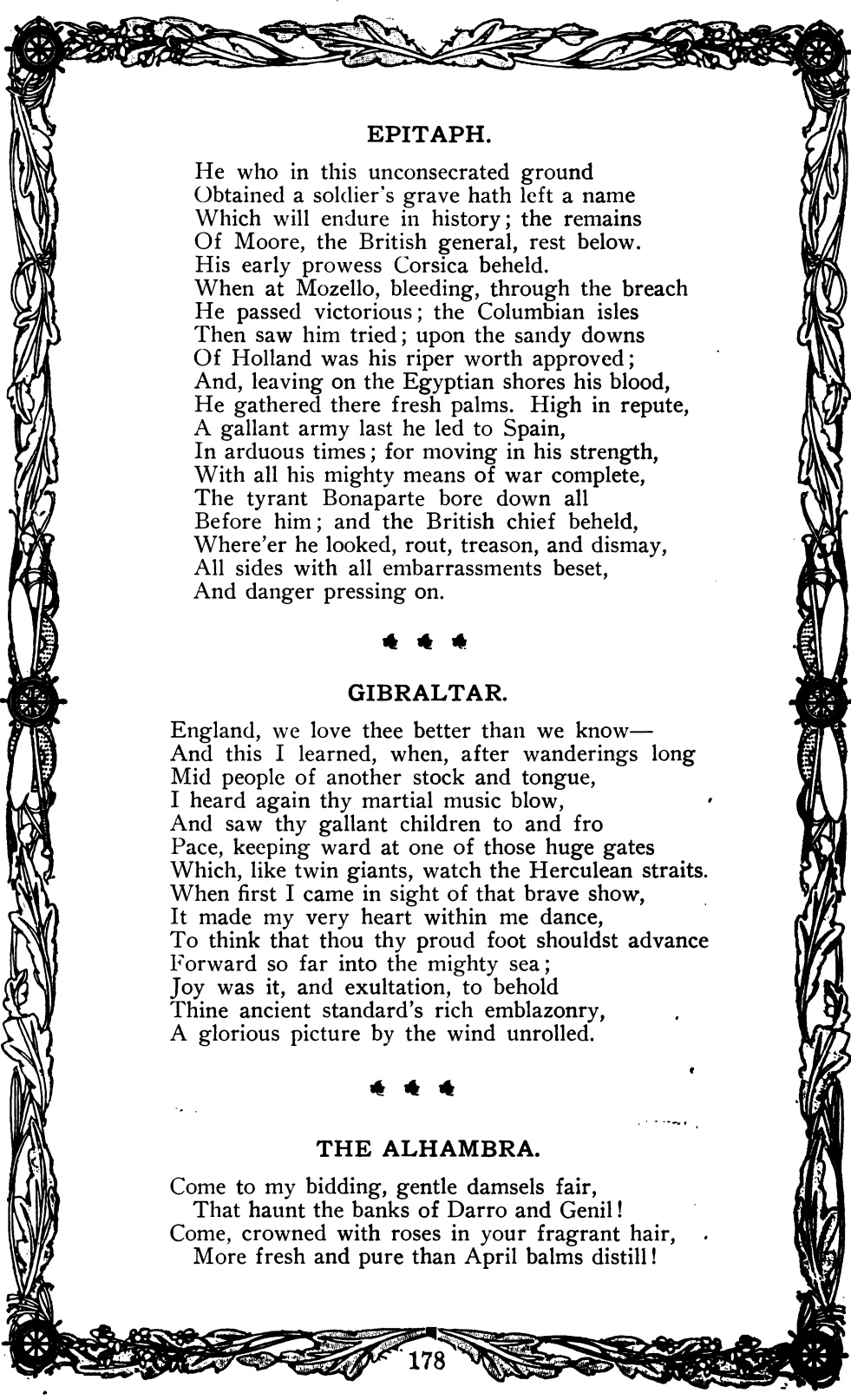
PRAISE OF CORDOVA.

Ye lofty walls and towers, exalted hold
Of honor, princely state, and knightly worth,
Where Guadalquivir, like a king, goes forth,
Of nobler name than streams with sands of gold;
And thou, fair plain, and stately mountains old,
Which heaven indulgent hangs with wreaths of light;
My land forever loved, in glory bright,
The Muse's bower, and nurse of warriors bold.
If e'er amidst these wrecks and spoils of Time,
Where Genil's arrowy waves and Darro roar,
Banish me, Fate, for such forgetful crime
From thy fair towers and river rolling by,
Thy palmy plain, thy glens and mountains hoar.



THE CATHEDRAL.

Seven hundred years ago,
Moslems bade this structure grow;
The graven walls, the gilded roof,
Of their splendors are a proof;
Arabesque and pictured stone
Speak of Moslem art alone;
These mosaics finely wrought,
Were designed by Moslem thought;
Here a thousand columns stand,
Moslems brought from many a land—
Of marble and jasper and porphyry,
Precious all and fair to see;
The very lamps that round thee shine
Were bells at St. Iago's shrine,
Which the glorious Almansor
Spoiled five hundred years before.



EPITAPH.

He who in this unconsecrated ground
Obtained a soldier's grave hath left a name
Which will endure in history; the remains
Of Moore, the British general, rest below.
His early prowess Corsica beheld.
When at Mozello, bleeding, through the breach
He passed victorious; the Columbian isles
Then saw him tried; upon the sandy downs
Of Holland was his riper worth approved;
And, leaving on the Egyptian shores his blood,
He gathered there fresh palms. High in repute,
A gallant army last he led to Spain,
In arduous times; for moving in his strength,
With all his mighty means of war complete,
The tyrant Bonaparte bore down all
Before him; and the British chief beheld,
Where'er he looked, rout, treason, and dismay,
All sides with all embarrassments beset,
And danger pressing on.



GIBRALTAR.

England, we love thee better than we know—
And this I learned, when, after wanderings long
Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow,
And saw thy gallant children to and fro
Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates
Which, like twin giants, watch the Herculean straits.
When first I came in sight of that brave show,
It made my very heart within me dance,
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea;
Joy was it, and exultation, to behold
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
A glorious picture by the wind unrolled.



THE ALHAMBRA.

Come to my bidding, gentle damsels fair,
That haunt the banks of Darro and Genil!
Come, crowned with roses in your fragrant hair,
More fresh and pure than April balms distill!

With long, dark locks adown your shoulders straying ;
With eyes of fire, and lips of honeyed power ;
Uncinctured robes, the bosom bare displaying,
Let songs of love escort me to the bower.

With love resounds the murmur of the stream ;
With love the nightingale awakes the grove ;
O'er wood and mountain love inspires the theme,
And earth and heaven repeat the strain of love.



THE CATHEDRAL.

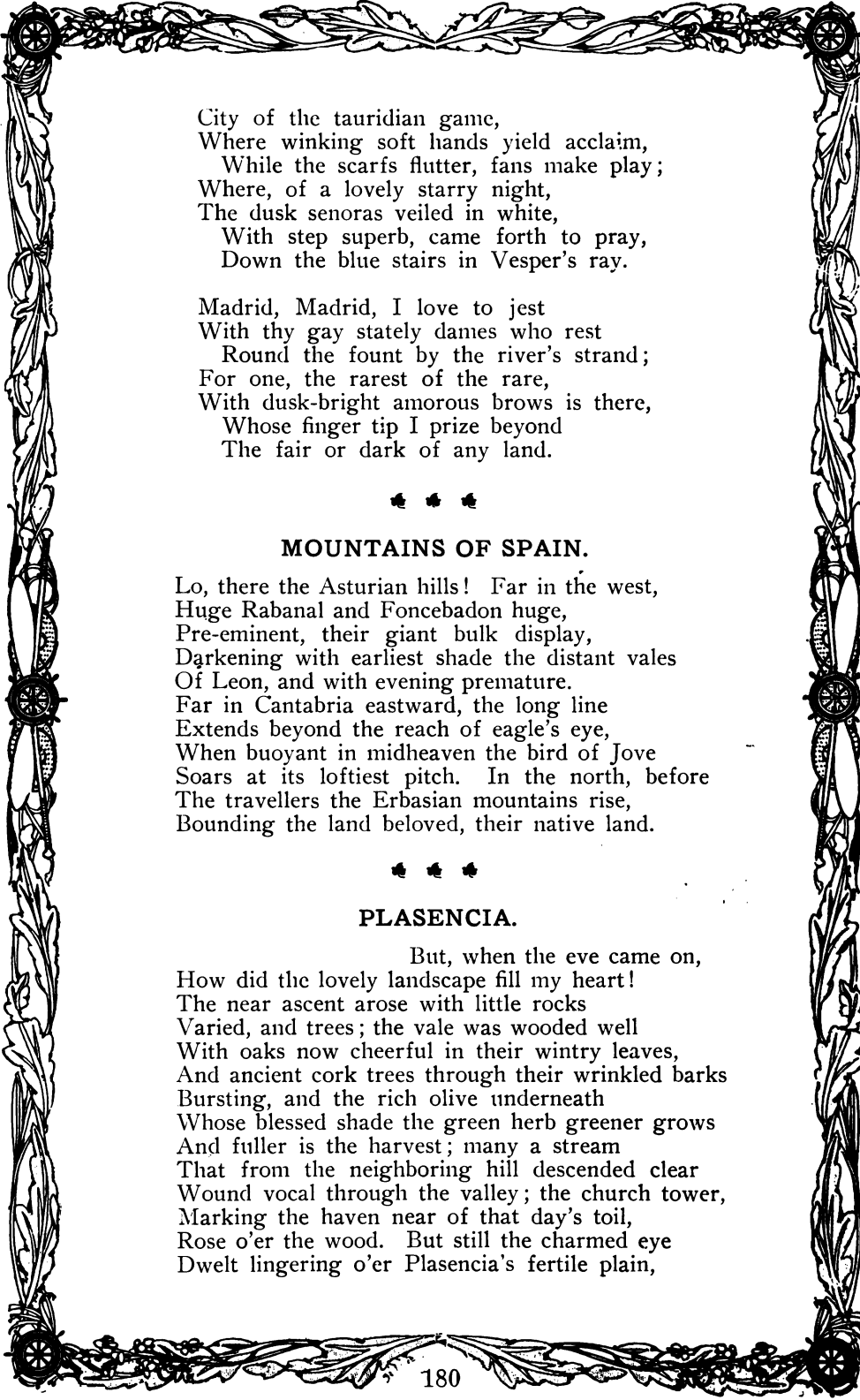
How reverend is the face of this tall pile
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilliness to my trembling heart !



PUERTO DE SOL, MADRID, SPAIN

MADRID.

Madrid is princess of all Spain,
O'er every land her beauties reign,
Famed for black as for blue eyes ;
Madrid, white city of serenades,
Along whose twilight promenades,
Small feet trip when through the skies
Sunset sinks and stars arise.



City of the tauridian game,
Where winking soft hands yield acclaim,
While the scarfs flutter, fans make play;
Where, of a lovely starry night,
The dusk senoras veiled in white,
With step superb, came forth to pray,
Down the blue stairs in Vesper's ray.

Madrid, Madrid, I love to jest
With thy gay stately dames who rest
Round the fount by the river's strand;
For one, the rarest of the rare,
With dusk-bright amorous brows is there,
Whose finger tip I prize beyond
The fair or dark of any land.



MOUNTAINS OF SPAIN.

Lo, there the Asturian hills! Far in the west,
Huge Rabanal and Foncebadon huge,
Pre-eminent, their giant bulk display,
Darkening with earliest shade the distant vales
Of Leon, and with evening premature.
Far in Cantabria eastward, the long line
Extends beyond the reach of eagle's eye,
When buoyant in midheaven the bird of Jove
Soars at its loftiest pitch. In the north, before
The travellers the Erbasian mountains rise,
Bounding the land beloved, their native land.



PLASENCIA.

But, when the eve came on,
How did the lovely landscape fill my heart!
The near ascent arose with little rocks
Varied, and trees; the vale was wooded well
With oaks now cheerful in their wintry leaves,
And ancient cork trees through their wrinkled barks
Bursting, and the rich olive underneath
Whose blessed shade the green herb greener grows
And fuller is the harvest; many a stream
That from the neighboring hill descended clear
Wound vocal through the valley; the church tower,
Marking the haven near of that day's toil,
Rose o'er the wood. But still the charmed eye
Dwelt lingering o'er Plasencia's fertile plain,

And loved to mark the bordering mountain's snow
 Pale purpled as the evening dim decayed.
 The murmurs of the goat-herd's scattered flock
 Died on the quiet air, and sailing slow
 The heavy stork sought on the church tower top
 His fancy hallowed nest. O pleasant scenes!
 With deep delight I saw you, yet my heart
 Sunk in me as the frequent thought would rise
 That here was none to love me. Often still
 I think of you, and Memory's mystic power
 Bids me re-live the past; and I have traced
 The fleeting visions ere her mystic power
 Wax weak, and on the feeble eye of age
 The faint-formed seems decay. Befits me now
 Fix on futurity the steady ken,
 And tread with steady step the onward road.



ILLINOIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK, CHICAGO

SEVILLE.

To sweet Seville, to sweet Seville,
 Where the stately mansions raise
 Marble fronts in street and square,
 Where the rich from windows gaze,
 Domnas gayly decked and fair,
 There my heart so longs to go!

To sweet Seville, to sweet Seville,
 Where the scattered houses end,
 Friendly neighbors smile and greet,
 Maidens from their windows bend,
 Watering their flowers sweet,
 Thither longs my heart to go!

In sweet Seville, in sweet Seville,
Know I too a room so neat,
Chamber silent, kitchen bright,
In that house resides my sweet,
On the door a knocker bright,
When I knock the maiden opes.

To sweet Seville, to sweet Seville,
To my best beloved I hie,
At her feet to sink in bliss,
To converse with speaking eye,
To caress her with a kiss,
There my heart so longs to go.



GREECE.

Hail, Nature's utmost boast! unrivalled Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power begins
Conspired to blow the flower of human kind,
And lavished all that genius can inspire,
Clear, sunnily climates by the breezy main,
Ionian or Aegean, tempered kind;
Light, airy soils; a country rich, and gay
Broke into hills with balmy odors crowned,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales.
Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous
flowed;
Whence deemed by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song.

All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
Frame into finished life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds?
From the rough track of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Aegean waves;
To where the deep adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.

ATHENS.

Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose.
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the laboring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health;
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus glowed
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.



MODERN ATHENS, GREECE

There, passionate for me, an easy-moved,
A quick, refined a delicate, humane,
Enlightened people reigned. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
Tottered the rash Democracy; unpoised,
And by the rage devoured, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part of fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon at last, their mild restorer, rose:
Allayed the tempest; to the calm of laws
Reduced the settling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fixed the driving state.

MODERN ATHENS.

If Fate, though jealous of the second birth
Of names in history raised to high degree,
Permits that Athens yet once more shall be,
Let her be placed as suits the thought and worth
Of those who, during long oppression's dearth,
Went out from Hydra and Ipsara free,
Making their homestead of the chainless sea,
And hardly touching their enslaved earth.
So on the shore, in sight of Salamis,
On the Piræan and Phalerian bays,
With no harsh contrast of what was and is,
Let Athens rise; while in the distance stands,
Like something hardly raised by human hands,
The awful skeleton of ancient days!

Sun, that hast lightened and loosed by thy might
Ocean and earth from the lordship of night,
Quickening with vision his eye that was veiled,
Freshening the force in her heart that had failed,
That sister fettered and blinded brother
Should have sight by thy grace and delight of each
other.



A NIGHT AT CORFU.

A hoary gleam through boughs prevailing
Tells me how near the ocean lies,
Here caged in many a waveless lake
By cypressed ridge and shadowy brake:
Far off the nightingale is wailing:
More near the watery grot replies.

The forest growths are rocked and dandled
By airs with midnight odors faint,
Soft, separate airs, o'er feathered grass
That pass me often and repass,
Like naked feet of nymphs unsandalled
That tread each lawn and alley quaint.

No voice is heard of mortal creature!
No voice,—yet I am not alone:
Nausicaa and her virgin train
Still haunt the woodland, skirt the main,
And deck for me with human feature
Each glimmering branch and white-browed stone.

When with those maids the exile sported
The fireflies lit, as now, the glen:
That rose its blush to-day which gave
And bosom to the aspiring wave,
Descends from one old Ocean courted,
On the same cliff it may be, then!



TO CORINTH.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,

Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Show but like herbage waving in the mead;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away,—the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises.

But, O queen,
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
As when they first were uttered, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes.

"Stay! spare him! save the last!
Medea!—is that blood? again! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet!—
I will invoke the Eumenides no more.
I will forgive thee,—bless thee,—bend to thee
In all thy wishes,—do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives."



SPARTA.

Land of the lordly mien and iron frame!
Where wealth was held dishonor, luxury's smile
Worse than a demon's soul-destroying wile!
Where every youth that hailed the Day-God's beam,
Wielded the sword, and dreamt the patriot's dream;
Where childhood lisped of war with eager soul,
And woman's hand waved on to glory's goal.

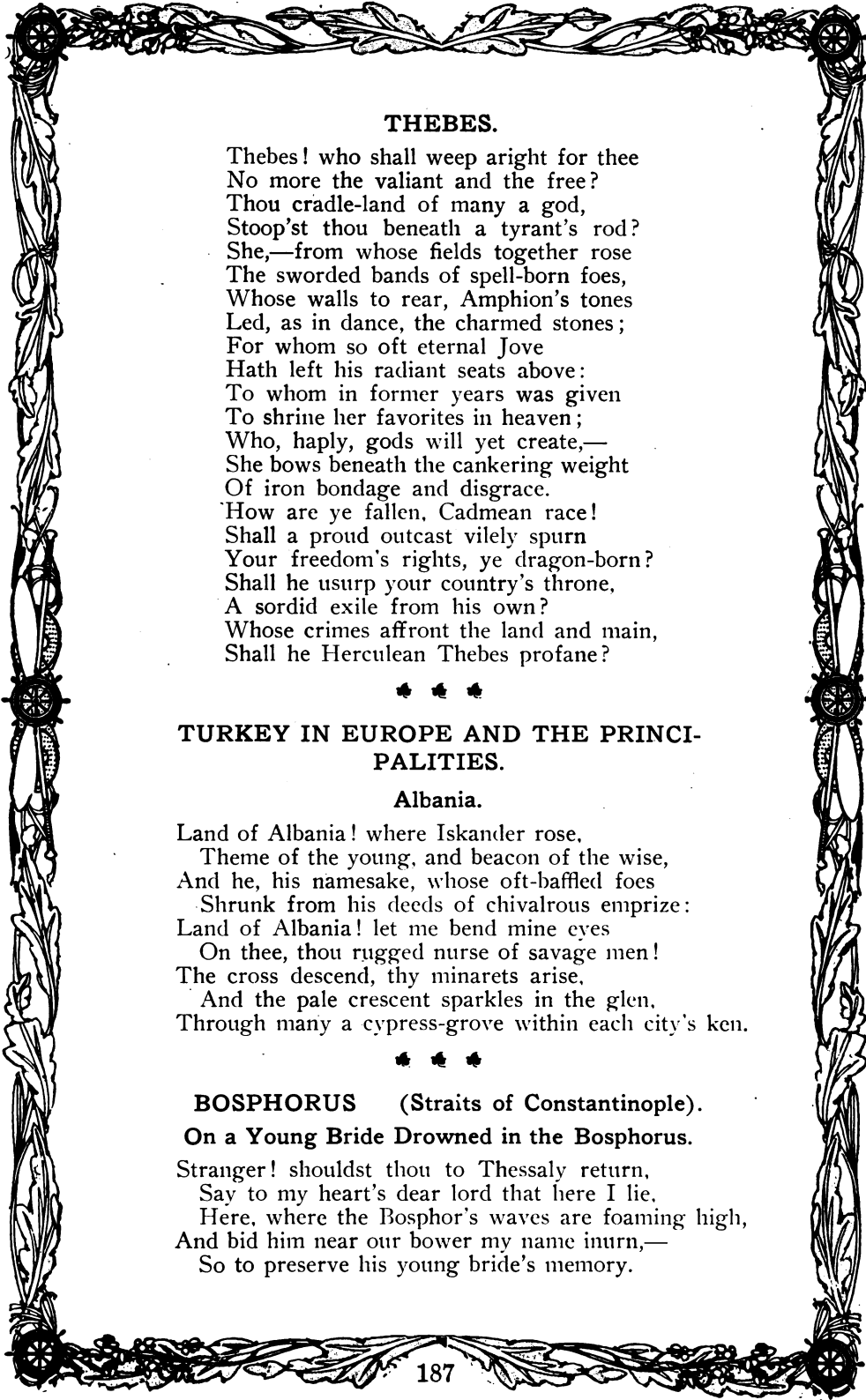
Ay, she sent forth her son in battle's face,
 Feared not his death, but only his disgrace;
 Dropped on his home-borne corpse no woman's tear,
 So he had died in valor's red career;
 Wept only for the son who lost his shield,
 And, choosing life to honor, fled the field.
 What! are these stones, yon column's broken shaft,
 Where moss-crowned Ruin long hath sat and laughed,

WELLS BUILDING PABST BUILDING
 MILWAUKEE



PLANT OF PABST BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

These shattered steps, these walls that earthward bow,
 All Sparta's Royal Square can boast of now?
 What! in the streets which swept on every side,
 Do but wild poppies lift their crimson pride?
 Plant of Oblivion! well thou here mayst bloom,
 Type of unlettered Sparta's hastening doom!
 The Stoa's walls with Persian trophies graced,
 The circling course where brazen chariots raced.



THEBES.

Thebes! who shall weep aright for thee
No more the valiant and the free?
Thou cradle-land of many a god,
Stoop'st thou beneath a tyrant's rod?
She,—from whose fields together rose
The sworded bands of spell-born foes,
Whose walls to rear, Amphion's tones
Led, as in dance, the charmed stones;
For whom so oft eternal Jove
Hath left his radiant seats above:
To whom in former years was given
To shrine her favorites in heaven;
Who, haply, gods will yet create,—
She bows beneath the cankering weight
Of iron bondage and disgrace.
How are ye fallen, Cadmean race!
Shall a proud outcast vilely spurn
Your freedom's rights, ye dragon-born?
Shall he usurp your country's throne,
A sordid exile from his own?
Whose crimes affront the land and main,
Shall he Herculean Thebes profane?



TURKEY IN EUROPE AND THE PRINCIPALITIES.

Albania.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he, his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descend, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress-grove within each city's ken.



BOSPHORUS (Straits of Constantinople).

On a Young Bride Drowned in the Bosphorus.

Stranger! shouldst thou to Thessaly return,
Say to my heart's dear lord that here I lie,
Here, where the Bosphor's waves are foaming high,
And bid him near our bower my name inurn,—
So to preserve his young bride's memory.

THE BOSPHORUS REVISITED.

Has earth a lovelier sight to show
Than yonder strait whose waters flow
Bordered with vineyards, summer bowers,
White palaces, and ivied towers?
How mellow upon snowy walls
The tranquil light of morning falls;
The various hill and battlement;
What gleaming mist half veils the slopes,
Fair as the haze of youthful hopes;

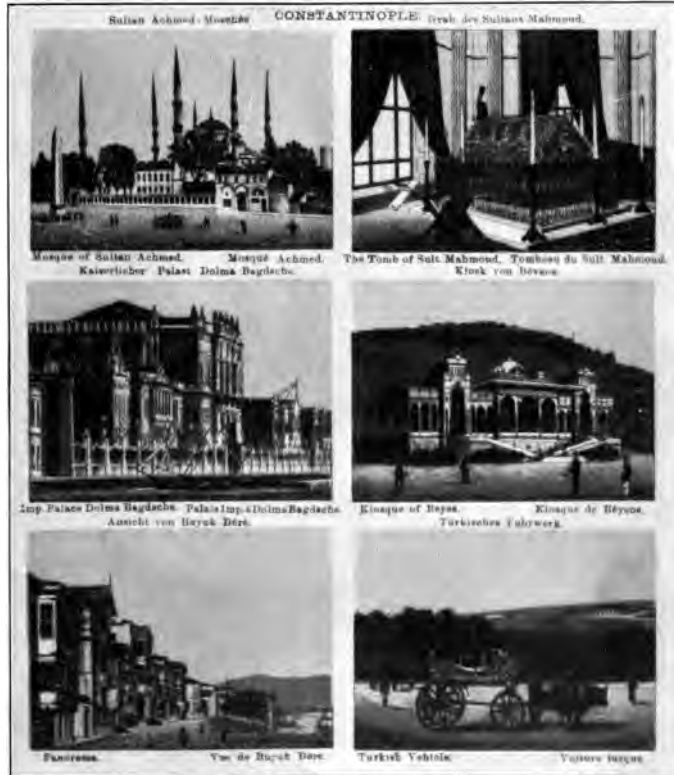


CONSTANTINOPLE AND BOSPHORUS, TURKEY

How darkly blue or lucent green
The current in the noonday sheen
Goes by, anon impearled with spray,
Or lingering in some sheltered bay,
Where charmed pavilions skirt the marge,
Where idly floats the fisher's barge,
And ancient plane-trees shade the stream,
Bidding the passer there to dream,
Lapped in the arms of peaceful rest,
As in the Islands of the Blest.

DARDANELLES.

Far, far away across the sea,
 In the still hours when I sit dreaming
 Often and often I voyage in seeming;
 And sad is the heart I bear with me,
 Far, far away across the sea.



Yonder, toward the Dardanelles
 I follow the vessels disappearing,
 Slender masts to the sky uprearing;
 Follow her whom I love so well,
 Yonder toward the Dardanelles.

With the great clouds I go astray;
 These by the shepherd wind are driven
 Across the shining stars of heaven
 In snowy flocks, and go their way,
 And with the clouds I go astray.

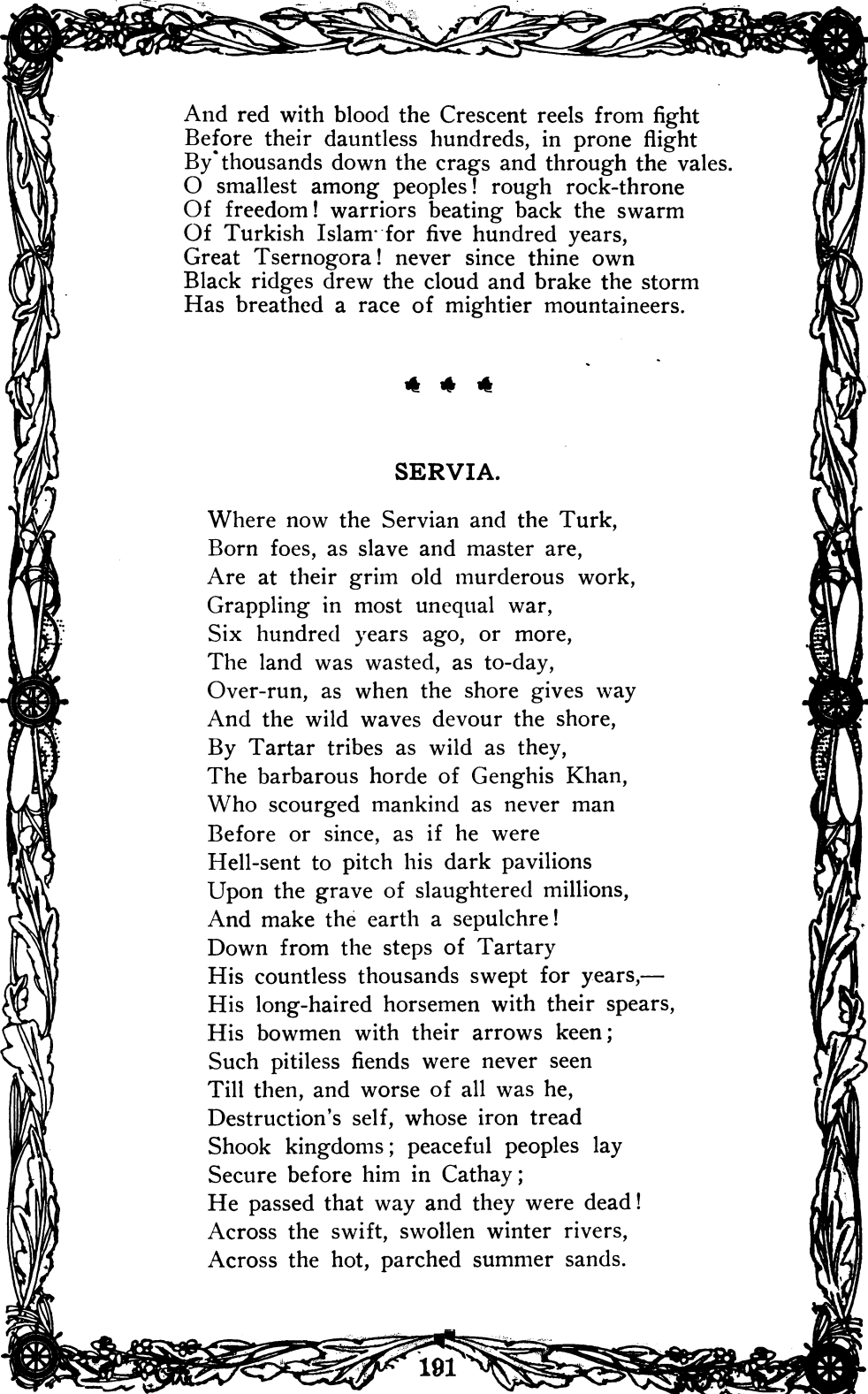
I take the pinions of the swallow,
 For the fair weather ever yearning,
 And swiftly to the sun returning;
 So swiftly I my darling follow
 Upon the pinions of the swallow.

Homesickness hath my heart possessed,
 For now she treads an alien strand;
 And for that unknown fatherland
 I long, as a bird for her nest.
 Homesickness hath my heart possessed.



MONTENEGRO.

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
 They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
 Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night
 Against the Turk, whose inroad nowhere scales
 Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,

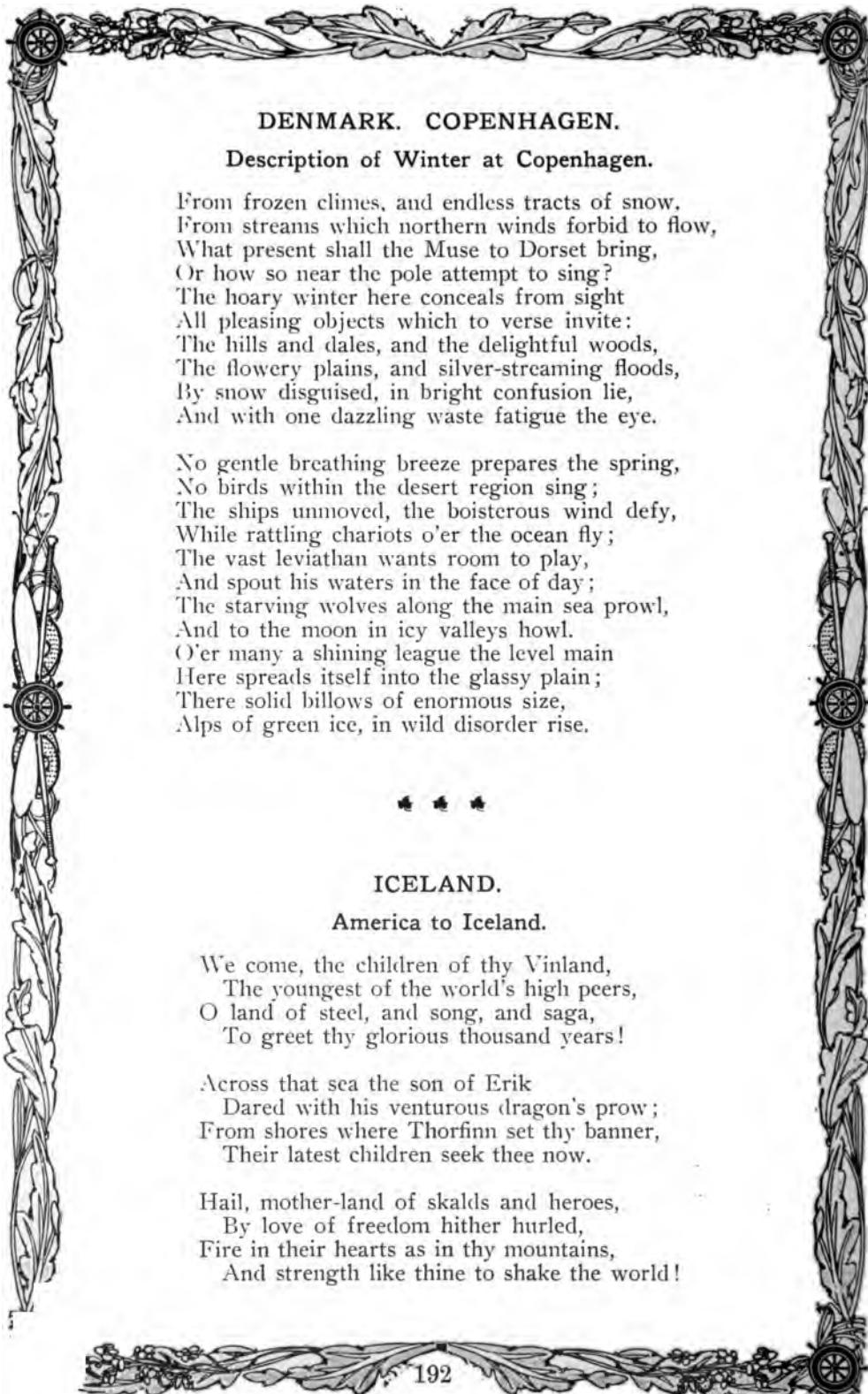


And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and through the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.



SERVIA.

Where now the Servian and the Turk,
Born foes, as slave and master are,
Are at their grim old murderous work,
Grappling in most unequal war,
Six hundred years ago, or more,
The land was wasted, as to-day,
Over-run, as when the shore gives way
And the wild waves devour the shore,
By Tartar tribes as wild as they,
The barbarous horde of Genghis Khan,
Who scourged mankind as never man
Before or since, as if he were
Hell-sent to pitch his dark pavilions
Upon the grave of slaughtered millions,
And make the earth a sepulchre!
Down from the steps of Tartary
His countless thousands swept for years,—
His long-haired horsemen with their spears,
His bowmen with their arrows keen;
Such pitiless fiends were never seen
Till then, and worse of all was he,
Destruction's self, whose iron tread
Shook kingdoms; peaceful peoples lay
Secure before him in Cathay;
He passed that way and they were dead!
Across the swift, swollen winter rivers,
Across the hot, parched summer sands.



DENMARK. COPENHAGEN.

Description of Winter at Copenhagen.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how so near the pole attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite:
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing;
The ships unmoved, the boisterous wind defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly;
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day;
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into the glassy plain;
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.



ICELAND.

America to Iceland.

We come, the children of thy Vinland,
The youngest of the world's high peers,
O land of steel, and song, and saga,
To greet thy glorious thousand years!

Across that sea the son of Erik
Dared with his venturous dragon's prow;
From shores where Thorfinn set thy banner,
Their latest children seek thee now.

Hail, mother-land of skalds and heroes,
By love of freedom hither hurled,
Fire in their hearts as in thy mountains,
And strength like thine to shake the world!

When war and ravage wrecked the nations,
The bird of song made thee her home;
The ancient gods, the ancient glory,
Still dwelt within thy shores of foam.

Here, as a fount may keep its virtue
While all the rivers turbid run,
The manly growth of deed and daring
Was thine beneath a scantier sun.



SCANDINAVIA.

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound;
There I the manly race, the parent hive
Of the mixed kingdoms, formed into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purged, and tempered hard by frost,
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose only terror was a bloodless death,
They wise and dauntless still sustain my cause.



NORWAY.

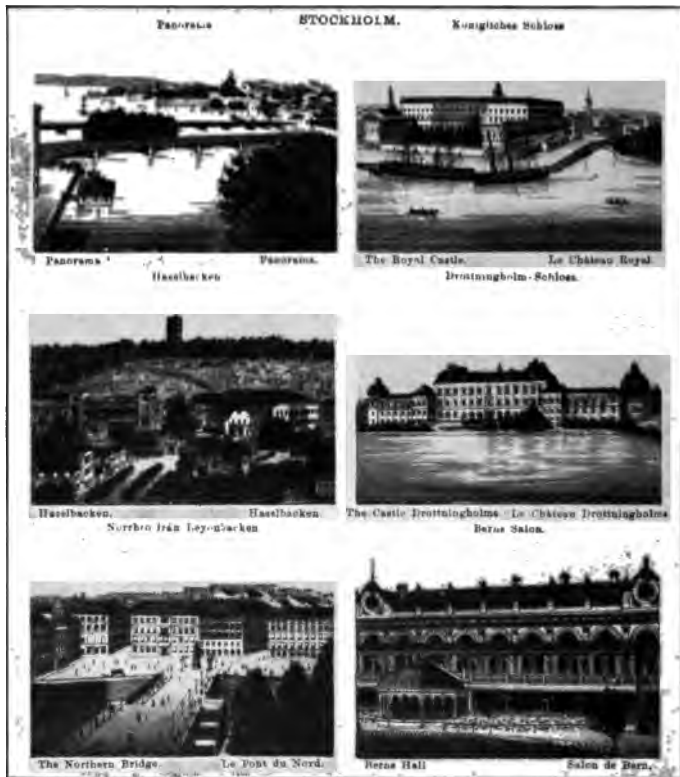
Winter has its icy crown
Pressed round Norway's temples hoary;
Midnight's sun has poured down
On her head its glory.

Time's white waves their power broke
'Gainst her ancient rocks and bowlders;
Ocean has its misty cloak
Thrown around her shoulders.

But when ice-enthroned pole
Blows the mantling mist asunder,
Far the gloom-fraught pine-woods roll
Sun-enriched thereunder.

And when easeful Summer sinks
O'er the lucid fjords and valleys,
Bursts the wood-lake's wintry links
And the lily's chalice,—

O, what throbbing life aglow!
O, how fair the birch and willow,
And the gulls that drift like snow
O'er the rippling billow!



SWEDEN.

DELECARLIA.

Scene in a Dalecarlia Mine.

"Haste with your torches, haste, make firelight round!"
 They speed, they press,—what hath the miner found!
 Relic or treasure, giant of old?
 Gems bedded deep, rich veins of burning gold?
 Not so,—the dead, the dead! An awe-struck band,
 In silence gathering found the silent stand,
 Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,
 Before the thing that, in the might of death,
 Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay,—
 A sleeper, dreaming not!—a youth with hair
 Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair!)
 O'er his cold brow; no shadow of decay
 Had touched those pale bright features, yet he wore
 A mien of other days, a garb of yore.

Who could unfold that mystery? From the throng
 A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,
 As if through many tears, through vigils long,
 Through weary strainings;—all had been for him!
 Those two had loved! And there he lay, the dead,
 In youth's flower, and she, the living, stood
 With her gray hair, whence hue and gloss had fled.
 And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
 Had long since ebb'd,—a meeting sad and strange!
 O, are not meetings in this world of change
 Sadder than partings oft! She stood there, still
 And mute and gazing, all her soul to fill.



PANORAMA OF STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

SWITZERLAND.

'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
 And lights were o'er the Helvetian mountains flung,
 That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
 And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
 Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm,
 Where, Phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
 That high in Heaven's vermilion wheeled and soared.
 Woods nearer frowned, and cataracts dashed and roared,
 From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin;
 Herds tinkling roamed the long-drawn vales between,
 And hamlets glittered white, and gardens flourished green
 'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
 The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,

And roving with his minstrelsy across
 The scented wild weeds and enamelled moss.
 Earth's features so harmoniously were linked,
 She seemed one great glad form, with life instinct,
 That felt Heaven's ardent breath and smiled below
 Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.



THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

O'er mountains bright with snow and light,
 We crystals hunters speed along,
 While grotts, and caves, and icy waves
 Each instant echo to our song:
 And when we meet with stores of gems,
 We grudge not kings their diadems.
 O'er mountains bright, etc.

No lover half so fondly dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though next to crystal, we too grant
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, etc.

Sometimes, when o'er the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the floweret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And though we find no treasures there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains bright, etc.



EVENING AMONG THE ALPS.

Soft skies of Italy! how richly drest,
Smile these wild scenes in your purpureal glow;
What glorious hues, reflected from the west,
Float o'er the dwellings of eternal snow!
Yon torrent, foaming down the granite steep,
Sparkles all brilliance in the setting beam;
Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty sleep,
Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain stream.

Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,
That still at eve its lofty temple knows;
From rock and torrent fade the tints away,
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep repose:
While through the pine wood gleams the vesper-star,
And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes afar.



BERNE.

The Terrace at Berne.

Ten years!—and to my waking eye
Once more the roofs of Berne appear;
The rocky banks, the terrace high,
The stream,—and do I linger here?

The clouds are on the Oberland,
The Jungfrau snows look faint and far;
But bright are those green fields at hand,
And through those fields comes down the Aar,

And from the blue twin lakes it comes,
Flows by the town, the churchyard fair,
And 'neath the garden walk it hums,
The house,—and is my Marguerite there?

Ah, shall I see thee, while a flush
Of startled pleasure floods thy brow,
Quick through the oleanders brush,
And clasp thy hands, and cry, 'Tis thou!

Or hast thou long since wandered back,
Daughter of France! to France thy home;
And flitted down the flowery track
Where feet like thine too lightly come?



SCOTLAND.

Caledonia.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?

HOLLAND.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow:
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

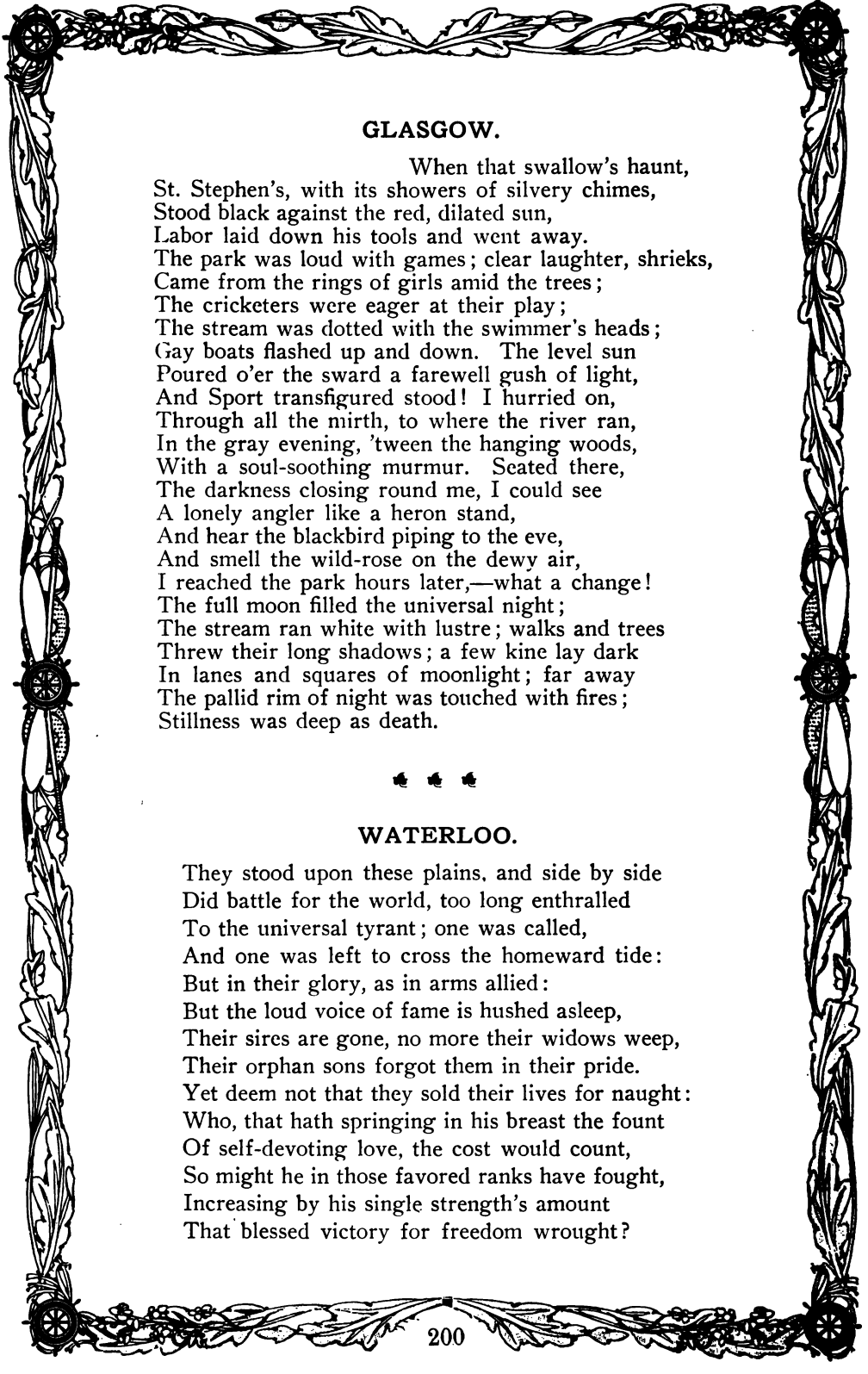


QUINCY COLLEGE

AMSTERDAM.

To the Directors of Amsterdam.

Illustrious men! who bade the world's eight wonders rise.
Lifting its crown of stone sublimely to the skies;
Whose splendid walls are reared by skill's unerring hand,
To use, the end, the source of all that's rich and grand;
May God, who gave you power to mingle good with show,
Within that stately pile his favoring smiles bestow,
That ye to all the world may prove what men ye are:
And peace be ever there, and misery banished far.
But if it be ordained, when years have rolled away,
That e'en these marble walls must crumble and decay:
And if it be by Heaven, in future times, decreed,
That to your wondrous work another must succeed,—
May God, your fathers' God,—may God, your children's
father,
Beneath his shadowing wings those children kindly gather,
And give them an abode, when ye from earth have past,
As much excelling this as this excels the last!



GLASGOW.

When that swallow's haunt,
St. Stephen's, with its showers of silvery chimes,
Stood black against the red, dilated sun,
Labor laid down his tools and went away.
The park was loud with games; clear laughter, shrieks,
Came from the rings of girls amid the trees;
The cricketers were eager at their play;
The stream was dotted with the swimmer's heads;
Gay boats flashed up and down. The level sun
Poured o'er the sward a farewell gush of light,
And Sport transfigured stood! I hurried on,
Through all the mirth, to where the river ran,
In the gray evening, 'tween the hanging woods,
With a soul-soothing murmur. Seated there,
The darkness closing round me, I could see
A lonely angler like a heron stand,
And hear the blackbird piping to the eve,
And smell the wild-rose on the dewy air,
I reached the park hours later,—what a change!
The full moon filled the universal night;
The stream ran white with lustre; walks and trees
Threw their long shadows; a few kine lay dark
In lanes and squares of moonlight; far away
The pallid rim of night was touched with fires;
Stillness was deep as death.



WATERLOO.

They stood upon these plains, and side by side
Did battle for the world, too long enthralled
To the universal tyrant; one was called,
And one was left to cross the homeward tide:
But in their glory, as in arms allied:
But the loud voice of fame is hushed asleep,
Their sires are gone, no more their widows weep,
Their orphan sons forgot them in their pride.
Yet deem not that they sold their lives for naught:
Who, that hath springing in his breast the fount
Of self-devoting love, the cost would count,
So might he in those favored ranks have fought,
Increasing by his single strength's amount
That blessed victory for freedom wrought?



BOULEVARD AUSPACH, BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

BELGIUM.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springals of full tender years,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To seeke succour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatful tears;
Sent by their Mother who, a Widow was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly fears
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name wes Belge; who in former age
A Lady of great worth and wealth had beene,
And Mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly Sonnes; which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtook and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie Mother would surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childerns wrath that all her issue wasted.



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

Be it not in these high aisles to tread
 Lightly, with scornful or with pitying gaze,
 Viewing these worshippers who on the days
 When English fanes are silent as the dead,
 Throng kneeling, where yon feeble candles shed
 Their flickering light: far rather would I raise
 My hands in prayer with them, or join in praise,
 Or sit beneath their shrines in humble dread.
 Because our being's end is furthered best
 Not by the pride of reason, most unjust
 When it condemneth,—but by self-distrust,
 By mildness, and submission, and arrest
 Of sudden judgment: thus we learn to feel
 That all are one, and have one wound to heal.

BRUSSELS.

The peaceful moon sheds downward from the sky
Upon the sleeping city her soft light ;
Lines of storm-laden vapor heavily
From the low north advance upon the night ;
The minster-towers are seen in vision bright
In front, distinct with fretted tracery ;
And long glades stretch beneath this giddy height,
Dappled with shadows dark of tower and tree.
Such wert thou, Brussels, when I gazed on thee :
Thou, at whose name the circumstance of war
Rose to my youthful fancy ; now no more
A sound to move to tears ; to memory
Henceforth, as ever on freedom, dear,
In virtue of this night so soft and clear.



LISBON, PORTUGAL

PORTUGAL.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay ;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay ;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

LISBON (LISBOA).

And thou, famed Lisboa, whose embattled wall
Rose by the hand that wrought proud Ilion's fall;
Thou queen of cities, whom the seas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts owned the hero's sway.
Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's misty shore,
To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine;
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
Before Ulysses' walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy sides.
Five times her broad effulgence shone revealed,
When, wrapped in clouds of dust, her mural pride
Fails thundering,--black the smoking breach yawns wide.
As when the imprisone'd waters burst the mounds,
And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultured grounds;
Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course;
So headlong rushed along the hero's force.
The thirst of vengeance the assailant's fires,
The madness of despair the Moors inspires.



THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTRA.

Oft as at pensive eve I pass the brook
Where Lisboa's Maro, old and suppliant stood,
Fancy his injured old and sorrows rude
Brought to my view. 'Twas night; with cheerless look
Methought he bowed the head in languid mood,
As pale with penury in darkling nook
Forlorn he watched. Sudden the skies partook
A mantling blaze, and warlike forms intrude.
Here Gama's semblance braves the boiling main,
And Lusitania's warriors hurl the spear:
But whence that flood of light that bids them rear
Their lofty brows! From thy neglected strain,
Camoens, unseen by vulgar eye it flows,
That glorious blaze to thee thy thankless country owes.



FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

What did the ocean's waste supply
To soothe the mind or please the eye?
The rising morn through dim mist breaking,
The flickered east with purple streaking;
The midday cloud through thin air flying
With deeper blue the blue sea dyeing;

Long ridgy waves their white manes rearing,
 And in the broad gleam disappearing ;
 The broadened, blazing sun declining,
 And western waves like fire-floods shining ;
 The sky's vast dome to darkness given,
 And all the glorious host of heaven !

Full oft upon the deck, while others slept,
 To mark the bearing of each well-known star
 That shone aloft or on the horizon far,
 The anxious chief his lonely vigil kept.
 The mournful wind, the hoarse wave breaking near,
 The breathing groans of sleep, the plunging lead,
 The steerman's call, and his own stilly tread,
 Are all the sounds of night that reach his ear.



WHALEBACK STEAMER, CHICAGO TO MILWAUKEE

But soon his dauntless soul, which naught could bend,—
 Nor hope delayed nor adverse fate subdue,—
 With a more threatening danger must contend
 Than storm or wave,—a fierce and angry crew !
 “Dearly,” say they, “may we those visions rue
 Which lured us from our native land.”



COLUMBUS AND THE MAYFLOWER.

O Little fleet! that on thy quest divine
 Sailedst from Palos one bright autumn morn,
 Say, has old Ocean's bosom ever borne
 A freight of faith and hope to match with thine?

Say, too, has Heaven's high favor given again
Such consummation of desire as shone
About Columbus when he rested on
The new-found world and married it to Spain?

Answer,—thou refuge of the freeman's need,—
Thou for whose destinies no kings looked out,
Nor sages to resolve some mighty doubt,—
Thou simple Mayflower of the salt-sea mead!

When thou wert wafted to that distant shore,
Gay flowers, bright birds, rich odors met thee not;
Stern Nature hailed thee to a sterner lot,—
God gave free earth and air, and gave no more.

Thus to men cast in that heroic mould
Came empire such as Spaniard never knew,
Such empire as beseems the just and true;
And at the last, almost unsought, came gold.



THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands,—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity that knows no rest.

His brow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit,—
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not lie, but here they sit.



America

Look now abroad,—another race has filled
These populous borders,—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowed, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off: and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race;
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light
Into the depths of ages; we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

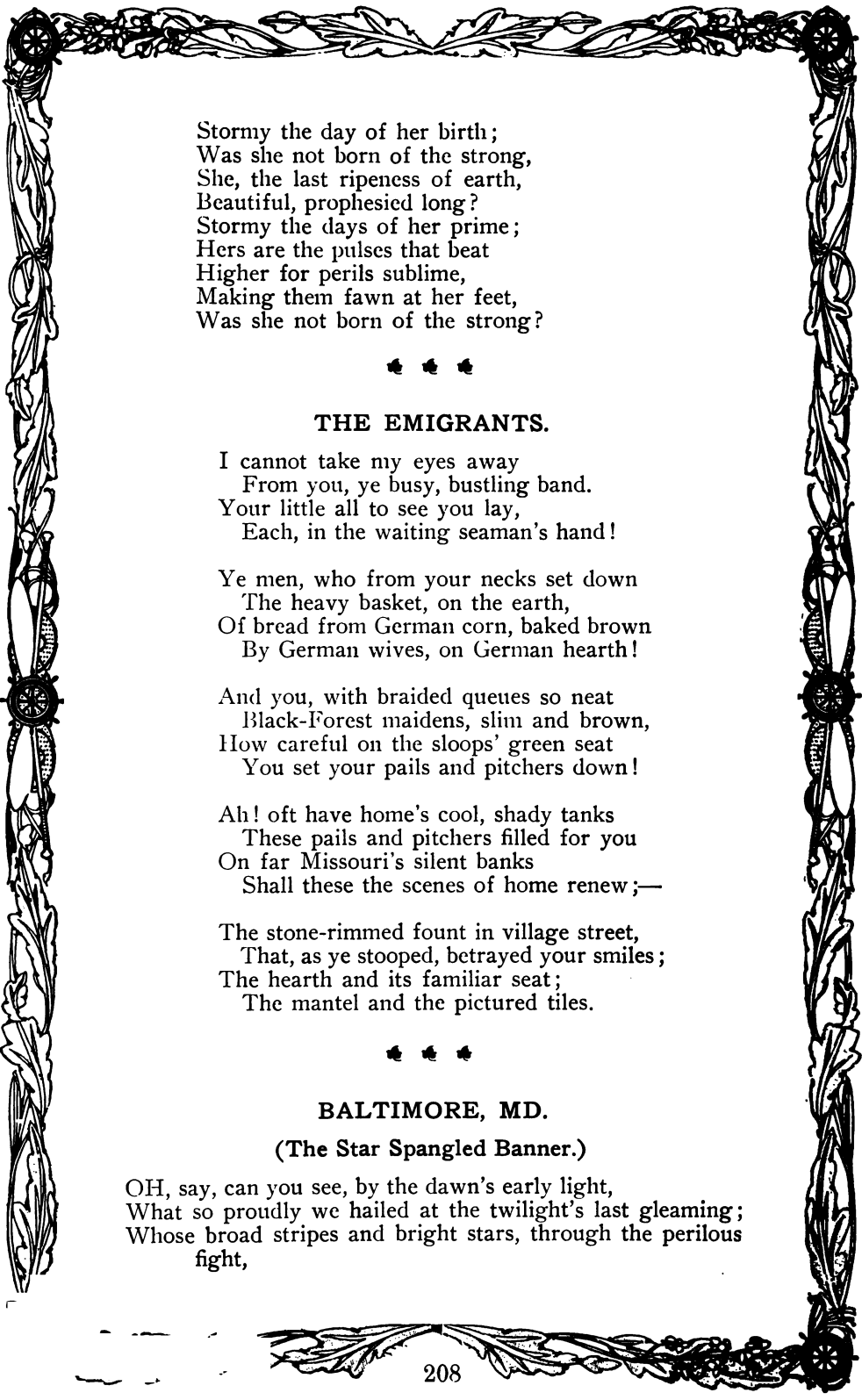
Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but shake off the vampire train.



THE UNITED STATES.

Seven years long was the bow
Of battle bent; and the heightening
Storm-heaps convulsed with the throe
Of their uncontainable lightning;
Seven years long heard the sea
Crash of navies and wave-borne thunder;
Then drifted the cloud-rack a-lee,
And new stars were seen, a world's wonder;
Each by her sisters made bright,
All binding all to their stations,
Cluster of manifold light

Startling the old constellations;
Men looked up and grew pale:
Was it a comet or star,
Omen of blessing or bale,
Hung o'er the ocean afar?



Stormy the day of her birth;
Was she not born of the strong,
She, the last ripeness of earth,
Beautiful, prophesied long?
Stormy the days of her prime;
Hers are the pulses that beat
Higher for perils sublime,
Making them fawn at her feet,
Was she not born of the strong?



THE EMIGRANTS.

I cannot take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band.
Your little all to see you lay,
Each, in the waiting seaman's hand!

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy basket, on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown
By German wives, on German hearth!

And you, with braided queues so neat
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloops' green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down!

Ah! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
These pails and pitchers filled for you
On far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew;—

The stone-rimmed fount in village street,
That, as ye stooped, betrayed your smiles;
The hearth and its familiar seat;
The mantel and the pictured tiles.



BALTIMORE, MD.

(The Star Spangled Banner.)

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



BOSTON, MASS.

(The Harbor.)

SCATTERED within the peaceful bay
Many a fair isle and islet lay,
And rocks and banks which threatened there
No peril to the mariner.
The shores which bent around were gay
With maizals, and with pastures green,
And rails and hedge-row trees between,
And fields for harvest white,
And dwellings sprinkled up and down;
And round about the clustered town,
Which rose in sunshine bright,
Was many a sheltered garden spot,
And many a sunny orchard plot,
And bowers which might invite
The studious man to take his seat
Within their quiet, cool retreat,
When noon was at its height.
No heart that was at ease, I ween,
Could gaze on that surrounding scene
Without a calm delight.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(Greenwood.)

SIDE by side rise the two great cities,
Afar on the traveller's sight;
One, black with the dust of labor,
One, solemnly still and white.

Apart, and yet together,
They are reached in a dying breath,
But a river flows between them,
And the river's name is—Death.

Apart, and yet together,
Together, and yet apart,
As the child may die at midnight
On the mother's living heart.



NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE

So close come the two great cities,
With only the river between them;
And the grass in the one is trampled,
But the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads,
Like the disciples meet,
While ever the flowing water
Is washing their hallowed feet.

And out on the glassy ocean,
The sails in the golden gloom
Seem to me but moving shadows
Of the white emmarbled tomb.



MARSHALL FIELD CO., CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

(Chicago.)

MEN said at vespers: "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Were ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The friends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

CHICAGO.

(Chicago, October 9, 1871.)

GAUNT in the midst of the prairie,
She who was once so fair;
Charred and rent are her garments,
Heavy and dark like cerements;
Silent, but round her the air
Plaintively wails, "Miserere!"

Proud like a beautiful maiden,
Art-like from forehead to feet,
Was she till pressed like a leman
Close to the breast of the demon,
Lusting for one so sweet,
So were her shoulders laden.



MARTIN RYERSON CHEMICAL LABORATORIES,
CHICAGO UNIV., CHICAGO, ILL.

Friends she had, rich in her treasures:
Shall the old taunt be true,—
Fallen, they turned their cold faces,
Seeking new wreath-gilded places,
Saying we never knew
Aught of her smiles or her pleasures?

Silent she stands on the prairie,
Wrapped in her fire-scathed sheet:
Around her, thank God! is the Nation,
Weeping for her desolation,
Pouring its gold at her feet,
Answering her "Miserere!"



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

(To Cincinnati.)

CITY of gardens, verdant parks, sweet bowers ;
 Blooming upon thy bosom, bright and fair,
 Wet with the dews of spring, and summer's showers,
 And fanned by every breath of wandering air ;
 Rustling the foliage of thy green groves, where
 The bluebird's matin wakes the smiling morn,
 And sparkling humming-birds of plumage rare,
 With tuneful pinions on the zephyrs borne,
 Disport the flowers among, and glitter and adorn :

Fair is thy seat, in soft recumbent rest
Beneath the grove-clad hills ; whence morning wings
The gentle breezes of the fragrant west,
That kiss the surface of a thousand springs :
Nature, her many-colored mantle flings
Around thee, and adorns thee as a bride :
While polished Art his gorgeous tribute brings,
And dome and spire ascending far and wide,
Their pointed shadows dip in thy Ohio's tide.

So fair in infancy,—oh, what shall be
Thy blooming prime, expanding like the rose
In fragrant beauty ; when a century
Hath passed upon thy birth, and time bestows
The largess of a world, that freely throws
Her various tribute from remotest shores.



LOUISVILLE, KY.

(Cave Hill Cemetery.)

HERE, whilst the twilight dews
Are softly gathering on the leaves and flowers,
I come, O patriot dead, to muse
A few brief hours.

Hard by you, rank on rank,
Rise the sad evergreens, whose solemn forms
Are dark as if they only drank
The thunder-storms.

Through the thick leaves around
The low, wild winds their dirge-like music pour,
Like the far ocean's solemn sound,
On its lone shore.

From all the air a sigh,
Dirge-like and soul-like, melancholy, wild,
Comes like a mother's wailing cry
O'er her dead child.

Yonder, a little way,
Where mounds rise thick like surges on the sea,
Those whom ye met in fierce array
Sleep dreamlessly.

The same soft breezes sing,
The same birds chant their spirit-requiem,
The same sad flowers their fragrance fling
O'er you and them.

MADISON, WIS.

(The Four Lakes of Madison.)

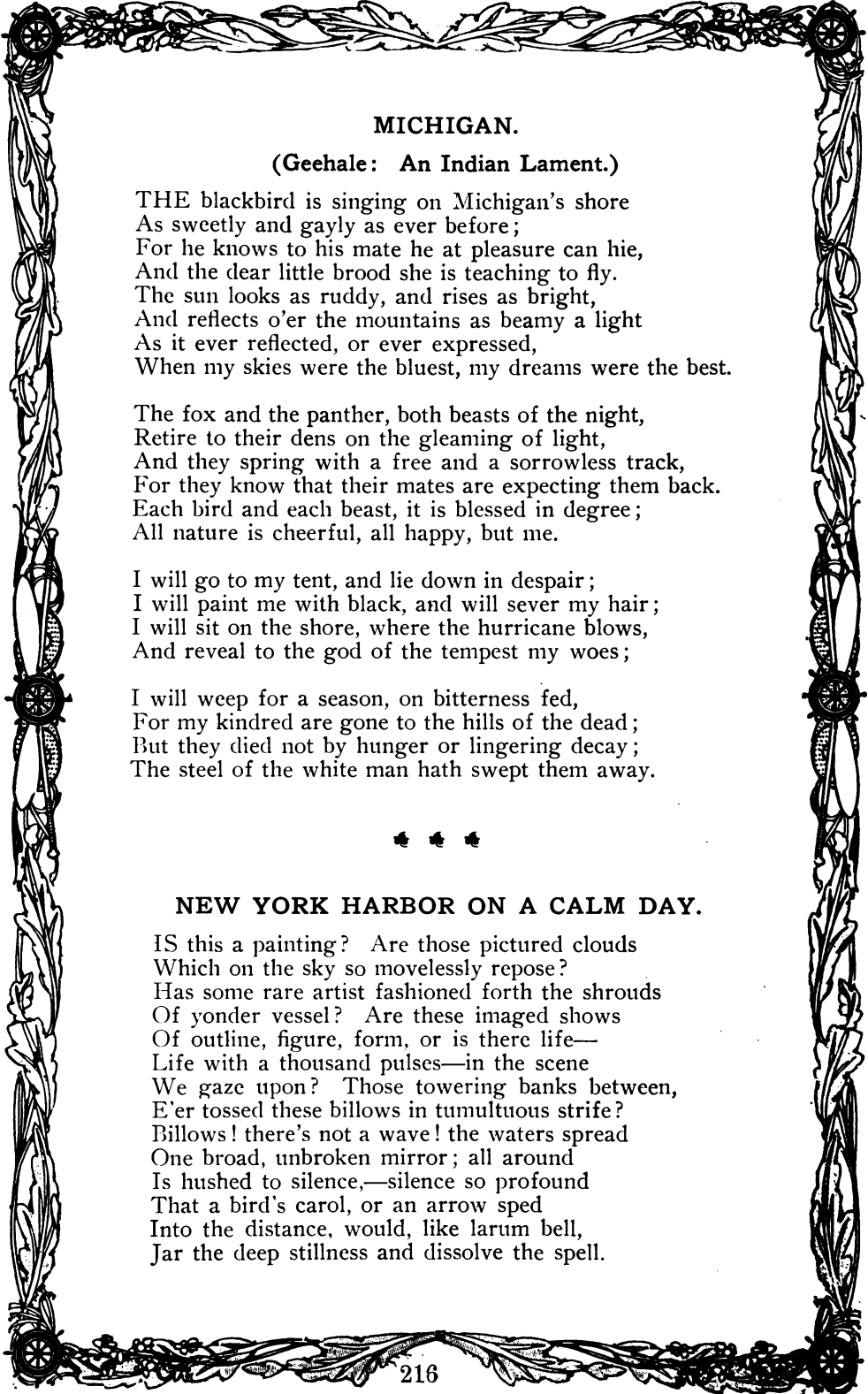
FOUR limpid lakes,—four Naiades
Or sylvan deities are these,
 In flowing robes of azure dressed;
Four lovely handmaids that uphold
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,
 To the fair city in the West.



MILWAUKEE SANITARIUM

By day the coursers of the Sun
Drink of these waters as they run
 Their swift, diurnal round on high;
By night the constellations glow
Far down the hollow deeps below,
 And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,
 How visionary ye appear!
All like a floating landscape seems
In cloud-land or the land of dreams,
 Bathed in a golden atmosphere!



MICHIGAN.

(Geehale: An Indian Lament.)

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore
As sweetly and gayly as ever before ;
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a light
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird and each beast, it is blessed in degree ;
All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair ;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair ;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes ;

I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead ;
But they died not by hunger or lingering decay ;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.



NEW YORK HARBOR ON A CALM DAY.

IS this a painting? Are those pictured clouds
Which on the sky so movelessly repose?
Has some rare artist fashioned forth the shrouds
Of yonder vessel? Are these imaged shows
Of outline, figure, form, or is there life—
Life with a thousand pulses—in the scene
We gaze upon? Those towering banks between,
E'er tossed these billows in tumultuous strife?
Billows! there's not a wave! the waters spread
One broad, unbroken mirror; all around
Is hushed to silence,—silence so profound
That a bird's carol, or an arrow sped
Into the distance, would, like larum bell,
Jar the deep stillness and dissolve the spell.

The country ever has a lagging Spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
And June its roses,—showers and sunshine bring,
Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er the earth;
To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing-birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
Breathes through the sky of March the airs of May,
Shine on our roofs and chase the wintry gloom—
And lo! our borders glow with sudden bloom.

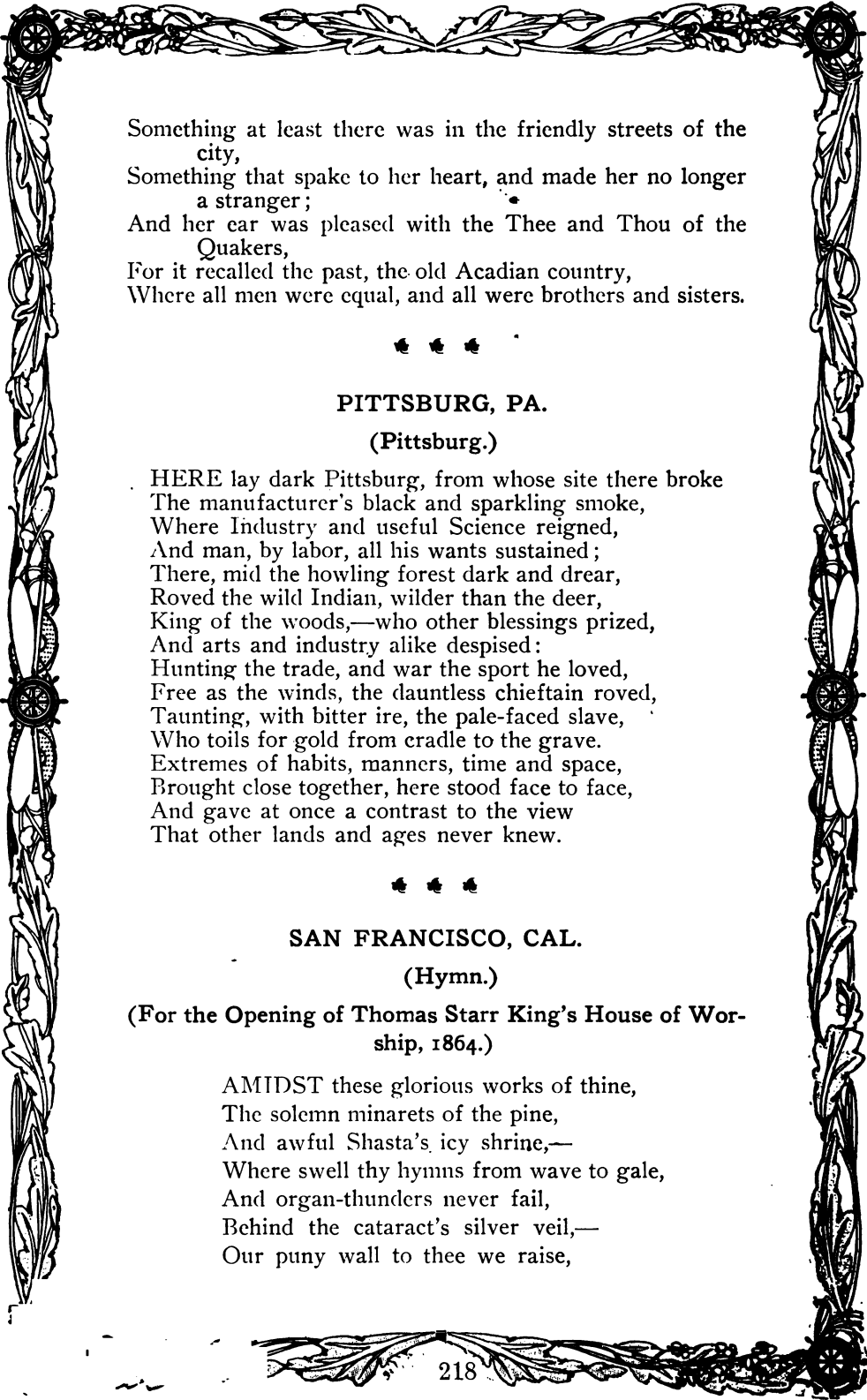


COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Philadelphia.)

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's
waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of
beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the
forest,
As if they would fain appease the Dryads whose haunts they
molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an
exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old Rene Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.



Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the
city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer
a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the
Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.



PITTSBURG, PA.

(Pittsburg.)

HERE lay dark Pittsburg, from whose site there broke
The manufacturer's black and sparkling smoke,
Where Industry and useful Science reigned,
And man, by labor, all his wants sustained;
There, mid the howling forest dark and drear,
Roved the wild Indian, wilder than the deer,
King of the woods,—who other blessings prized,
And arts and industry alike despised:
Hunting the trade, and war the sport he loved,
Free as the winds, the dauntless chieftain roved,
Taunting, with bitter ire, the pale-faced slave,
Who toils for gold from cradle to the grave.
Extremes of habits, manners, time and space,
Brought close together, here stood face to face,
And gave at once a contrast to the view
That other lands and ages never knew.



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

(Hymn.)

(For the Opening of Thomas Starr King's House of Wor-
ship, 1864.)

AMIDST these glorious works of thine,
The solemn minarets of the pine,
And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—
Where swell thy hymns from wave to gale,
And organ-thunders never fail,
Behind the cataract's silver veil,—
Our puny wall to thee we raise,

Our poor reed-music sounds thy praise;
Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways!
For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,
We urge thee not with selfish prayers,
Nor murmur at our daily cares.
Before thee, in an evil day,
Our country's bleeding heart we lay,

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL ECONOMY BUILDING, S. L. W. F.



POTTER HOTEL, SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

And dare not ask thy hand to stay;
But, through the war-cloud, pray to thee
For union, but a union free,
With peace that comes of purity!
That thou wilt bare thy arm to save,
And, smiting through this Red Sea wave,
Make broad a pathway for the slave!



V. R. Exarch J. Haddad

**Who made an Address at the Opening of
Jerusalem City, St. Louis World's Fair, 1904.**

I hereby gladly grant Rev. John Haddad to take part in the opening of the Jerusalem Exhibition at the World's Fair, who is called from Chicago to St. Louis to speak in the opening of the World's Fair.

April 27, 1904.

JOHN J. GLENNON,
Abp., St. Louis, Mo.



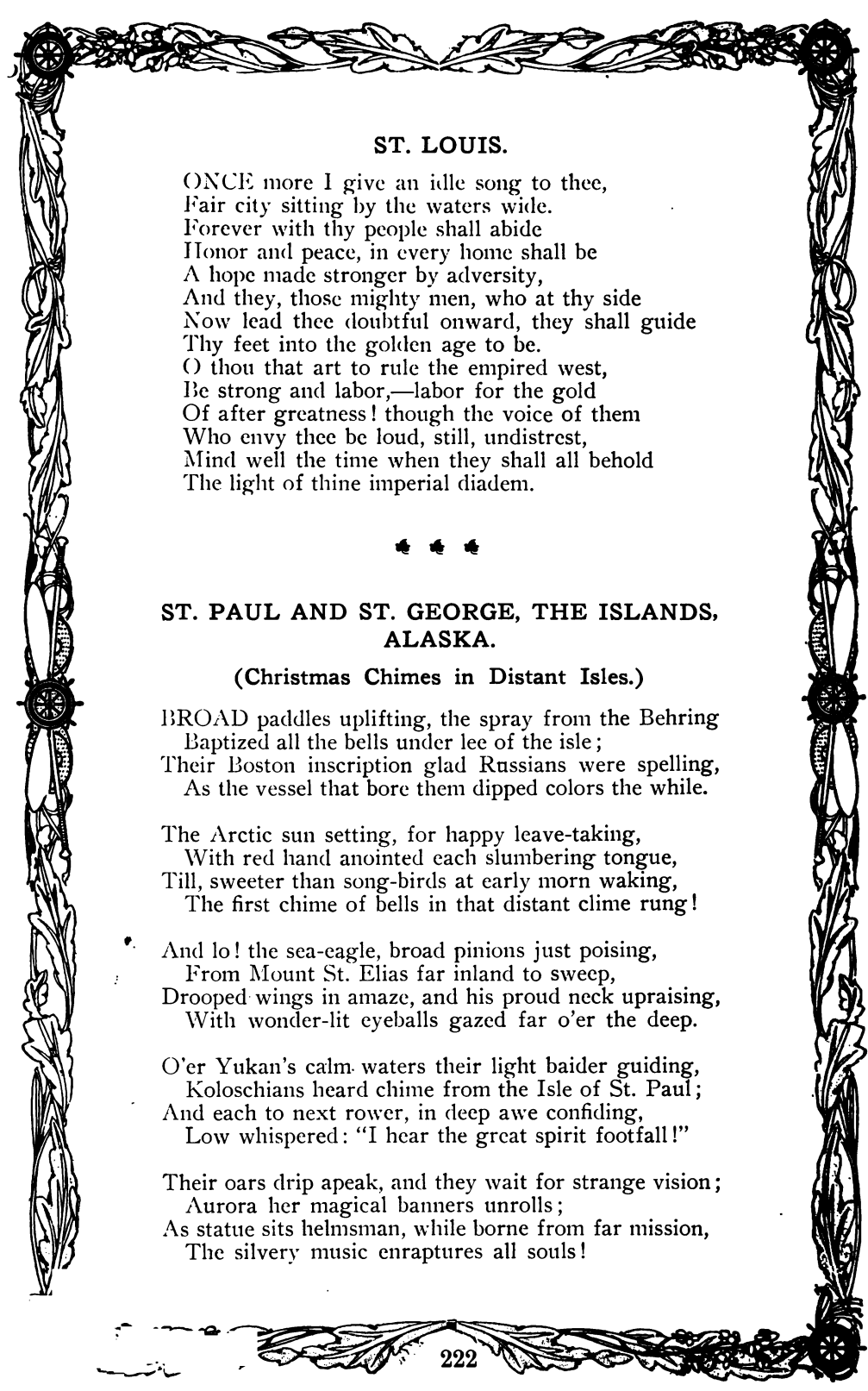
PANORAMA WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, 1904

The New World, May 14, 1904

"The Gates of Jerusalem"

The dedication ceremonies of the Opening of the Gates of Jerusalem at the St. Louis World's Fair took place last week. Rev. John Haddad of the Syrian church, this city, at the invitation of the Society of Jerusalem, conducted the services of the Eastern Christian church. The selection of Father Haddad was made among all the Syrian priests of the United States.

At the conclusion of the different Eastern religious services, Father Haddad preached a sermon which was afterward translated into English.



ST. LOUIS.

ONCE more I give an idle song to thee,
Fair city sitting by the waters wide.
Forever with thy people shall abide
Honor and peace, in every home shall be
A hope made stronger by adversity,
And they, those mighty men, who at thy side
Now lead thee doubtful onward, they shall guide
Thy feet into the golden age to be.
O thou that art to rule the empires west,
Be strong and labor,—labor for the gold
Of after greatness! though the voice of them
Who envy thee be loud, still, undistrest,
Mind well the time when they shall all behold
The light of thine imperial diadem.



ST. PAUL AND ST. GEORGE, THE ISLANDS, ALASKA.

(Christmas Chimes in Distant Isles.)

BROAD paddles uplifting, the spray from the Behring
Baptized all the bells under lee of the isle;
Their Boston inscription glad Russians were spelling,
As the vessel that bore them dipped colors the while.

The Arctic sun setting, for happy leave-taking,
With red hand anointed each slumbering tongue,
Till, sweeter than song-birds at early morn waking,
The first chime of bells in that distant clime rung!

And lo! the sea-eagle, broad pinions just poising,
From Mount St. Elias far inland to sweep,
Drooped wings in amaze, and his proud neck upraising,
With wonder-lit eyeballs gazed far o'er the deep.

O'er Yukan's calm waters their light baiders guiding,
Koloschians heard chime from the Isle of St. Paul;
And each to next rower, in deep awe confiding,
Low whispered: "I hear the great spirit footfall!"

Their oars drip apeak, and they wait for strange vision;
Aurora her magical banners unrolls;
As statue sits helmsman, while borne from far mission,
The silvery music enraptures all souls!

And leader of dog-sledge, his furry ears raising,
 As flies the long yout over deep-cruisted snow,
 Hears echoed carillon the Son of God praising,
 And pauses, unmindful of whip's cruel blow!



ST. PAUL SEMINARY

WASHINGTON.

(Spring at the Capital.)

THE poplar drops beside the way
 Its tasselled plumes of silver-gray;
 The chestnut pouts its great brown buds, impatient for the
 laggard May.

The honeysuckles lace the wall;
 The hyacinths grow fair and tall;
 And mellow sun and pleasant wind and odorous bees are
 over all.

Down looking in this snow-white bud,
 How distant seems the war's red flood!
 How far remote the streaming wounds, the sickening scent
 of human blood!

For Nature does not recognize
 This strife that rends the earth and skies;
 No war-dreams vex the winter sleep of clover-heads and
 daisy eyes.

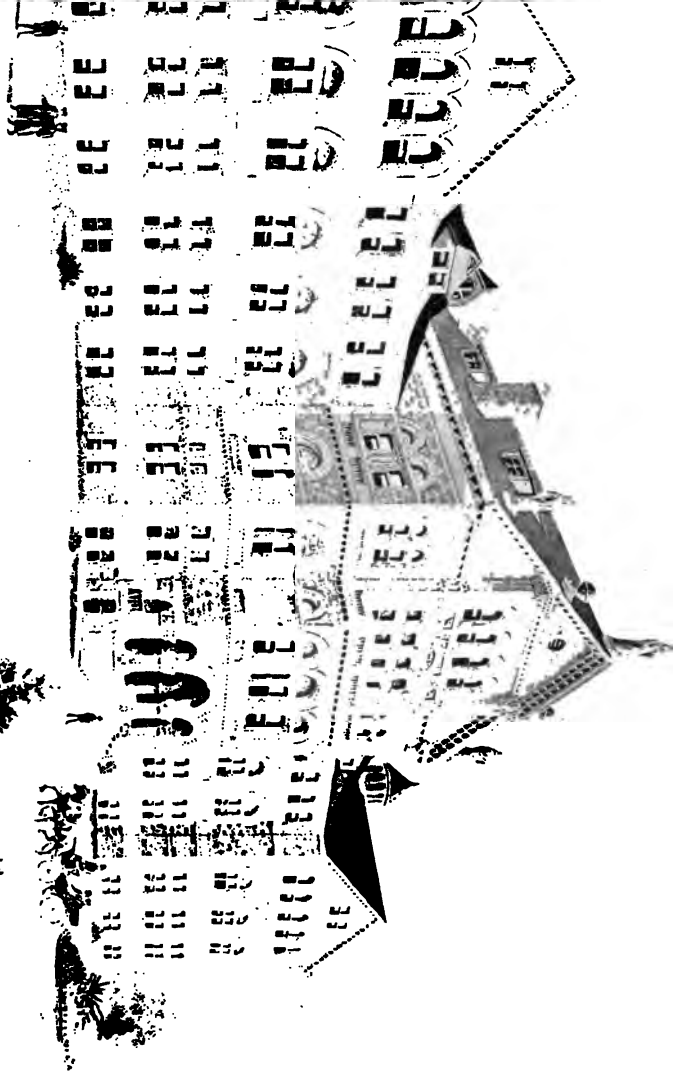
She holds her even way the same,
Though navies sink or cities flame;
A snowdrop is a snowdrop still, despite the nation's joy or
shame.

When blood her grassy altar wets,
She sends the pitying violets,
To heal the outrage with their bloom, and cover it with soft
regrets.

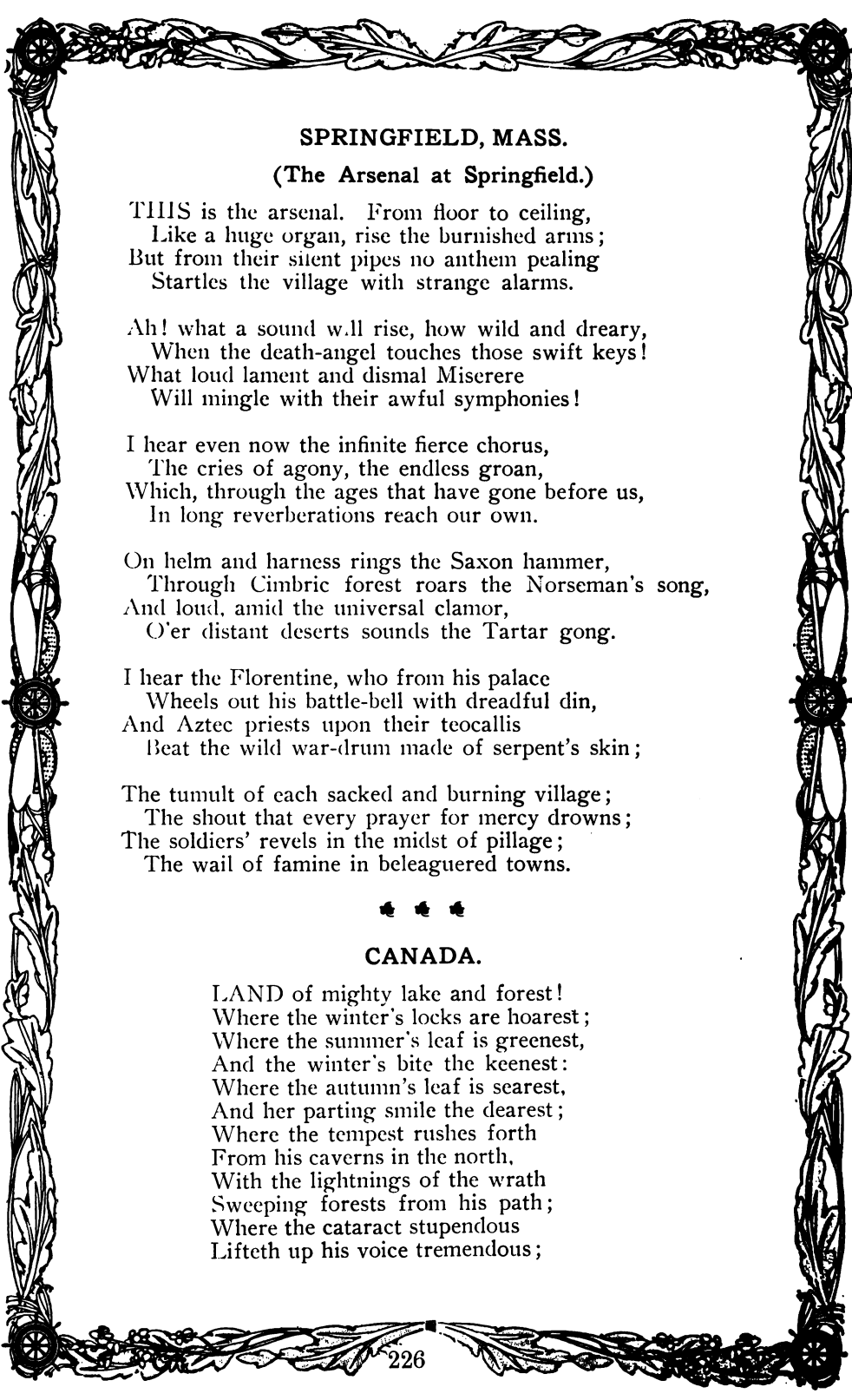


WASHINGTON.

Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestranged days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe always what we owed thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us again
Shines as before with no abatement dim.
A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outlast the present whim
And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
All of him that was subject to the hours
Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours:
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful Nature waves
Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
We from this consecrated plain stretch out
Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrowned manhood forth
In welcome of our saviour and thy son.



McMANIS HALL, UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

(The Arsenal at Springfield.)

THIS is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

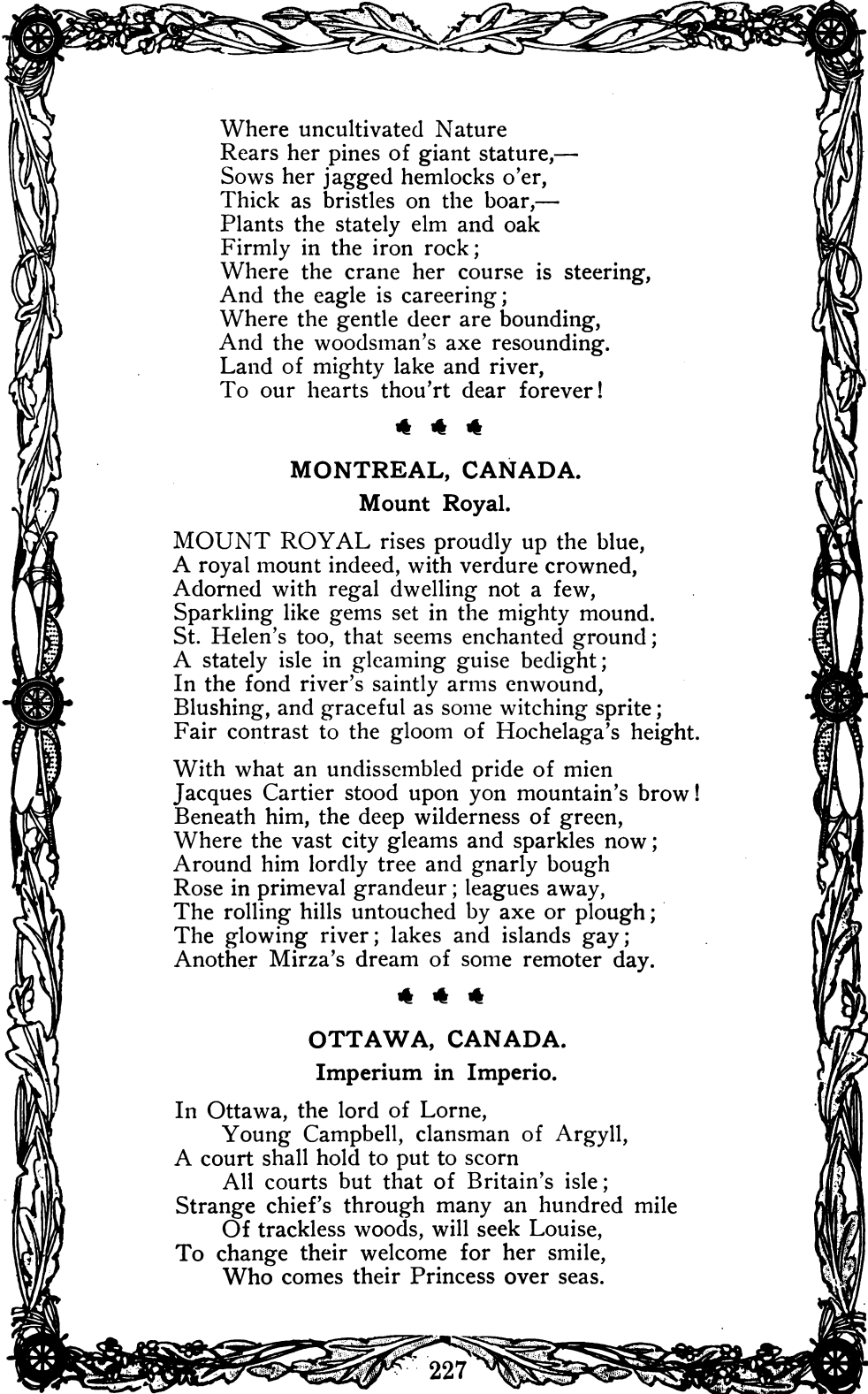
I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drum made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns.



CANADA.

LAND of mighty lake and forest!
Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
Where the summer's leaf is greenest,
And the winter's bite the keenest:
Where the autumn's leaf is scarest,
And her parting smile the dearest;
Where the tempest rushes forth
From his caverns in the north,
With the lightnings of the wrath
Sweeping forests from his path;
Where the cataract stupendous
Lifteth up his voice tremendous;



Where uncultivated Nature
Rears her pines of giant stature,—
Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
Thick as bristles on the boar,—
Plants the stately elm and oak
Firmly in the iron rock;
Where the crane her course is steering,
And the eagle is careering;
Where the gentle deer are bounding,
And the woodsman's axe resounding.
Land of mighty lake and river,
To our hearts thou'rt dear forever!



MONTREAL, CANADA.

Mount Royal.

MOUNT ROYAL rises proudly up the blue,
A royal mount indeed, with verdure crowned,
Adorned with regal dwelling not a few,
Sparkling like gems set in the mighty mound.
St. Helen's too, that seems enchanted ground;
A stately isle in gleaming guise bedight;
In the fond river's saintly arms enwound,
Blushing, and graceful as some witching sprite;
Fair contrast to the gloom of Hochelaga's height.

With what an undissembled pride of mien
Jacques Cartier stood upon yon mountain's brow!
Beneath him, the deep wilderness of green,
Where the vast city gleams and sparkles now;
Around him lordly tree and gnarly bough
Rose in primeval grandeur; leagues away,
The rolling hills untouched by axe or plough;
The glowing river; lakes and islands gay;
Another Mirza's dream of some remoter day.



OTTAWA, CANADA.

Imperium in Imperio.

In Ottawa, the lord of Lorne,
Young Campbell, clansman of Argyll,
A court shall hold to put to scorn
All courts but that of Britain's isle;
Strange chief's through many an hundred mile
Of trackless woods, will seek Louise,
To change their welcome for her smile,
Who comes their Princess over seas.

Of Saxon aspect, proud of mien,
 Bearing high name in days of yore,
 Some gay with tartan red and green,
 Stern as their Caledonian shore,
 With voices like Corbrechtan's roar,—
 What men are these in furred array?
 These be the lords of Labrador,
 And these the dukes of Hudson's Bay.



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA

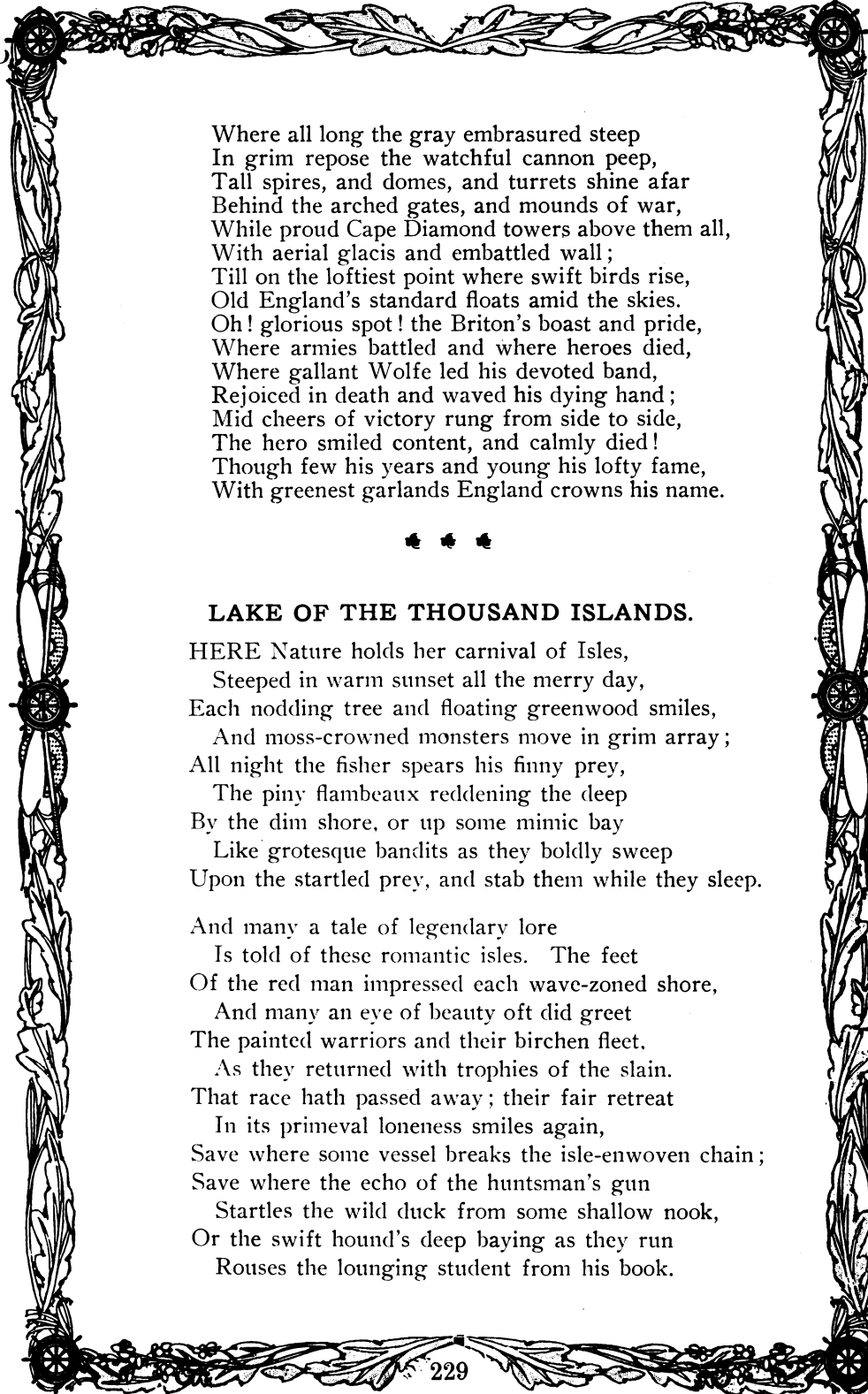
The dwellers where the waters fall
 Down Montmorency's woody steep,
 The merchant-kings of Montreal,
 And they who Durham uplands reap,
 Shall join that rule to guard and keep,
 Whose large dominion shall outgrow
 The imperial island in the deep,—
 Though Time her empire should o'erthrow.



QUEBEC, CANADA.

(Memories of Quebec.)

A FAR Quebec exalts her crest on high,
 Her rocks and battlements invade the sky;
 While on the Bay's broad bosom far and wide,
 The anchored fleets of commerce proudly ride.
 Huge cliffs above precipitous that frown,
 Like Atlas, bent beneath another town,



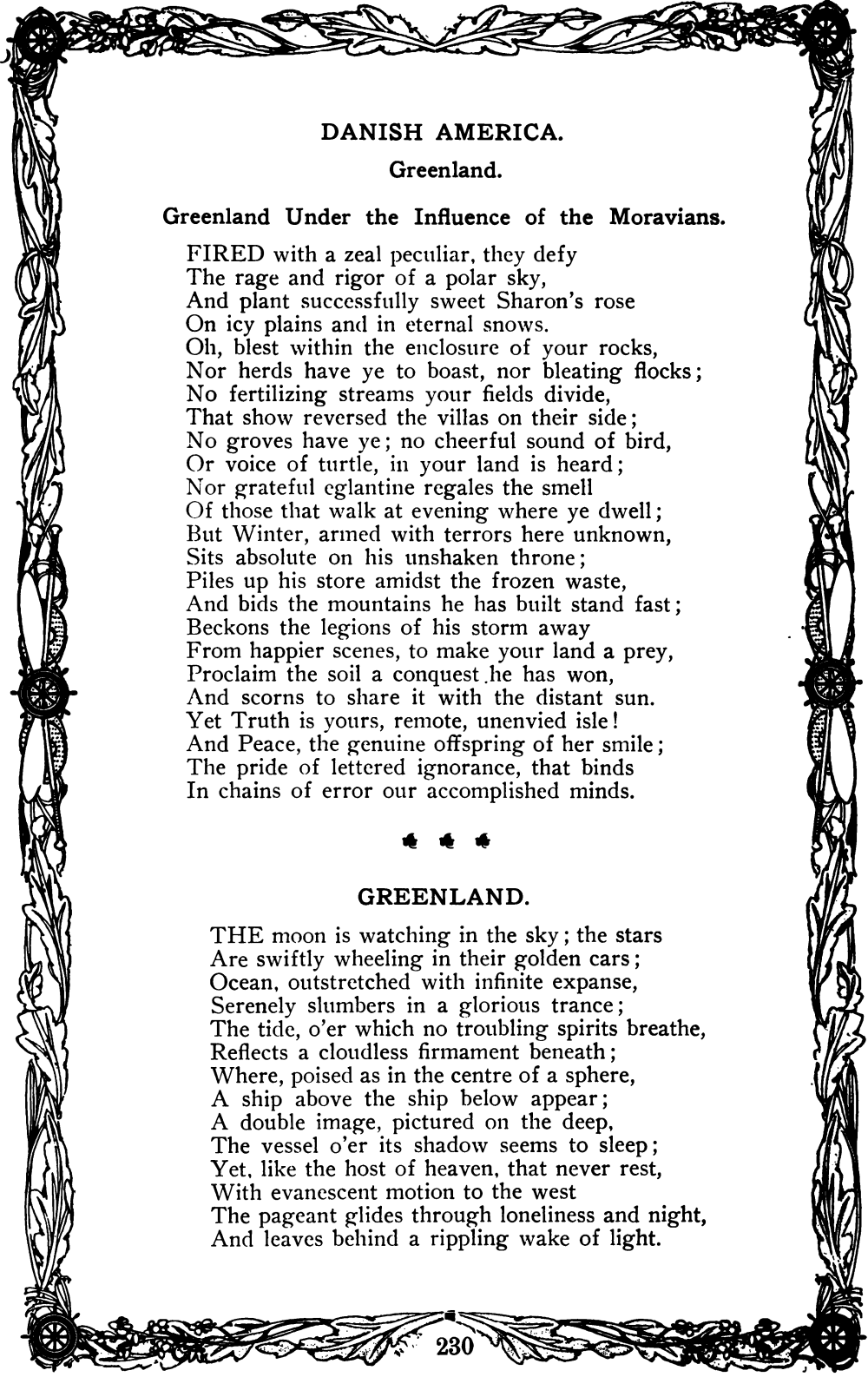
Where all long the gray embrasured steep
In grim repose the watchful cannon peep,
Tall spires, and domes, and turrets shine afar
Behind the arched gates, and mounds of war,
While proud Cape Diamond towers above them all,
With aerial glacis and embattled wall;
Till on the loftiest point where swift birds rise,
Old England's standard floats amid the skies.
Oh! glorious spot! the Briton's boast and pride,
Where armies battled and where heroes died,
Where gallant Wolfe led his devoted band,
Rejoiced in death and waved his dying hand;
Mid cheers of victory rung from side to side,
The hero smiled content, and calmly died!
Though few his years and young his lofty fame,
With greenest garlands England crowns his name.



LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

HERE Nature holds her carnival of Isles,
Steeped in warm sunset all the merry day,
Each nodding tree and floating greenwood smiles,
And moss-crowned monsters move in grim array;
All night the fisher spears his finny prey,
The piny flambeaux reddening the deep
By the dim shore, or up some mimic bay
Like grotesque bandits as they boldly sweep
Upon the startled prey, and stab them while they sleep.

And many a tale of legendary lore
Is told of these romantic isles. The feet
Of the red man impressed each wave-zoned shore,
And many an eye of beauty oft did greet
The painted warriors and their birchen fleet.
As they returned with trophies of the slain.
That race hath passed away; their fair retreat
In its primeval lonesness smiles again,
Save where some vessel breaks the isle-enwoven chain;
Save where the echo of the huntsman's gun
Startles the wild duck from some shallow nook,
Or the swift hound's deep baying as they run
Rouses the lounging student from his book.



DANISH AMERICA.

Greenland.

Greenland Under the Influence of the Moravians.

FIRE^d with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigor of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.
Oh, blest within the enclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show reversed the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his store amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storm away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey,
Proclaim the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle!
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds.



GREENLAND.

THE moon is watching in the sky; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling in their golden cars;
Ocean, outstretched with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above the ship below appear;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

MEXICO.

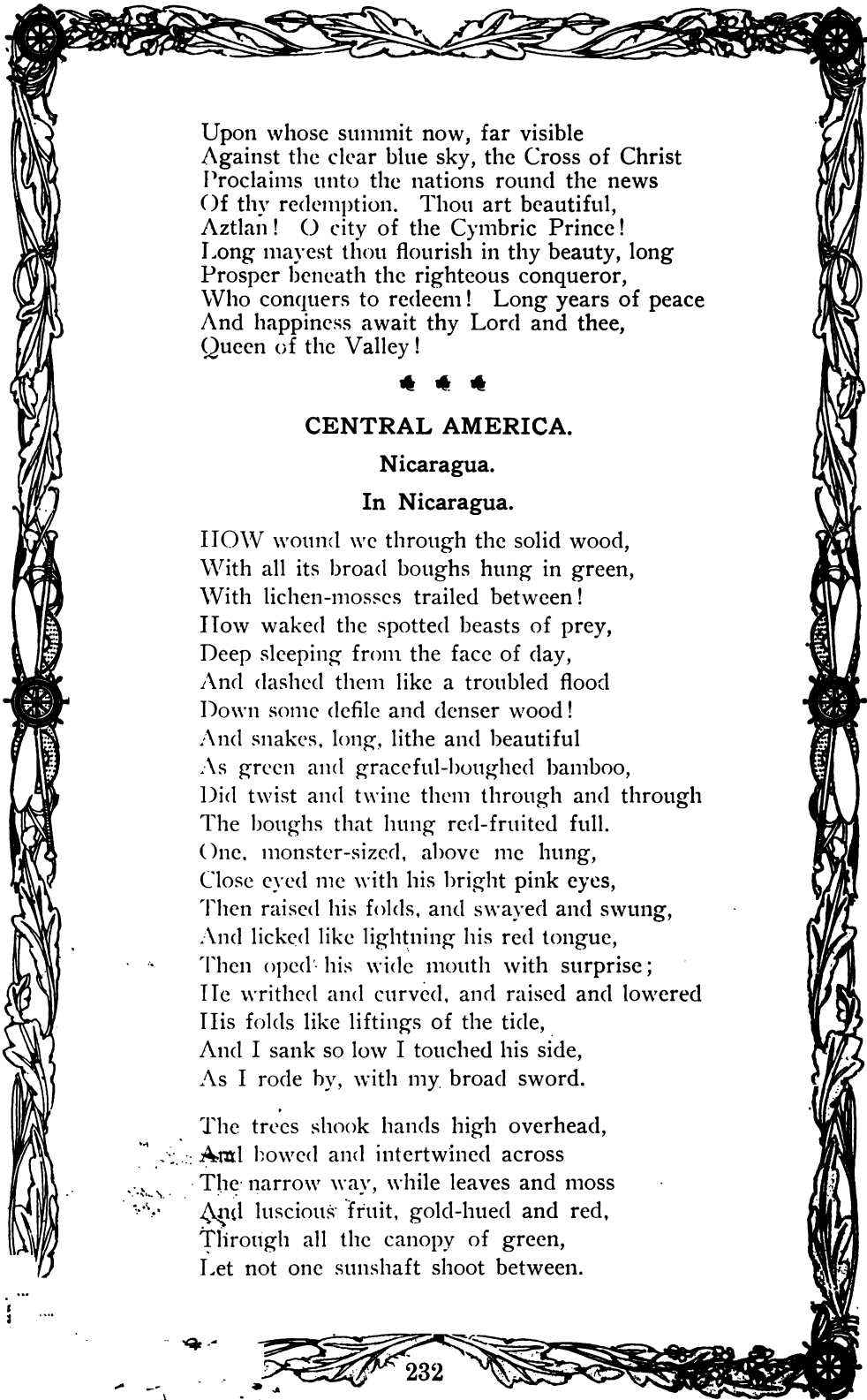
WHERE Mexic hills the breezy gulf defend,
Spontaneous groves with richer burdens bend.
Anana's stalk its shaggy honors yields;
Acassia's flowers perfume a thousand fields;
Their clustered dates the mast-like palms unfold;
The spreading orange waves a load of gold;
Connubial vines o'ertop the larch they climb;
The long-lived olive mocks the moth of time;
Pomona's pride, that old Grenada claims,
Here smiles and reddens in diviner flames;
Pimento, citron, scent the sky serene;
White, woolly clusters fringe the cotton's green;
The sturdy fig, the frail deciduous cane,
And foodful cocoa fan the sultry plain.
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring;
No wintry blasts the unchanging year deform,
Nor beasts unsheltered fear the pinching storm;
But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove,
And breathe the ripened juices through the grove.



PANORAMA OF CITY OF MEXICO

MEXICO.

Thou art beautiful,
Queen of the Valley! thou art beautiful!
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun;
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-sweets
Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple pyramids arise,



Upon whose summit now, far visible
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of Christ
Proclaims unto the nations round the news
Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,
Aztlán! O city of the Cymbric Prince!
Long mayest thou flourish in thy beauty, long
Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,
Who conquers to redeem! Long years of peace
And happiness await thy Lord and thee,
Queen of the Valley!



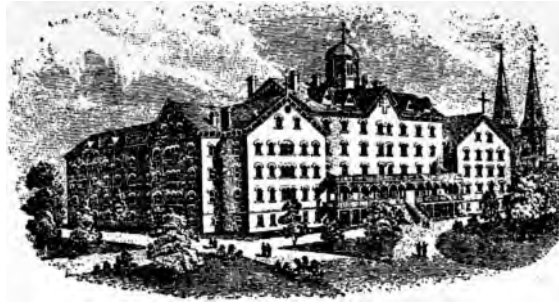
CENTRAL AMERICA.

Nicaragua.

In Nicaragua.

How wound we through the solid wood,
With all its broad boughs hung in green,
With lichen-mosses trailed between!
How waked the spotted beasts of prey,
Deep sleeping from the face of day,
And dashed them like a troubled flood
Down some defile and denser wood!
And snakes, long, lithe and beautiful
As green and graceful-boughed bamboo,
Did twist and twine them through and through
The boughs that hung red-fruited full.
One, monster-sized, above me hung,
Close eyed me with his bright pink eyes,
Then raised his folds, and swayed and swung,
And licked like lightning his red tongue,
Then opened his wide mouth with surprise;
He writhed and curved, and raised and lowered
His folds like liftings of the tide,
And I sank so low I touched his side,
As I rode by, with my broad sword.

The trees shook hands high overhead,
And bowed and intertwined across
The narrow way, while leaves and moss
And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,
Through all the canopy of green,
Let not one sunshaft shoot between.



NIAGARA COLLEGE

SOUTH AMERICA.

WHEN o'er the Atlantic wild, rocked by the blast,
 Sad Lusitania's exiled sovereign passed,
 Reft of her pomp, from her paternal throne
 Cast forth, and wandering to a clime unknown,
 To seek a refuge on that far distant shore,
 That once her country's legions dyed with gore;
 Sudden, methought, high towering o'er the flood,
 Hesperian world! thy mighty genius stood;
 Where spread, from cape to cape, from bay to bay,
 Serenely blue, the vast Pacific lay;
 And the huge Cordilleras to the skies
 With all their burning summits seemed to rise.
 Then the stern spirit spoke, and to his voice
 The waves and woods replied: Mountains, rejoice!
 Thou solitary sea, whose billows sweep
 The margin of my forests, dark and deep,
 Rejoice! the hour is come; the mortal blow,
 That smote the golden shrines of Mexico,
 In Europe is avenged; and thou, proud Spain,
 Now hostile hosts insult thy own domain;
 Now Fate, vindictive, rolls, with refluent flood,
 Back on thy shores the tide of human blood,
 Think of my murdered millions! of the cries
 That once I heard from all my kingdoms rise;
 Of Famine's feeble plaint, of Slavery's tear;
 Think, too, if Valor, Freedom, Fame, be dear,
 How my Antarctic sons, undaunted, stood,
 Exacting groan for groan, and blood for blood.

BRAZIL.

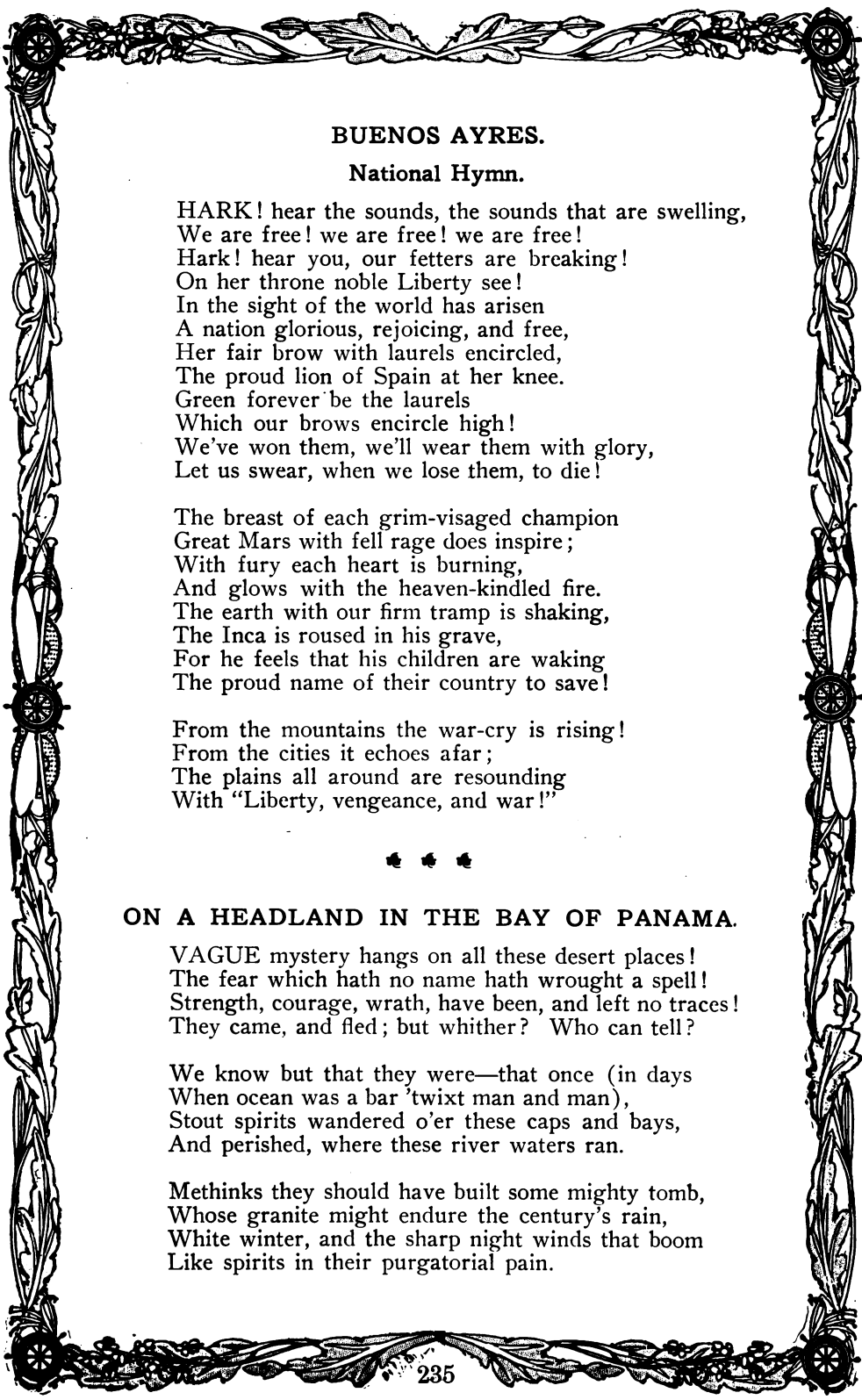
Freedom in Brazil.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
In blue Brazilian skies;
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
From sunset to sunrise,
From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves
Thy joy's long anthem pour.
Yet a few days (God make them less!) and slaves
Shall shame thy pride no more.
No fettered feet thy shaded margins press;
But all men shall walk free
Where thou, the high priest of the wilderness,
As wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through whose mouth
The word of God is said,
Once more, "Let there be light!"—Son of the South,
Lift up thy honored head,
Wear unshamed a crown by the desert
More than by birth thy own,
Careless of watch and ward; thou art begirt
By grateful hearts alone.
The moated wall and battleship may fail,
But safe shall justice prove;
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail
The panoply of love.



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, CHICAGO



BUENOS AYRES.

National Hymn.

HARK! hear the sounds, the sounds that are swelling,
We are free! we are free! we are free!
Hark! hear you, our fetters are breaking!
On her throne noble Liberty see!
In the sight of the world has arisen
A nation glorious, rejoicing, and free,
Her fair brow with laurels encircled,
The proud lion of Spain at her knee.
Green forever be the laurels
Which our brows encircle high!
We've won them, we'll wear them with glory,
Let us swear, when we lose them, to die!

The breast of each grim-visaged champion
Great Mars with fell rage does inspire;
With fury each heart is burning,
And glows with the heaven-kindled fire.
The earth with our firm tramp is shaking,
The Inca is roused in his grave,
For he feels that his children are waking
The proud name of their country to save!

From the mountains the war-cry is rising!
From the cities it echoes afar;
The plains all around are resounding
With "Liberty, vengeance, and war!"



ON A HEADLAND IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

VAGUE mystery hangs on all these desert places!
The fear which hath no name hath wrought a spell!
Strength, courage, wrath, have been, and left no traces!
They came, and fled; but whither? Who can tell?

We know but that they were—that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man),
Stout spirits wandered o'er these caps and bays,
And perished, where these river waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,
White winter, and the sharp night winds that boom
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, 'tis their proud unburied bones
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore;
Yet naught besides the rocks and worn sea stones
Now answers to the great Pacific's roar!

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died;
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,
Because he made his tomb a place of pride;
And thus the dead Metella earned a name.

But these—they vanished as the lightnings die
(Their mischiefs over) in the surging deep;
And no one knoweth underneath the sky,
What heroes perished here, nor where they sleep.



RIO JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

Rio Janeiro.

ROCKS piled on the rocks immense, mountains afar,
Their outline bold, drawn on the lofty sky.
Dom Pedro, thou art safe! Thy bulwarks are
Impregnable, Brazilian liberty!
Faction may ruin thee, but foreign war
Can ne'er assail thy strongholds. Live and die
Free, then Brazilian! See how bounteous heaven
For thy defense ramparts of rock hath given!

Ye pyramids of Egypt, what are ye
To Nature's pyramids, unnumbered here?
Some stand like watch-towers distant in the sea,
As 'twere to signal give of danger near.
Others on land all riven! Perchance they be
Remnants of giant strife full many a year
Forgot. It may be they were rent asunder
By Titans and by antediluvian thunder.

Rocks piled on rocks in wild confusion rise,
Mountains uprear their snow-clad peaks afar,
And on each headland bold, strong batteries
Bespeak the infant empire ripe for war.
Then the broad bay that, like some Scotch loch, lies
Encircled by steep hills, but lovelier far;
Its thousand isles clothed with rich verdure seem
All beauteous as the landscape of a dream.

WEST INDIES.

Cuba, the Island.

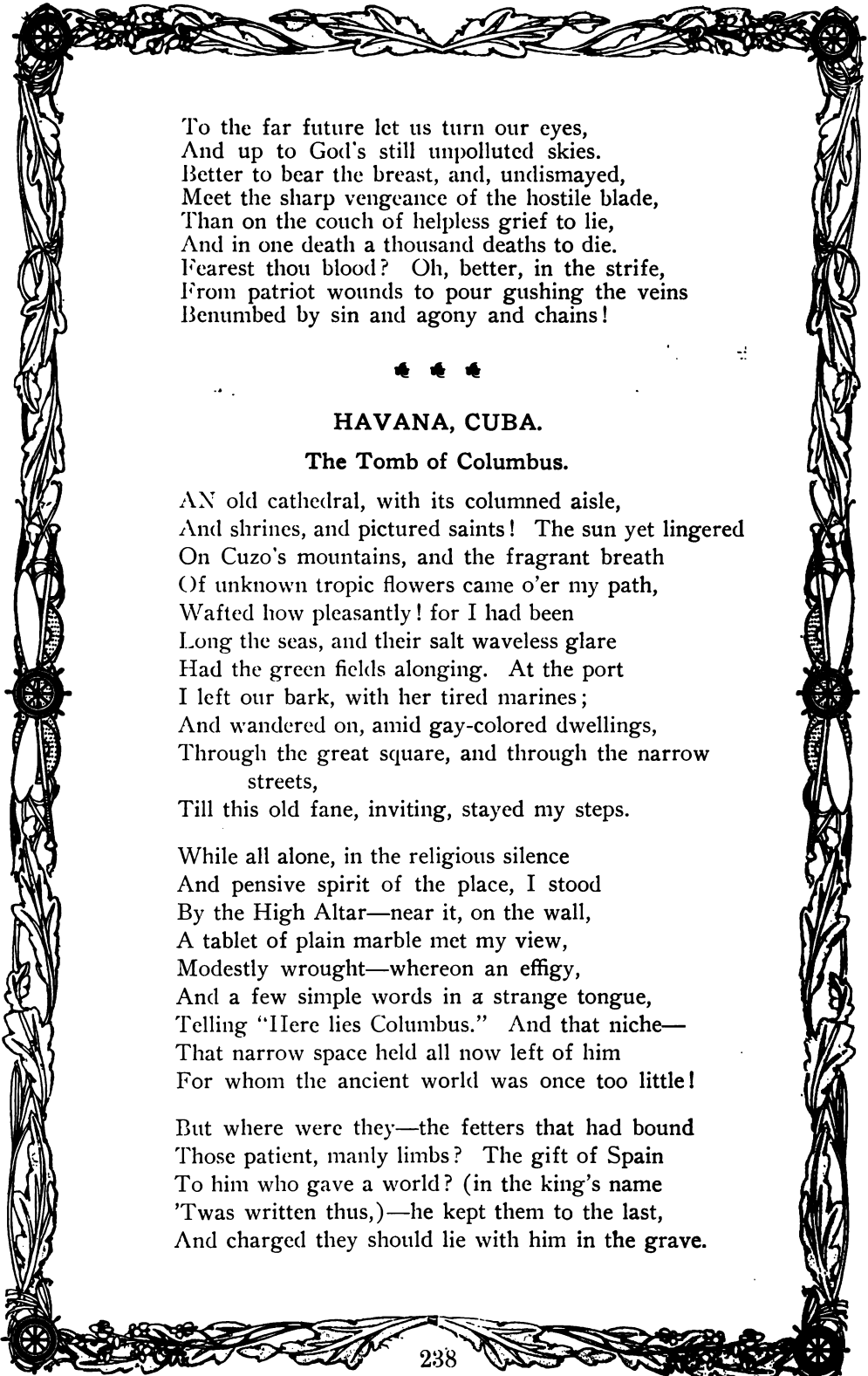
Cuba.

FAIR land of Cuba! on thy shores are seen
Life's far extremes of noble and of mean,
The world of sense in matchless beauty dressed,
And nameless horrors hid within thy breast.
Ordained of heaven the fairest flower of earth,
False to thy gifts, and reckless of thy birth!
The tyrant's clamor, and the slave's sad cry,
With the sharp lash in insolent reply—



MICHIGAN CENTRAL STATION, CHICAGO

Such are the sounds that echo on thy plains,
While virtue faints, and vice unblushing reigns.
Rise, and to power a daring heart oppose!
Confront with death these worse than deathlike woes.
Unfailing valor chains the flying fate;
Who dares to die shall win the conqueror's state.
We, too, can leave a glory and a name
Our children shall not blush to claim;



To the far future let us turn our eyes,
And up to God's still unpolluted skies.
Better to bear the breast, and, undismayed,
Meet the sharp vengeance of the hostile blade,
Than on the couch of helpless grief to lie,
And in one death a thousand deaths to die.
Fearest thou blood? Oh, better, in the strife,
From patriot wounds to pour gushing the veins
Benumbed by sin and agony and chains!



HAVANA, CUBA.

The Tomb of Columbus.

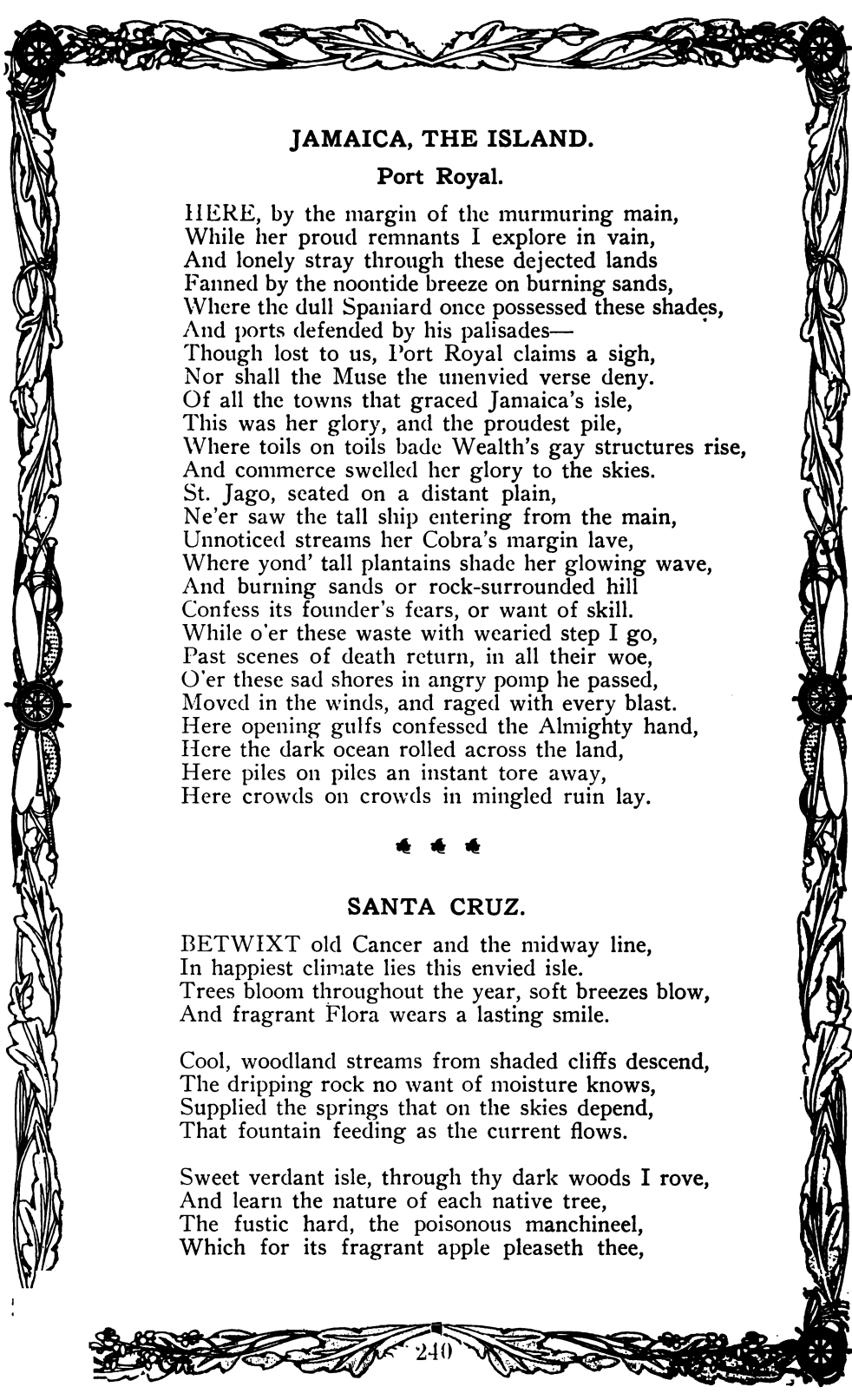
AN old cathedral, with its columned aisle,
And shrines, and pictured saints! The sun yet lingered
On Cuzo's mountains, and the fragrant breath
Of unknown tropic flowers came o'er my path,
Wafted how pleasantly! for I had been
Long the seas, and their salt waveless glare
Had the green fields alonging. At the port
I left our bark, with her tired marines;
And wandered on, amid gay-colored dwellings,
Through the great square, and through the narrow
streets,
Till this old fane, inviting, stayed my steps.

While all alone, in the religious silence
And pensive spirit of the place, I stood
By the High Altar—near it, on the wall,
A tablet of plain marble met my view,
Modestly wrought—whereon an effigy,
And a few simple words in a strange tongue,
Telling "Here lies Columbus." And that niche—
That narrow space held all now left of him
For whom the ancient world was once too little!

But where were they—the fetters that had bound
Those patient, manly limbs? The gift of Spain
To him who gave a world? (in the king's name
'Twas written thus,)—he kept them to the last,
And charged they should lie with him in the grave.



EVANSTON ACADEMY



JAMAICA, THE ISLAND.

Port Royal.

HERE, by the margin of the murmuring main,
While her proud remnants I explore in vain,
And lonely stray through these dejected lands
Fanned by the noontide breeze on burning sands,
Where the dull Spaniard once possessed these shades,
And ports defended by his palisades—
Though lost to us, Port Royal claims a sigh,
Nor shall the Muse the unenvied verse deny.
Of all the towns that graced Jamaica's isle,
This was her glory, and the proudest pile,
Where toils on toils bade Wealth's gay structures rise,
And commerce swelled her glory to the skies.
St. Jago, seated on a distant plain,
Ne'er saw the tall ship entering from the main,
Unnoticed streams her Cobra's margin lave,
Where yond' tall plantains shade her glowing wave,
And burning sands or rock-surrounded hill
Confess its founder's fears, or want of skill.
While o'er these waste with wearied step I go,
Past scenes of death return, in all their woe,
O'er these sad shores in angry pomp he passed,
Moved in the winds, and raged with every blast.
Here opening gulfs confessed the Almighty hand,
Here the dark ocean rolled across the land,
Here piles on piles an instant tore away,
Here crowds on crowds in mingled ruin lay.



SANTA CRUZ.

BETWIXT old Cancer and the midway line,
In happiest climate lies this envied isle.
Trees bloom throughout the year, soft breezes blow,
And fragrant Flora wears a lasting smile.

Cool, woodland streams from shaded cliffs descend,
The dripping rock no want of moisture knows,
Supplied the springs that on the skies depend,
That fountain feeding as the current flows.

Sweet verdant isle, through thy dark woods I rove,
And learn the nature of each native tree,
The fustic hard, the poisonous manchineel,
Which for its fragrant apple pleaseth thee,



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

Alluring to the smell, fair to the eye,
But deadliest poison in the taste is found—
Oh, shun the dangerous tree, nor touch, like Eve,
This interdicted fruit, in Eden's ground.
The lowly mangrove, fond of watery soil,
The white-barked gregory, rising high in air,
The mastic in the woods you may descry;
Tamarind, and lofty bay trees flourish there.

Sweet orange grove in lonely valleys rise
And drop their fruits, unnoticed and unknown,
The cooling acid limes in hedges grow,
The juicy lemons swell in shades their own.



Oceania

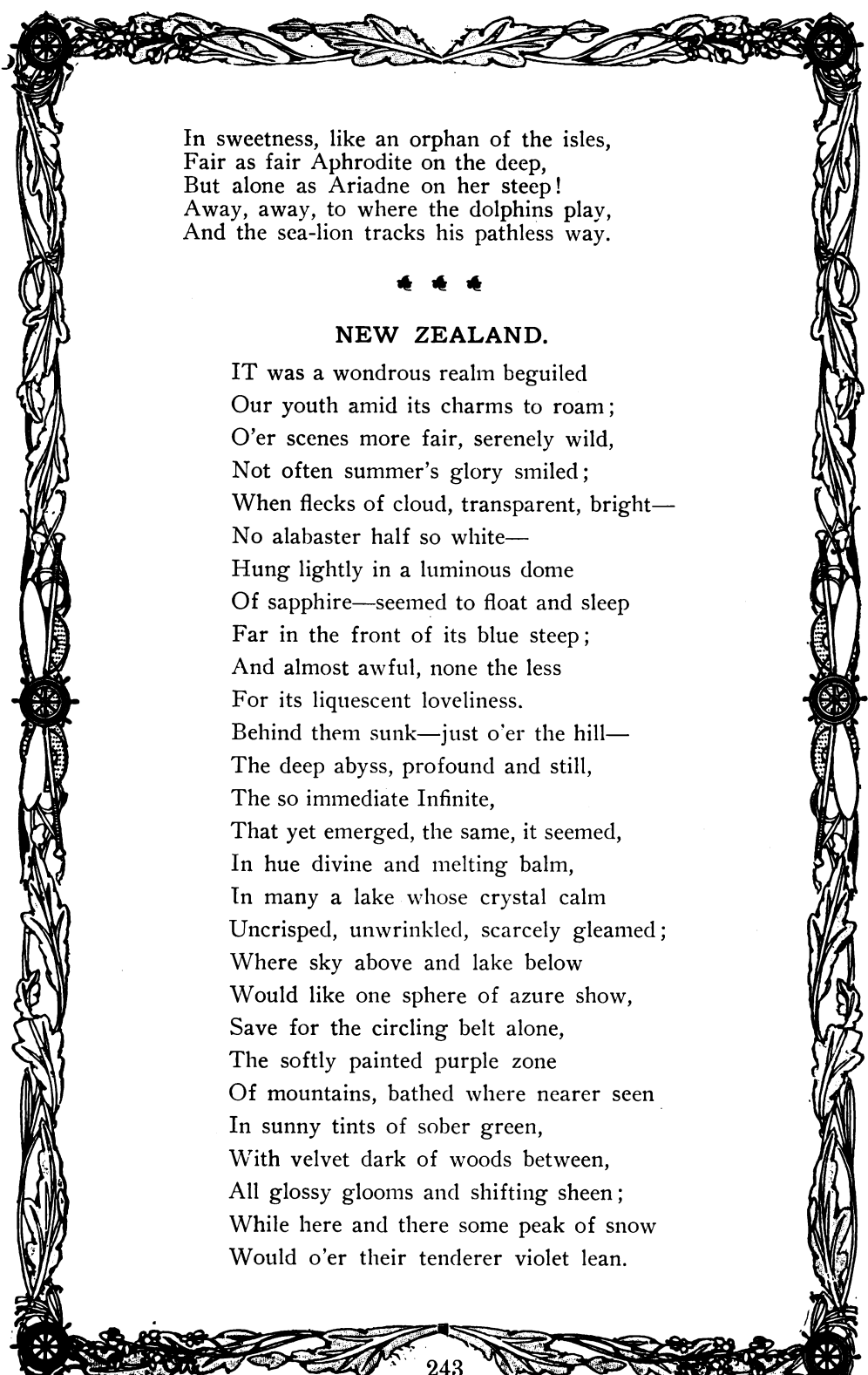
AUSTRALIA.

Australia, in her varied forms, expands,
And opens to the sky her hundred lands,
From where the day-beam paints the waters blue,
Around the blessed islands of Arroo,
And life, in all its myriad mouldings, plays,
Amid the beauty of the tropic blaze—
Where summer watches with undying eye,
And equal day and night divide the sky—



TOWN HALL AND SQUARE, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Where the throned Phoebus wakens all the flowers,
To do him homage in his own bright bowers—
And Cynthia, on her empyrean height,
Holds crowded levee through the livelong night—
Where starlight is a gala of the skies,
And sunset is a cloud-sketch'd paradise;
Away, away, to where the billows rave,
Around the quenched volcano's echoing cave—
Where she, the lonely beauty, sits and smiles,

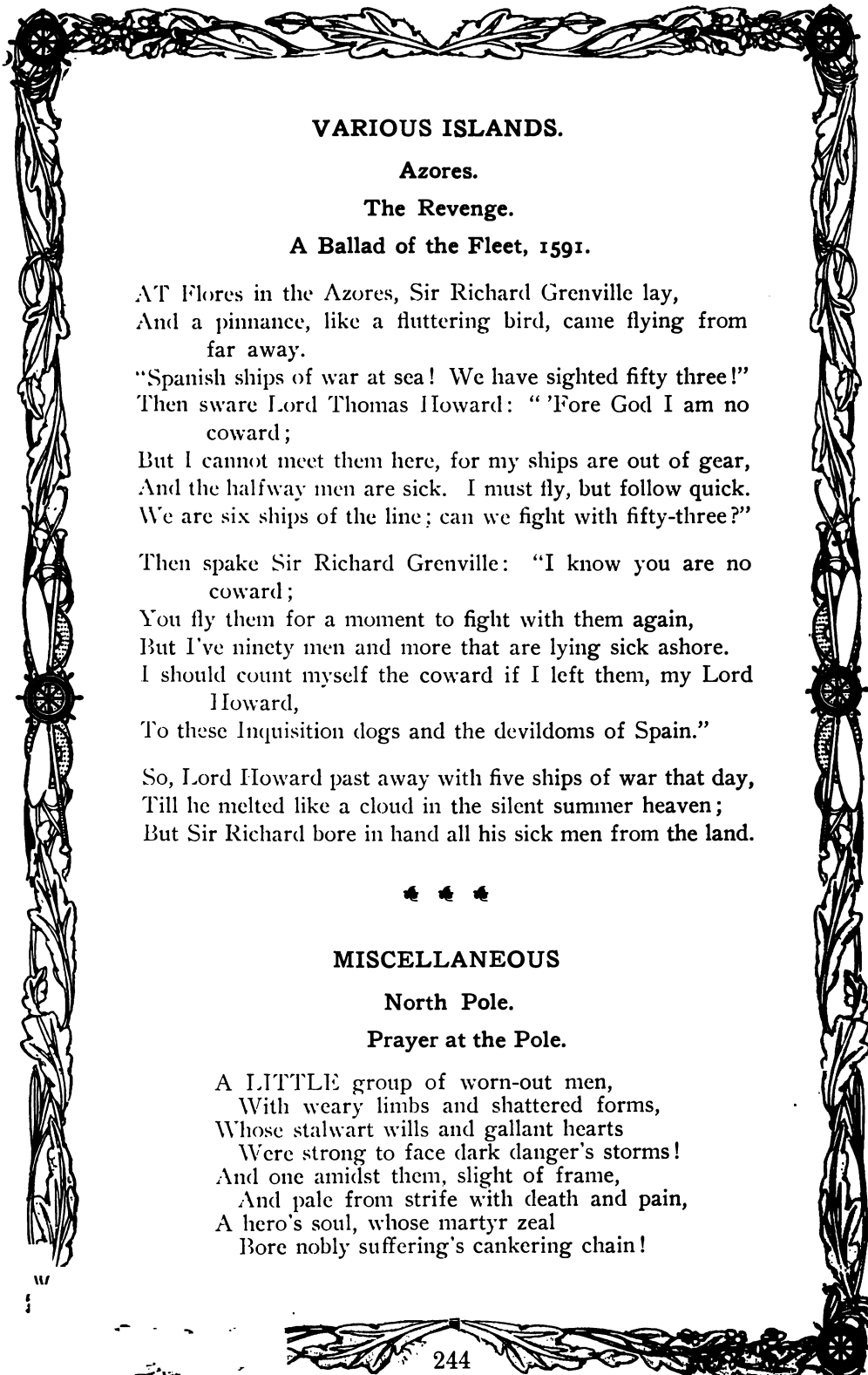


In sweetness, like an orphan of the isles,
Fair as fair Aphrodite on the deep,
But alone as Ariadne on her steep!
Away, away, to where the dolphins play,
And the sea-lion tracks his pathless way.



NEW ZEALAND.

IT was a wondrous realm beguiled
Our youth amid its charms to roam;
O'er scenes more fair, serenely wild,
Not often summer's glory smiled;
When flecks of cloud, transparent, bright—
No alabaster half so white—
Hung lightly in a luminous dome
Of sapphire—seemed to float and sleep
Far in the front of its blue steep;
And almost awful, none the less
For its liquescent loveliness.
Behind them sunk—just o'er the hill—
The deep abyss, profound and still,
The so immediate Infinite,
That yet emerged, the same, it seemed,
In hue divine and melting balm,
In many a lake whose crystal calm
Uncrisped, unwrinkled, scarcely gleamed;
Where sky above and lake below
Would like one sphere of azure show,
Save for the circling belt alone,
The softly painted purple zone
Of mountains, bathed where nearer seen
In sunny tints of sober green,
With velvet dark of woods between,
All glossy glooms and shifting sheen;
While here and there some peak of snow
Would o'er their tenderer violet lean.



VARIOUS ISLANDS.

Azores.

The Revenge.

A Ballad of the Fleet, 1591.

AT Flores in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnance, like a fluttering bird, came flying from
far away.

"Spanish ships of war at sea! We have sighted fifty three!"
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no
coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the halfway men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no
coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again,
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So, Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land.

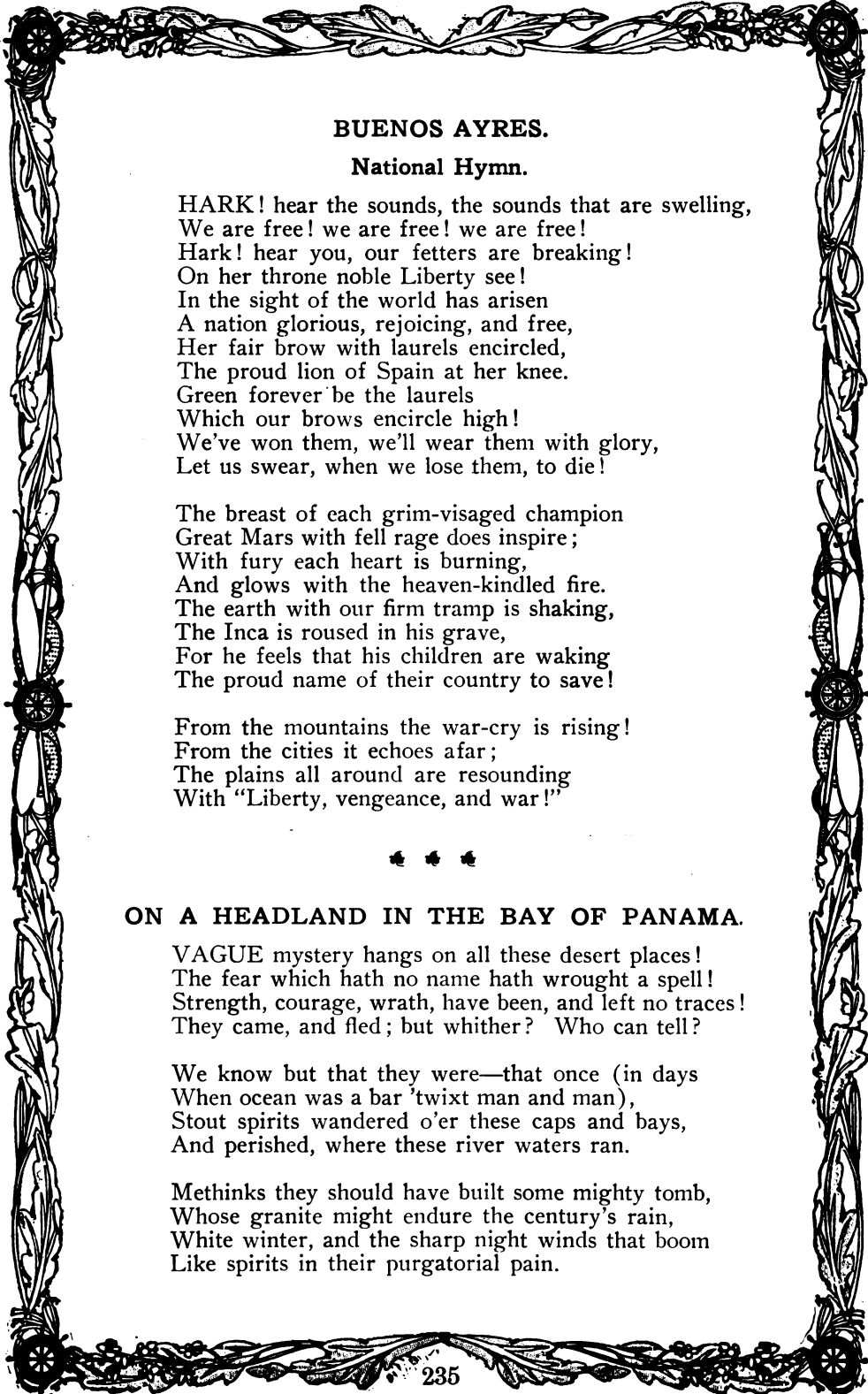


MISCELLANEOUS

North Pole.

Prayer at the Pole.

A LITTLE group of worn-out men,
With weary limbs and shattered forms,
Whose stalwart wills and gallant hearts
Were strong to face dark danger's storms!
And one amidst them, slight of frame,
And pale from strife with death and pain,
A hero's soul, whose martyr zeal
Bore nobly suffering's cankering chain!



BUENOS AYRES.

National Hymn.

HARK! hear the sounds, the sounds that are swelling,
We are free! we are free! we are free!
Hark! hear you, our fetters are breaking!
On her throne noble Liberty see!
In the sight of the world has arisen
A nation glorious, rejoicing, and free,
Her fair brow with laurels encircled,
The proud lion of Spain at her knee.
Green forever be the laurels
Which our brows encircle high!
We've won them, we'll wear them with glory,
Let us swear, when we lose them, to die!

The breast of each grim-visaged champion
Great Mars with fell rage does inspire;
With fury each heart is burning,
And glows with the heaven-kindled fire.
The earth with our firm tramp is shaking,
The Inca is roused in his grave,
For he feels that his children are waking
The proud name of their country to save!

From the mountains the war-cry is rising!
From the cities it echoes afar;
The plains all around are resounding
With "Liberty, vengeance, and war!"



ON A HEADLAND IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

VAGUE mystery hangs on all these desert places!
The fear which hath no name hath wrought a spell!
Strength, courage, wrath, have been, and left no traces!
They came, and fled; but whither? Who can tell?

We know but that they were—that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man),
Stout spirits wandered o'er these caps and bays,
And perished, where these river waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,
White winter, and the sharp night winds that boom
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.



POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

[Based upon the Statesman's Year Book for 1904 and publications of the bureau of the census, Washington, D. C.]

BY GRAND DIVISIONS.

Africa.....	151,631,036
Asia.....	862,884,388
Europe.....	393,577,190
North America.....	109,276,193
Oceania.....	49,939,381
South America.....	88,893,185
Total.....	1,606,201,373

AFRICA.

Abyssinia (est., 1902).....	3,500,000
British colonies (1901).....	7,001,073
British protectorates (est., 1902).....	35,000,000
Egypt (est., 1902).....	9,821,045
French Africa (1901).....	32,126,380
German Africa (est., 1902).....	12,600,000
Italian Africa (est., 1902).....	450,000
Kongo Indep. State (est., 1902).....	30,000,000
Liberia (est., 1902).....	2,060,000
Morocco (1889).....	9,400,000
Portuguese Africa (est., 1902).....	8,248,527
Spanish Africa (est., 1902).....	124,011
Turkish Africa (est., 1902).....	1,300,000
Total.....	151,631,036

ASIA.

Aden and Perim (1901).....	41,222
Afghanistan (1900).....	4,000,000
Baluchistan (1901).....	1,049,808
Bhutan (1900).....	90,000
Ceylon (1901).....	3,578,533
China (1901).....	407,387,306
French Indo-China * (1901).....	18,507,500
Hongkong (1901).....	386,159
India, British (1901).....	294,360,356
Japan (1899).....	47,018,765
Korea (1901).....	5,608,151
Labuan (1901).....	8,411
Malay states (1901).....	678,595
Manchuria (1901).....	8,500,000
Mongolia (1901).....	2,540,000
Nepal (1900).....	4,000,000
Oman (1900).....	1,500,000
Persia (1902).....	9,500,000
Portuguese Asia (1901).....	640,917
Russia in Asia (1901).....	22,697,469
Samoa (1900).....	54,834
Siam (1900).....	5,000,000
Sikkim (1901).....	59,014
Straits Settlements (1901).....	572,249
Tibet (1901).....	6,430,000
Turkestan, Chinese (1901).....	1,200,000
Turkey in Asia (1900).....	17,545,300
Total.....	862,884,388

*Including French India.

EUROPE.

Andorra (1901).....	6,000
Austria-Hungary (1900).....	45,405,267
Belgium (1900).....	6,693,548
Bulgaria (1900).....	3,744,283
Denmark (1901).....	2,464,770
France (1901).....	38,961,945
Germany (1900).....	56,367,178
Great Britain (1901).....	42,168,111
Greece (1896).....	2,493,806
Iceland (1901).....	78,470
Italy (1901).....	32,475,253
Monaco (1900).....	15,180
Netherlands (1901).....	5,263,232
Norway (1900).....	2,239,880
Portugal (1900).....	5,428,659
Roumania (1899).....	5,912,520
Russia (1897).....	106,264,136
San Marino (1899).....	11,002
Servia (1900).....	2,493,770
Spain (1900).....	18,618,086
Sweden (1901).....	5,175,228
Switzerland (1900).....	3,315,433
Turkey (1900).....	8,041,423
Total.....	393,577,190

NORTH AMERICA.

Bahamas (1901).....	54,358
Barbados (1901).....	195,588
Bermudas (1901).....	17,635
Canada (1901).....	5,371,315
Costa Rica (1901).....	812,816
Cuba (1899).....	1,572,845
Curaçao (1900).....	52,301
Danish West Indies (1901).....	30,527
French Islands (1901).....	392,140
Greenland (1901).....	11,836
Guatemala (1900).....	1,647,300
Haiti (1901).....	1,294,400
Honduras (1900).....	587,500
Honduras, British (1901).....	37,479
Jamaica (1902).....	770,242
Leeward islands (1901).....	127,434
Mexico (1900).....	13,545,462
Newfoundland * (1901).....	220,984
Nicaragua (1900).....	500,000
Porto Rico (1899).....	963,243
Salvador (1901).....	1,006,848
Santo Domingo (1888).....	610,000
United States † (1900).....	79,900,399
Total.....	109,276,193

*Including Labrador. †Including Alaska.

OCEANIA.

Australian Federation (1901).....	3,777,715
Borneo, British (1901).....	200,000
Dutch East Indies (1900).....	36,000,000
Fiji islands (1901).....	117,870
Guam (1900).....	9,000
Hawaii (1900).....	154,001
Marquesas islands (1897).....	4,280
Marshall islands (1901).....	19,000
New Caledonia (1901).....	61,415
New Guinea, British (1901).....	350,000
New Guinea, German (1901).....	385,000
New Zealand (1901).....	772,719
Philippine islands (1903).....	7,635,426
Samoa islands (1901).....	38,100
Society islands (1897).....	11,896
Taomotu islands (1897).....	5,000
Timor, Portuguese (1900).....	300,000
Tonga islands (1900).....	18,959
Total.....	49,939,381

SOUTH AMERICA.

Argentine Republic (1901).....	4,894,149
Bolivia (1900).....	1,894,149
Brazil (1890).....	14,338,915
Chile (1901).....	3,146,577
Colombia (1898).....	4,000,000
Ecuador (1902).....	1,271,861
Falkland islands (1901).....	2,076
Guiana, British (1891).....	278,328
Guiana, French (1901).....	52,908
Guiana, Dutch (1901).....	131,269
Paraguay (1899).....	630,103
Peru (1896).....	4,609,999
Trinidad (1901).....	273,898
Uruguay (1901).....	959,137
Venezuela (1894).....	2,444,816
Total.....	38,893,185

DR. SUPAN'S ESTIMATE.

In 1904 Dr. Alexander Supan of Germany published the following estimate of the earth's population: Europe, 392,264,000; Asia, 819,556,000; Africa, 140,700,000; Australia and Polynesia, 6,483,000; North America, 105,714,000; South America, 38,482,000; polar regions, 91,000; total, 1,503,290,000.

COLONIES OF THE WORLD IN 1904.

Number, area and population of the noncontiguous territories of the nations of the world.

Countries with Colonies.	No. of colonies.	Area in Square Miles.		Population.	
		Mother country.	Colonies.	Mother country.	Colonies.
Austria-Hungary	1	240,952	23,262	45,405,267	1,568,092
Belgium	1	11,373	900,000	6,623,548	30,000,000
Chinese Empire	4	1,532,420	2,744,750	407,337,305	18,710,000
Denmark	4	15,300	86,634	2,464,770	120,892
France	27	2,97,064	4,072,076	38,361,945	61,139,340
Germany	12	208,830	1,027,820	56,367,178	13,087,000
Great Britain	55	120,979	11,125,105	41,952,510	300,000,000
Italy	2	110,550	128,500	32,475,253	850,000
Japan	2	147,655	13,543	44,290,604	2,758,161
Netherlands	14	12,648	783,000	5,263,232	36,000,000
Portugal	10	36,038	801,060	5,428,659	9,267,444
Russia	8	8,660,395	114,320	129,004,514	2,050,000
Spain	5	194,783	252,850	18,618,066	124,011
Turkey	6	1,115,046	464,036	24,931,600	15,509,357
United States	6	3,025,600	729,272	79,900,389	8,821,062
Total	152	15,639,683	24,320,128	989,064,260	650,005,359

DEPENDENCIES OF EACH NATION.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY			Sq. miles Population	
Bosnia, Herzegovina	23,262	1,568,092		
BELGIUM			Sq. miles Population	
Kongo Free State	900,000	30,000,000		
CHINA			Sq. miles Population	
East Turkestan	550,340	1,200,000		
Manchuria	363,610	8,500,000		
Mongolia	1,367,600	2,580,000		
Tibet	463,200	6,430,000		
DENMARK			Sq. miles Population	
Danish West Indies	138	30,527		
Faeroe Islands	512	50,230		
Greenland	46,740	11,895		
Iceland	39,756	78,470		
FRANCE			Sq. miles Population	
Algeria	184,474	4,739,331		
Algerian Sahara	123,500	50,000		
Anam	52,100	6,124,000		
Cambodia	37,400	1,500,000		
Cochin China	22,000	2,968,600		
Comoro Islands	620	47,000		
Dahomey	60,000	1,000,000		
Guadeloupe	688	182,110		
Guiana, French	30,500	32,910		
Guinea, French	95,000	2,300,000		
India, French	196	273,000		
Ivory Coast	116,000	2,000,000		
Kongo, French	450,000	15,000,000		
Madagascar	227,750	2,505,237		
Martinique	380	203,780		
Mayotte	140	11,640		
New Caledonia	7,650	51,410		
Reunion	965	173,192		
Sahara	1,544,000	2,550,000		
St. Marie	64	7,670		
St. Pierre and Miquelon	92	6,250		
Senegal	80,000	1,800,000		
Senegambia and Niger	210,000	3,000,000		
Society Islands, etc	1,520	29,000		
Somali Coast	46,000	200,000		
Tonquin and Laos	144,400	7,641,900		
Tunis	50,840	1,900,000		
GREAT BRITAIN			Sq. miles Population	
Aden and Perim	80	41,222		
Ascension	35	430		
Australian Federation	2,972,595	3,832,850		
Bahamas	4,470	54,358		
Bahrein Islands	273	68,000		
Baluchistan	132,315	500,000		
Barbados	166	195,600		
GERMANY			Sq. miles Population	
Bismarck archipelago	20,000	188,000		
Caroline Islands, etc	810	42,000		
German East Africa	384,180	8,000,000		
German Southwest Africa	322,450	200,000		
Kaiser Wilhelm Land	70,000	110,000		
ITALY			Sq. miles Population	
Basutoland	10,293	264,100		
Bechuanaland	213,000	200,000		
Bermudas	20	17,636		
Borneo	31,106	200,000		
British Central Africa	42,217	900,700		
British East Africa	360,000	4,000,000		
Canada	3,048,710	5,371,315		
Cape Colony	276,775	1,787,980		
Ceylon	25,365	3,578,333		
Cyprus	3,584	267,022		
Falkland Islands	7,500	2,076		
Fiji and Rotuna Islands	7,740	120,950		
Gambia	69	13,500		
Gibraltar	2	27,480		
Gold Coast	40,000	1,500,000		
Guiana	104,000	294,000		
Honduras	7,660	37,650		
Hongkong	407	386,169		
India	1,087,404	231,898,807		
Jamaica and Turk's Island	4,370	771,900		
Lagos	3,480	85,600		
Leeward Islands	700	127,440		
Malay States	26,500	678,696		
Malta and Gozo	117	188,141		
Mauritius, etc	729	378,040		
Natal	29,200	925,118		
Newfoundland	162,200	217,100		
New Guinea	90,540	360,000		
New Zealand	104,470	787,660		
Nigeria	500,000	25,000,000		
Orange River Colony	48,330	207,500		
Rhodesia	164,000	869,653		
St. Helena	47	3,342		
Seychelles	148	19,237		
Sierra Leone	4,000	77,000		
Sikkim	2,818	59,014		
Somali Coast	68,000	800,000		
Straits Settlements	1,472	572,249		
Transvaal Colony	119,140	1,094,100		
Trinidad	1,868	279,700		
Tristan da Cunha	45	100		
Uganda	80,000	4,000,000		
Windward Islands	500	162,800		
Zanzibar and Pemba	1,020	200,000		

	Sq. miles	Population		Sq. miles	Population
Kamerun	191,130	3,500,000	East Africa	301,000	3,120,000
Kiauchau Bay	200	60,000	Goa	1,300	494,886
Mariana Islands	250	2,000	Guinea	4,440	820,007
Marshall Islands	150	13,000	Damao, Diu	108	77,454
Samoa Islands	1,000	19,100	Macao	4	78,627
Solomon Islands	4,200	45,000	Prince's and St. Thomas	390	42,103
Togoland	39,700	3,500,000	Timor	7,458	300,000
ITALY.			RUSSIA.		
Eritrea, etc.	88,500	450,000	Bokhara	92,000	1,250,000
Somali Coast	100,000	400,000	Khiva	22,820	800,000
JAPAN.			Kwangtung	79,456	29,000,000
Formosa	13,455	2,705,905	SPAIN.		
Pescadores	85	52,256	Canaries	2,807	358,564
NETHERLANDS.			Ceuta	13	13,000
Guiana	46,060	68,968	Fernando Po, etc.	850	23,709
Bali and Lombok	4,065	431,696	Rio de Oro and Adrar	243,027	100,000
Banca	4,446	108,305	Rio Muni, etc.	9,000	302
Billiton	1,863	43,386	TURKEY.		
Borneo	212,737	1,087,597	Bulgaria, East Roumelia	38,080	3,744,283
Celebes	71,470	1,742,647	Crete	3,326	303,543
Curacao	403	52,301	Egypt	400,000	9,734,405
Java and Madura	50,554	28,745,698	Samos	180	54,830
Molucca Islands	43,864	430,855	Tripoli	398,900	1,300,000
New Guinea	151,789	200,000	UNITED STATES.		
Riau Luiga	16,301	74,483	Alaska	599,446	63,592
Sumatra	161,612	3,052,639	Guam	150	9,000
Timor, Dutch	17,698	119,239	Hawaii	6,449	154,001
PORTUGAL.			Porto Rico	3,606	953,243
Angola	484,800	4,119,000	Philippines	119,542	7,635,425
Azores and Madeira	1,510	407,002	Samoa Islands	79	5,800
Cape Verde Islands	1,480	147,424			

GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

CITY.	Census year.	Popula- tion.	CITY.	Census year.	Popula- tion.
London*	1903	6,806,296	Glasgow	1901	735,906
New York	1903	3,716,139	Budapest	1900	732,322
Paris	1901	2,714,068	Hamburg	1900	705,758
Canton†	1901	2,500,000	Hangchow	1899	700,000
Berlin	1900	1,888,326	Liverpool	1901	684,947
Chicago	1903	1,873,880	Fuchau	1899	650,000
Vienna	1900	1,674,957	Warsaw	1897	638,209
Tokyo	1896	1,440,121	Shanghai†	1900	615,300
St. Petersburg†	1903	1,534,000	St. Louis	1903	612,379
Philadelphia	1903	1,367,716	Boston	1903	594,618
Moscow†	1902	1,173,427	Naples	1901	563,731
Calcutta†	1901	1,125,400	Brussels†	1901	563,593
Constantinople†	1900	1,125,000	Manchester	1901	549,969
Tientsin†	1899	1,000,000	Madrid	1900	539,835
Peking†	1899	1,000,000	Barcelona	1900	533,000
Hankow†	1899	1,000,000	Baltimore	1901	531,313
Buenos Ayres	1901	836,381	Birmingham	1903	522,182
Osaka	1898	821,235	Amsterdam	1900	520,612
Bombay	1901	770,843	Madras	1901	509,397
Rio de Janeiro†	1900	750,000	Suchau	1899	500,000

*Greater London. †Estimated. ‡With suburbs.
NOTE—For population of other cities see countries in which they are situated.

TERRITORIAL GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

ACQUISITION.	Year ac- quired.	Area in sq. miles.	Price paid.	ACQUISITION.	Year ac- quired.	Area in sq. miles.	Price paid.
Original territory		827,844		Hawaii	1898	6,449	Annexed
Louisiana	1803	1,182,752	\$27,267,621	Porto Rico		3,600	
Florida	1819	59,268	6,489,768	Philippine Islands	1899	114,000	\$20,000,000
Texas	1845	371,063	Annexed	Guam		200	
Bought of Texas	1850	95,707	16,000,000	Isle of Pines	1899	882	Annexed
Mexican purchase	1848	522,568	15,000,000	Wake Island	1859		Annexed
Gadsden purchase				Tutuila gro'p, Samoa	1900	70	Annexed
(from Mexico)	1853	45,535	10,000,000	Cagayan de Jolo			
Alaska	1867	590,884	7,000,000	Sibutu	1900		100,000

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT EACH CENSUS (1850-1900).

[From the reports of the superintendents of the census.]

State or Territory.	1900.	1890.	1880.	1870.	1860.	1850.
Alabama.....	18 1,828,697	17 1,513,017	17 1,362,505	16 996,992	13 964,201	12 771,623
Arkansas.....	25 1,311,564	24 1,128,179	25 802,525	26 484,471	25 435,450	26 200,897
California.....	21 1,485,053	22 1,208,130	24 864,694	24 560,247	26 379,994	29 92,597
Colorado.....	31 539,700	31 412,198	35 194,327	...	39,864	34,277
Connecticut.....	29 908,420	29 746,258	28 622,700	25 537,454	24 490,147	21 370,792
Delaware.....	42 184,735	41 168,493	37 146,608	34 125,015	32 112,216	30 91,532
Florida.....	32 528,542	32 391,422	34 269,493	33 187,748	31 140,424	31 87,445
Georgia.....	11 2,216,331	12 1,837,353	13 1,542,180	12 1,184,109	11 1,057,286	9 906,185
Idaho.....	43 161,772	43 84,385	...	...	...	...
Illinois.....	3 4,821,550	3 3,826,351	4 3,077,871	4 2,539,891	4 1,711,951	11 851,470
Indiana.....	8 2,516,462	8 2,192,404	6 1,978,301	6 1,680,637	6 1,350,428	7 988,416
Iowa.....	19 2,231,853	19 1,911,896	10 1,624,615	11 1,194,020	20 674,913	27 192,214
Kansas.....	22 1,470,495	19 1,427,066	20 996,096	29 564,359	33 107,206	...
Kentucky.....	12 2,147,174	11 1,858,635	8 1,648,690	8 1,321,011	9 1,155,084	8 982,405
Louisiana.....	23 1,381,625	25 1,118,587	22 939,946	21 726,915	17 708,002	18 517,762
Maine.....	30 694,466	30 661,086	27 648,936	23 626,915	22 628,279	16 583,169
Maryland.....	26 1,188,084	27 1,042,330	23 934,943	20 780,894	19 687,049	17 583,034
Massachusetts.....	7 2,805,346	6 2,238,943	7 1,783,085	7 1,457,351	7 1,231,066	6 994,514
Michigan.....	9 2,420,982	9 2,093,889	9 1,686,937	13 1,184,059	16 749,113	20 397,654
Minnesota.....	19 1,751,394	20 1,301,826	26 780,773	28 439,706	30 172,023	33 6,077
Mississippi.....	20 1,551,270	21 1,289,600	18 1,131,597	18 827,922	14 791,905	15 606,526
Missouri.....	5 3,106,665	5 2,679,184	5 2,168,380	5 1,721,295	8 1,182,012	13 682,044
Montana.....	41 243,329	42 132,159	...	...	...	...
Nebraska.....	27 1,066,300	25 1,068,910	30 452,402	35 122,993	35 28,841	...
Nevada.....	45 42,335	45 45,761	38 62,266	37 42,491	36 6,857	...
N. Hampshire.....	36 411,588	33 376,530	31 346,931	31 318,300	27 326,079	22 317,976
New Jersey.....	16 1,883,669	18 1,444,933	19 1,131,116	17 906,066	21 672,035	19 489,555
New York.....	1 7,268,894	1 5,937,853	1 5,082,871	1 4,382,735	1 3,880,735	1 3,097,394
N. Carolina.....	15 1,893,810	16 1,617,947	15 1,399,750	14 1,071,361	12 992,622	10 869,039
North Dakota.....	39 319,146	39 182,719	...	...	...	...
Ohio.....	4 4,157,545	4 3,672,316	3 3,198,062	3 2,665,260	3 2,339,511	3 1,980,329
Oregon.....	35 413,536	38 313,767	36 174,768	36 90,923	34 52,465	32 13,294
Pennsylvania.....	2 6,302,115	2 5,258,014	2 4,282,891	2 3,521,951	2 2,906,215	2 2,311,786
Rhode Island.....	34 428,556	35 345,506	33 276,531	32 217,353	29 174,620	28 147,645
S. Carolina.....	24 1,340,316	23 1,151,149	21 995,577	22 705,606	18 703,708	14 668,507
South Dakota.....	37 401,570	37 328,808	...	...	...	...
Tennessee.....	13 2,020,616	13 1,767,518	12 1,542,359	9 1,258,520	10 1,109,801	5 1,002,717
Texas.....	6 3,048,710	7 2,235,525	11 1,591,749	19 818,579	23 604,215	25 212,592
Utah.....	40 276,749	40 207,905	32 332,286	30 330,551	28 315,008	23 314,120
Vermont.....	38 343,641	36 332,422	...	...	...	...
Virginia.....	17 1,254,184	15 1,655,980	14 1,512,565	10 1,225,163	5 1,596,318	4 1,421,861
Washington.....	33 518,103	34 349,390	...	...	...	...
West Virginia.....	28 958,800	28 762,794	29 618,457	27 442,014	...	...
Wisconsin.....	14 2,069,042	14 1,686,880	16 1,315,497	15 1,054,670	15 775,881	24 305,391
Wyoming.....	44 92,531	44 60,705	...	...	...	...
The states.....	74,610,523	62,116,811	49,371,340	38,155,505	31,218,021	23,067,262
Alaska.....	7 63,592	6 59,620	...	...	...	...
Arizona.....	6 122,931	5 59,620	6 40,440	9 9,658	...	...
Dakota.....	...	...	3 135,177	8 14,181	6 4,837	...
Dist. Columbia.....	3 278,718	1 230,392	1 177,624	1 131,700	2 75,080	2 51,687
Hawaii.....	5 154,001	...	...	...	...	...
Idaho.....	...	...	32,610	7 14,999	...	...
Indian Ter.....	2 392,060	2 ...	8 39,169	6 20,595	1 93,516	1 61,547
Montana.....	...	...	...	...	...	...
New Mexico.....	4 195,310	3 153,593	7 119,565	2 20,595	1 93,516	1 61,547
Oklahoma.....	1 308,331	4 61,834	4 91,874	...	...	...
Persons in service of the U. S. stationed abroad.....	91,219	...	...	...	...	...
Utah.....	...	...	143,903	86,786	40,273	11,380
Washington.....	...	...	75,116	23,955	11,594	...
Wyoming.....	...	...	20,789	9,118	...	...
Territories.....	1,604,943	505,439	784,443	402,866	225,300	124,614
United States.....	76,306,287	62,622,250	50,155,783	38,558,371	31,443,321	23,191,876
Per cent gain.....	21	24.9	30.08	22.65	35.58	35.86

NOTE.—The narrow column under each census year shows the order of the states and territories when arranged according to magnitude of population.

FACTS ABOUT THE EARTH.

DIMENSIONS OF THE EARTH.

Equatorial diameter.....	Miles.....	7,925,604
Polar diameter.....	".....	7,899,114
Circumference on Equator.....	".....	24,899,022
Surface in square miles.....		196,900,143
Volume in cubic miles.....		269,400,000,000
Specific gravity.....		5.46
Weight in tons.....		6,000,000,000,000,000

SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

The area of the entire surface of the globe is estimated at nearly 200,000,000 square miles; of which a little more than 50,000,000 miles are land, and somewhat less than 150,000,000 are water.

LAND SURFACE.

	Sq. Miles.
Eastern Cont.....	31,634,880
Western Cont.....	15,606,066
Oceanica.....	4,828,365
Total.....	52,069,311

WATER SURFACE.

	Sq. M. Area.
Pacific Ocean.....	72,000,000
Atlantic Oc'n.....	35,000,000
Indian Oc'n.....	28,000,000
Antarctic Oc'n.....	8,500,000
Arctic Ocean.....	4,500,000
Total.....	148,000,000

AREAS OF THE PRINCIPAL ISLANDS.

America		Europe		Asia		Africa	
	Sq. Miles.		Sq. Miles.		Sq. Miles.		Sq. Miles.
Greenland.....	838,000	Great Britain.....	89,000	Hondo.....	86,800	Madagascar.....	298,500
Cuba.....	45,900	Ireland.....	32,500	Saghalin.....	47,000		
Newfoundland.....	42,700	Sicily.....	11,300	Yezo.....	34,500		
Iceland.....	40,500	Sardinia.....	9,300	Ceylon.....	24,500		
Hayti.....	30,000			Kiushiu.....	15,000		
Vancouver.....	16,000			Formosa.....	15,000		
Chiloe.....	4,800			Hainan.....	14,000		
Jamaica.....	4,250			Shikoku.....	7,000		

HEIGHTS OF THE PRINCIPAL VOLCANOES.

	Feet.		Feet.
Aconcagua, Chili.....	23,869	Fuogo, Goate.....	15,800
Chimborazo, Equador.....	21,440	Mauna Loa, Sandwich Islands.....	13,760
Arequipa, Peru.....	20,320	Agua, Guatemala.....	13,758
Cotopaxi, Ecuador.....	19,550	Etna, Sicily.....	10,874
Antisana, Ecuador.....	19,137	Egmont, New Zealand.....	8,840
Tollima, Colombia.....	18,020	Jorullo, Mexico.....	4,265
Popocatepetl, Mex.....	17,717	Vesuvius, Italy.....	3,948
Orizaba, Mexico.....	17,374	Kilauea, Sandwich Islands.....	3,870
Pichincha, Equador.....	15,924		
Iztacihuatl, Mex.....	15,708		

LAKE AND INLAND SEAS.

	Area.	Depth.
Albert, Africa.....	28,000	
Aral Sea, Russian Turkestan.....	22,730	222
Baikal, Siberia.....	13,287	319
Balkash, Siberia.....	8,544	74
Black Sea (including Azov).....	178,222	6,420
Caspian Sea, Asia.....	149,082	3,000
Chapala, Mexico.....	425	50
Como, Italy.....	61	1,924
Constance, Switzerland.....	184	912
Dead Sea, Palestine.....	489	1,278
Erie, United States.....	9,493	204
Great Salt Lake, Utah.....	2,600	60
Huron, United States.....	23,684	750
Ladoga, Russia.....	6,630	276
Leman, or Geneva, Switzerland.....	222	1,050
Malar, Sweden.....	467	186
Maggiore, Italy.....	57	2,612
Mediterranean Sea.....	1,007,180	12,900
Michigan, United States.....	23,903	900
Nicaragua, Central America.....	2,800	320
Onega, Russia.....	3,888	1,332
Ontario, United States.....	7,654	606
Superior, United States.....	32,230	1,000
Tanganyika, Africa.....	11,000	
Tchad, Africa.....	12,800	20
Titicaca, Peru.....	3,209	716
Victoria, Africa.....	30,000	
Wener, Sweden.....	1,368	804
Wetter, Sweden.....	722	1,626
Winnipeg, British America.....	9,000	72

Wonders of the Sea.

Oceans occupy three-fourths of the earth's surface. At the depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle, from the poles to the burning sun of the equator.

A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton on every square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evapo-

rate, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom of the box. Taking the average depth of the oceans of the world to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt 230 feet thick over the entire bed should the water evaporate. The water of the ocean is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many places, especially in the bays on the coast of Norway, the water freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the whole water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles per hour—nearly twice as fast as the fleetest steamship.

HEIGHTS OF THE PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS.

North America		Asia.	
	Feet.		Feet.
Mt. St. Ellis, Ala.....	17,900	Everest, Hima-	
Mt. Brown, British		laya Mts. (high-	
America.....	16,000	est in the	
St. Helen's, Wash-		world.....	29,000
ington.....	15,500	Kunchinging,	
Mt. Whitney, Cal.....	14,898	Himalaya Mts.....	28,156
Mt. Shasta, Cal.....	14,442	Dawalagiri, Hi-	
Mt. Rainier, Cal.....	14,444	malaya Mts.....	26,826
Long's Peak, Col.....	14,271	Chamalari, Hima-	
Pike's Peak, Col.....	14,147	laya Mts.....	23,944
Fremont's Peak.....		Hindoo Koosh,	
Wyoming Terr.....	13,570	Afghanistan.....	20,232
Mt. Hood, Ore.....	11,225	Demavend, Per-	
Clingman's Peak,		sia.....	18,846
N. Carolina.....	6,707	Ararat, Turkey.....	17,210
Mitchell's Peak,		Mt. Fuji, Japan.....	12,495
N. Carolina.....	6,582	Hermion, Pales-	
Mt. Washington,		tine.....	10,000
New Hampshire.....	6,284	Sinai, Turkey.....	9,304
Mt. Katahdin, Me.....	5,200		
Mt. Marcy, N. Y.....	5,405		
Mt. Mansfield, Vt.....	4,430		

South America.

Sorata, Bolivia.....	21,290
Sahama, Peru.....	22,350
Illimani, Bolivia.....	21,150
Egmont, Bolivia.....	21,000
Tupungato, Chili.....	22,016
Coyambe, Ecuador.....	19,535

Europe.

Elbruz, Caucasus	18,500
Mountains.....	18,500
Kasbeck, Caucasus	18,500
Mountains.....	18,500
Blanc, Alps Mts.....	15,744
Rosa, Alps Mts.....	15,208
Nethou, Pyrenees	15,160
Mountains.....	15,160
Maladetta, Pyre-	15,167
nees Mountains.....	15,167
Perdu, Pyrenees	10,994
Mountains.....	10,994

Deep Sea Depths.
In a recent number of the "Popular Science Monthly" G. W. Littlehales gives the following as the latest reliable result of the sounding of the different oceans:

	Latitude, Deg. Min.	Longi- tude, Deg. Min.	Depth, Fath- oms.
N. Atlantic ocean.....	19 39 N.	66 26 W.	4,561
S. Atlantic ocean.....	18 55 S.	24 50 W.	3,284
North Sea (Skage-			
rack).....	58 12 N.	9 30 E.	442
Baltic Sea.....	58 37 N.	18 30 E.	233
Mediterranean sea	35 45 N.	21 46 E.	2,405
Black sea.....	42 55 N.	33 18 E.	1,431
Caribbean sea.....	19 0 N.	81 10 W.	3,427
Indian ocean.....	11 22 S.	116 50 E.	3,333
N. Pacific ocean.....	44 55 N.	152 26 E.	4,655
S. Pacific ocean.....	24 37 S.	175 8 W.	4,428
Behring sea.....	54 30 N.	175 32 W.	2,146
Sea of Japan.....	38 30 N.	135 0 E.	1,640
China sea.....	17 15 N.	118 50 E.	2,350
Sulu sea.....	8 32 N.	121 65 E.	2,549
Celebes sea.....	4 16 N.	124 2 E.	2,794
Banda sea.....	5 24 S.	130 37 E.	2,799
Flores sea.....	7 43 S.	120 26 E.	2,799
Arctic ocean.....	78 5 N.	2 30 W.	2,469
Antarctic ocean.....	62 26 S.	95 44 E.	1,975

LENGTH OF THE WORLD'S PRINCIPAL RIVERS.

RIVERS.	Miles	RIVERS.	Miles
North America		Rio Negro.....	1,000
Missouri to the Gulf (forming the longest river in the world).....	4,200	Don.....	900
Missouri to its junction with the Mississippi.....	2,900	Parnalba.....	900
Mississippi proper.....	3,200	Europe	
Mackenzie.....	2,900	Volga.....	2,000
St. Lawrence.....	2,000	Don.....	1,300
Arkansas.....	2,000	Danube.....	1,800
Saskatchewan and Nelson.....	1,900	Rhine.....	1,080
Yukon.....	1,600	Dwina.....	700
Rio Grande.....	1,500	Petchora.....	737
Nebraska.....	1,200	Elbe.....	737
Red River.....	1,200	Vistula.....	691
Columbia.....	1,400	Loire.....	600
Colorado in Cal.....	2,000	Tagus.....	550
Yellow Stone.....	1,000	Dniester.....	500
Ohio.....	900	Guadiana.....	500
Kansas.....	900	Seine.....	498
Tennessee.....	800	Douro.....	450
Fraser.....	750	Oder.....	450
Red River of the North.....	700	Rhone.....	450
Colorado, in Texas.....	650	Pro.....	400
Brazos.....	600	Megene.....	400
Wisconsin.....	600	Desna.....	400
Cumberland.....	600	Bog.....	400
Alabama.....	600	Guadalquivir.....	400
Wabash.....	550	Duna.....	350
Appalachicola.....	550	Niemen.....	350
Susquehanna.....	500	Ebro.....	350
Potomac.....	500	Dahl.....	300
James.....	500	Rug.....	300
Roanoke.....	500	Weser.....	300
Savannah.....	500	Garonne.....	300
St. John.....	450	Thames.....	215
Connecticut.....	450	Asia	
Great Pedee.....	450	Venesol.....	3,400
Altamaha.....	400	Yang-tee-Kiang.....	3,320
Sacramento.....	400	Obe.....	3,000
Penobscot.....	350	Itoang-Ilo.....	2,800
Hudson.....	350	Lena.....	2,700
Cape Fear.....	350	Amoor.....	2,650
Pearl.....	350	Brahmaputra.....	2,900
Nueces.....	350	Cambodia.....	2,000
Sabine.....	350	Indus.....	1,850
Severn.....	300	Euphrates.....	1,750
Kennebec.....	300	Ganges.....	1,600
Delaware.....	300	Irrawaddy.....	1,200
South America		Amoo, or Oxus.....	900
Amazon.....	3,750	Salween.....	900
Rio de la Plata.....	2,300	Tigris.....	800
Madeira.....	2,000	Nerbuddah.....	800
Orinoco.....	1,500	Melnam.....	800
San Francisco.....	1,500	Africa	
Tocantins.....	1,100	Nile.....	4,000
Colorado.....	1,000	Niger, or Joliba.....	3,000
		Congo.....	2,500
		Zambesi.....	1,600
		Senegal.....	1,200
		Orange.....	1,000
		Australia	
		Murray.....	1,500

THE PRINCIPAL PLANETS.

PLANETS.	Mean Distances from the Sun in Miles.	Mean Diameters in Miles.	Length of Year in Days.	Length of Days in Hours and Minutes.
Vulcan.....	13,082,000		24	H. M.
Mercury.....	35,392,000	2,900	88	24 5
Venus.....	66,131,500	7,510	225	23 21
The Earth.....	91,430,220	7,913	365	23 56
Mars.....	139,312,200	4,920	687	24 37
Planetoids.....				
Jupiter.....	475,683,100	88,300	4,333	9 56
Saturn.....	872,134,600	71,300	10,759	10 29
Uranus.....	1,753,831,000	34,000	30,647	9 30
Neptune.....	2,746,271,200	36,000	60,127	

Jupiter has four moons; Saturn has eight moons and a ring; Uranus has six moons; Neptune has one moon.

Our moon is 2,160 miles in diameter, and is distant 238,650 miles from our earth.

The sun is about 815,000 miles in diameter.

The planets known to the ancients were Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn.

The nearest fixed star to our solar system is Cygni No. 61, and this is 210,000,000 times more distant from the sun than we are, or about 20,000,000,000,000 miles.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Suez Canal connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, shortening the route to India from England and America more than 5,000 miles. It was commenced in 1859 and completed in 1869. Length, 100 miles; average breadth, 329 feet; depth, 26 feet. Cost in gold \$65,000,000. Distances: English Channel to Calcutta, via Cape Good Hope, 13,000 miles, via canal, 8,000. New York to Calcutta, via Cape Good Hope, 14,560 miles; via canal, 9,500.

The English government purchased the interest of the Khedive of Egypt in the canal in 1875, for \$20,000,000.

ODD ARGUMENT SETTLERS.

From Jerusalem to Jerico is 15 miles.
From Dan to Beersheba, by an air line, is 125 miles.

The River Jordan is 180 yards wide and 3 feet deep at its mouth.

The Sea of Galilee is 13 miles long and 6 miles broad at its greatest width.

Palestine is about 200 miles long and about 60 miles wide on the average.

The great pyramid at El Guzeh, in Egypt, is 746 ft. square at the base and 450 ft. 9 in. high.

The second pyramid is 690 ft. 9 in. square and 447 ft. 6 in. high.

The third is 354 ft. 6 in. square and 203 ft. high. At some distance from these are six smaller pyramids.

The Sphinx is the figure of a human headed, recumbent lion, hewn out of solid rock.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

I. Olympian Zeus, a famous statue by Phidias.

II. Diana's Temple at Ephesus was supported by 127 columns, each weighing 150 tons.

III. The Great Pyramid 12 miles from Cairo. Supposed date of erection is 2200 years B. C., covering an area when first built of 13 acres. It is 543 ft. high and 693 ft. on the sides. Its base covers 11 acres. Many of the stones are 30 ft. long, 4 broad and 3 thick. Its central chamber is a room hewn out of the solid stone, 46 ft. long, 16 wide and 23 high. It contains a sarcophagus, probably of the builder.

IV. The Colossus of Rhodes, a brass statue 105 feet in height, spanned the harbor with its feet, beneath which the tallest ships pass. It was made by Chares, who, aided by an army of workmen, consumed 12 years in its construction. It remained in position in the harbor of Rhodes for 66 years, and was thrown down by an earthquake B. C. 224. It lay on the ground 894 years, and was sold to a Jew for old metal. He carried away 900 camel loads, or about 720,000 pounds of bronze. There were over 100 colossal statues in the city of Rhodes, besides the great bronze image that bestrode the harbor.

V. The Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, a magnificent tomb built 354 years B. C. by Mausoleus' Queen, Artemisia.

VI. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were terraces on columns. The gardens were 400 ft. square and over 400 ft. high. The ascent from terrace to terrace was by flights of marble steps, and on the highest was a large reservoir. They were erected for the amusement of a Babylonian Queen who had come from a mountainous country. The Tower of Babel, at Babylon, was composed of eight square towers, one upon the other, the pile being 650 ft. high. Babylon was a square, 15 miles on each side, the walls 87 feet thick and 370 feet high.

VII. The Pharos at Alexandria, a light-house located on a small island in Lower Egypt, built 300 years B. C.

From the New World, Oct. 21, 1905

"Letters of the Great"

A few of the many letters saved from the fire

"Rev. Father:

Vienna, March 17, 1896.

His majesty the Emperor has charged me to send to you his best wishes with many thanks for your communication, and at the same time to inform you that His Excellency, your uncle, the Colonel Haddad, is now at Budapest. He will soon leave for Constantinople, where he will meet the Sultan and get a permit to buy Arabian horses in Syria and Arabia for use in our kingdom. From Constantinople he will go to Syria, to visit his relatives for a short while.

With sincere respect,
KOLOSCHOFSKI, Exterior Vizier."

White House, Washington, December 23, 1904.

My Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 23rd instant has been received and the President thanks you for your kindly expressions, which he appreciates.

Very truly yours,
W. LOEB, JR., Secretary to the President.

Privy Purse Office, Buckingham Palace, August, 18, 1902.

Rev. Father J. Haddad.

The Private Secretary is ordained to thank Father J. Haddad on behalf of the Syrians of Chicago, for his kind letter of congratulation upon the King's recovery and Coronation.

Kindly accept my best consideration distinctly.

"Rev. Father:

Madrid, October 16, 1902.

In answer to your kind letter of last month, H. M., the king, my august sovereign, has deigned to charge me to transmit to you his most heartfelt thanks for the congratulations which you have sent him on the occasion of his majority. He also begs you to tell your little flock how much he has been pleased to receive the good wishes and kindly greetings of a Catholic people so far removed from their native land. Accept, Dear Father, the assurance of my sincere respect and high consideration.

THE COUNT OF AUBIENS,
Secretary of H. M. the King."

Reverend John Haddad:

Secretariat du Roi, Stockholm, March 4, 1903.

I have the honor to inform you that His Majesty the King ordained me to thank you for your kind letter.

If you please, accept his best regards, and wishes distinctly.

DE CELSING, Secretary. Brussels.

Rev. Father:

Palaise de Bruxelles, October 21, 1902.

The king has been greatly moved by the sentiments of condolence of which your letter contains the expression. His Majesty has charged me to send you his sincere thanks for your prayers, and to ask you to thank in his name all those of whom you are the interpreter.

E. OUELCART, Secretary of the King.

"Rev. Dear Father:

Constantinople, Feb. 14, 1903.

His Excellency, The Grand Vizier, ordains me to write to you and to inform you that the delicate phraseology of your letter reminds him of the breeze of the morning, and that he printed each word on his heart. He generously hopes that our letter to you will have similar effect upon your mind and assures you that we are at all times at your service.

Respectfully,
T. PACHA.

Rev. J. Haddad:

Egypt, June 19, 1903.

I have read your book which contains the Oriental and Roman systems, and I find it the finest book on logic written in Arabic. I shall advise all rectors of universities and colleges to teach the system laid down in your work. I am not surprised at the ability of the system but at the keenness of the author, who deserves to rank among leading Oriental professors. The work brings to the eyes of our present scholars many points with which they were hitherto unfamiliar.

Yours sincerely,
MOHAMMED ABDO, Mufti of Egypt.

Patriarcatus

**D'Antioche, D'Alexandrie, De Jerusalem
et De Tout L'Orient**

Petrus IV

Miseratione Divina

**Patriarcha Antiochenus, Alexandrinus, Hierosolymus et totius
Orientis in communione cum S. Romana Sede.**

Omnibus has inspecturis fidem facimus latorem eorumdem Dnum Joannem Haddad, monachum presbyterum ex Ordine Si Basilii Magni, auctoritate ipsius Abbatis Generalis, consensu Nostro habito, in Austriaco Imperio commoraturum, nulla teneri censura ecclesiastica, nulloque alligari impedimento.

Unde Reverendos fratres episcopos, parochos virosque ecclesiasticos, communionem habentes Nobiscum cumque Romana Sede, has praesentes litteras visuros, rogamus ut supra dictum Dn. presbyterum sinant sacra in ecclesiis suis peragere atque celebrare secundum ordinem et ritum Ecclesiae Nostrae Graecae.

Datum apud procathedralem Nostram S. Assumptionem, Damasci, die quinta Septembris, A. D. 190 primo Patriarcatus Nostri quarto.

*PETRUS IV, Patriar Antioch.,
Alex., Heiros., etc.*

Rev. J. Haddad.

Patriarchate of Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and the Entire East.

Beyrouth, 1902, R. P. 13, No. 1.

The Rev. Father B. S., who was appointed Pastor of the Archdiocese of Chicago, was, owing to illness, obliged to resign. Medical testimony to that effect being tendered to the Most Rev. Arch. Feehan, His Grace was pleased to accept his resignation.

Then we appointed the learned Rev. John Haddad to the same position as his predecessor in the Archdiocese of Chicago and elsewhere. And as we know him to be most virtuous, zealous and energetic we grant him all the faculties—sacred and otherwise. In The Name of The Father, and of The Son, and The Holy Ghost, Amen.

We desire The Most Rev. Archbishops, the Clergy, and laity to respect him and not to object to him in the discharge of his ministerial duties.

We pray God to grant him health and strength to enable him in successfully carrying out his spiritual and temporal duties. Wishing him every success,

CIRIL JAHA,

Patriarch of Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and the Entire East.

Apostolic Delegation, United States of America, No. 7830.

Washington, D. C., January 5, 1905.

Reverend Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th of December by which you expressed in your name and in that of the people under your charge your kind sentiments towards me. I thank you most sincerely and I beg you to convey to your people my gratitude, and at the same time I wish to present to you my most heartfelt good wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

Praying the Divine Infant to shower upon you His choicest blessings, with sentiments of esteem, I remain most faithfully yours in Xt.,

D. FALCONIO,
Arch. Apostolic Delegate.

Rev. Father Haddad,
Chicago, Ill.

Archbishop's Residence, 623 North State Street, Chicago, April 26, 1905.

Rev. John Haddad, Chicago:

Rev. and Dear Father:

I hereby appoint you pastor of all the Syrian Catholics residing in this Archdiocese. You will please to take full charge of them. I also grant you permission to look after the spiritual welfare of your fellow countrymen living outside this Diocese, in case the respective bishops ask you to do so. With best wishes for success, I am,

Yours truly, in Xt.,

J. E. QUIGLEY, Archbishop.

St. Peter's Cathedral, 325 W. Eighth St., Cincinnati, O., March 8th, 1904.

To whom it may concern:

The bearer of my letter, the Reverend John Haddad, had charge of his own rite for the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wishing for him good success and good blessing.

WILLIAM HENRY,
Archbishop of Cincinnati, O.

Dubuque, Iowa, March 4, 1905.

Dear Rev. Father:

During the visit, which you state you will make to the Diocese of Dubuque during Lent, for the purpose of ministering to the Syrians, the Most Rev. Archbishop grants you the faculties of the Diocese to be exercised for the Syrians. Yours very truly,

M. BARRY CHANCELLOR.

Archbishop's Residence, 2224 Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 24, 1904.

To whom it may concern:

By these presents we confer upon the Rev. John Haddad all the faculties granted to the priests of the Diocese of Milwaukee, and charge of all the Catholics belonging to his rite within the limits of our Dioceses.

In witness whereof we have set hereunto our hand.

MASSMERE,
hop of Milwaukee.

San Francisco, Cal., March 11, 1905.

Rev. J. Haddad:

Rev. Dear Sir:

I shall be very glad to have you visit the Syrians of this Archdiocese during the year, and shall grant you the ordinary faculties of the Diocese while you are here, provided you bring me a letter of recommendation from his Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago, in whose diocese you have been living for the last two years. Sincerely yours,

P. S. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

June 7, 1903.

The faculties hereby granted to Rev. Father John Haddad for the Archdiocese of St. Louis, wishing him good blessings.

JOHN J. GLENNON,
Abp. of St. Louis.

SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, Chancery Office, Alton, Ill., May 25, 1904.

The Rev. Father John Haddad of Chicago is hereby granted faculties in the Diocese of Alton whenever he has occasion therein on behalf of the Syrians through invitation or agreement of the rector of the local congregation.

Rev. John Haddad,
Chicago, Ill.

JAMES RYAN,
Bp. of Alton.

Episcopal Residence, 31-33 Washington Ave., Detroit, Mich., June 18, 1904.

Rev. J. Haddad:

I grant you faculties in the diocese of Detroit for Syrian Catholics who may seek your services.

JOHN S. FOLEY,
Bishop of Detroit.

Diocese of Fort Wayne, Episcopal Residence, 1140 Clinton Street,
Fort Wayne, Ind., March 29th, 1905.

The Rev. J. Haddad has the faculties of the diocese to attend the Catholics of the Syrians.

H. J. ALDERING,
Bishop of Ft. Wayne.

November 9, 1904.

The faculties granted to the Rev. Father John Haddad for the Diocese of Louisville, Ky., wishing him success.

WILLIAM GEORGE McCLUSKEY.

(From The Notre Dame Scholastic, March 4, 1905.)

Among the Syrian priests who have come to America is the Reverend Father John Haddad, exarch, who is well known for his varied knowledge of ancient classics as well as of ecclesiastical and profane sciences. It is by the direction of the Superior General and the wish of the Patriarch that he came to this country to look after the spiritual interests of the Syrians who belong to the Greek Catholic united Or-Milckit. Father Haddad is well known by his Missionary labors to several archbishops and bishops, notably in the archdioceses of Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Dubuque, Iowa; Detroit, Mich.; Alton, Ill.; Peoria, Ill. and the diocese of Fort Wayne, etc.

Father Haddad is the author of several books: philosophy and theology in six volumes; various subjects on logic, literature, standard of letters, heritage, albadieh poetry, fill six more volumes. He is a quite a linguist, speaking several Asiatic and European languages. We have seen letters to Father Haddad from Mgr. Falconio and other high dignitaries commending the work of this devoted missionary. By his learning and the finished refinement acquired through a superior education, Father Haddad ranks the first among the many missionaries that have come from time to time to tend to the wants of the Syrians in America. His knowledge derived from his travels through Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, is as wide and varied as his book knowledge. He is an excellent conversationalist whose exquisite manners and charming politeness make a pleasing impression on all who come in contact with him. Several members of the Faculty of Notre Dame University, who had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of this pious priest, entertain the highest regard for him on account of his manifest sincerity and genuine worth.

Chicago

CHICAGO, la métropole de l'Ouest, compte dans son sein une grande variété de peuples, de nationalités et de religions, mais ce qui nous intéresse le plus intimement est certainement cette partie de la population de la cité qui forme et constitue l'élément catholique.

Nous pouvons, à vrai dire, assurer que l'élément catholique se recrute à Chicago, dans un ensemble de pas moins de quarante races différentes. Et nous pourrions ajouter que ces peuples ne sont pas sans un certain degré de haute éducation. Chaque groupe a ses prêtres, ses savants et ses talents.

L'exarque, Jean Haddad, est un prêtre syrien de grande distinction, c'est un chercheur et un érudit très connu pour ses profondes connaissances des vieux classiques, aussi bien que pour celles des sciences ecclésiastiques et profanes.

Il entretient une correspondance suivie avec les hauts dignitaires ecclésiastiques de l'univers et plusieurs têtes couronnées de l'Europe.

Le P. Haddad est très estimé de ses compatriotes; il est tenu en grande estime par le haut clergé, les évêques et les archevêques, où il est appelé pour évangéliser et porter la Bonne Parole à ses nationaux, et plus particulièrement dans les archidiocèses de Chicago, Milwaukee, St-Louis, Cincinnati, Dubuque et San Francisco, les diocèses de Péoria et Alton, Ill., Fort Wayne, Ind., Détroit, Mich., et Louisville, Ky.

L'année dernière il fut spécialement mandé par les directeurs de l'exposition de St-Louis pour présider à la dédicace de "Jérusalem" à l'exposition et fût nommé, avec la permission de Mgr Glennon, archevêque de St-Louis, à la desserte de l'église de la Résurrection, durant le temps de l'Exposition.

C'est un missionnaire zélé, infatigable, travaillant avec énergie à cultiver et à agrandir la vigne du Seigneur. Il rend d'éminents services à la religion et à ses compatriotes. Il serait à souhaiter que nos prêtres et nos missionnaires fussent tous comme lui animé du même zèle pour l'esprit de l'Eglise et un peu moins donné à l'ostentation. C'est par des exemples d'abnégation, de vertu et de persévérance semblable que nous venons à mieux comprendre la mission du prêtre parmi nos populations.

Quoique d'un abord humble et sans faste on voit que ce jeune prêtre a droit à une grande considération et à une place élevée dans les cercles catholiques de la métropole de l'Ouest.

Le R. P. Haddad est un écrivain de talent. Il a déjà écrit plusieurs livres, 12 petits volumes, et il a en préparation plusieurs autres manuscrits qu'il se propose de publier prochainement. C'est un chercheur et un infatigable travailleur. Le COURRIER FRANCO-AMÉRICAIN joint son humble appréciation à celle du *Notre-Dame Scholastic*, de Notre-Dame, Ind., et souhaite que sa mission parmi les siens ici soit couronnée du plus grand succès possible.

(Publié par le COURRIER FRANCO-AMÉRICAIN, Chicago.)

وبعدئذ اعطى رئيس المعرض اشارة الى ثيودور روزفلت المقيم في واشنطن ان المعرض على اهبه الافتتاح فاجاز فتحه بالآلة الكهربائية المعدة لذلك وقد ناب عنه المسيو تافنت المرسل من قبله. وفي داخل المعرض معرض آخر اسمه معرض القدس وهو بناية عظيمة تمثل القدس الشريف ومعااهده واقوامه وشوارعه وكل ما فيه وقد تعين لفتح من قبل شركة المعرض حضرة الخوري يوحنا الحداد المدعو من شيكاكو للقيام بهذه المهمة فدشنه على الطقس الروماني اليوناني بجفلة حافلة ساعده فيها فرقة من طلبة مدارس الامركيين وفرقة مؤلفة من شمامسة سوريين ثم تلاه حاخام اليهود وامام الجامع وبقية المذاهب وقد خطب على الحشد في ختام التدشين موضحاً كل اشارة اغضت ثم تلاه الدكتور لي ثم مديرة المعرض. وقد تعين للاب المشار اليه ثلاثون ليرة انكليزية عن كل شهر مدة دوام المعرض وهو يقيم فيه الخدم الدينية

Louisiana Purchase Exposition

BEYROUTH 6 JUIN 1904

AL-BACHIR

معرض سان لويس = وردنا من حضرة
مكاتبنا في الولايات المتحدة ما يلي ذكره:
قد كان افتتاح معرض سان لويس في ٣٠
نيسان الساعة ٤ بعد الظهر وما كنت ترى على
عين الشوارع ويسارها الا همامات متموجة لان
السواد الاعظم من سكان المدينة وغيرها قد
تقاطروا يوم بدنه فقصت الطرقات بالاقدام وقد
دخل اليه ٣١٢ الف نسمة لكنهم لم يملأوا باحة
من بناية او ساحة من جانب لانه اكبر معرض
بني منذ بداية العالم لحين تاريخه كما وجدنا لدى
مقابلته مع بقية معارض العالم ولذا سمي معرض
المعارض. وقد اشتركت فيه سائر الدول ما عدا
دولة روسية التي انسحبت يوم شبت نار الوغى بينها
وبين اليابان ولم تر لها في المعرض اثرًا

كيفية الافتتاح - بدأت الناس تتقاطر
من سائر شوارع المدينة ذاهبة الى المعرض وقد
أعد في وسطه باحة للموسيقى بدأت بالالخان زها.
الساعة ٧ من النهار. ومساحة طويلة صفت بها
المقاعد بالقرب من النهر الجاري في وسطه. ولدى
الساعة ٩ انبرى رئيس المعرض الميسو فرنسيس
ولفظ خطابًا ضافيًا شارحًا به كيفية المعرض واسبابه
ثم تلاه حكام الولايات كل واحد بمفرده وخطبوا
على مسامع سفراء الدول وقناصلها وهيئة الحشد

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على مسامع سفراء الدول وقناصلها وهيئة الحشد

INDEX.

	Page		Page
Dedication	5	Watchman! Tell us of the Night	69
Preface	7	Calvary, the Mount	70
The Creation of the Earth	9	Capernaum	71
Ode to the Creation	10	Damascus	71
Heaven Present	10	Galilee	72
The Sun	11	The Crucifixion	73
When Stars are in the Quiet Skies	11	Geraza	73
Earth	12	Scene in Gethsemane	74
Breezes of the Morning	13	Jericho	75
Noon	14	Jerusalem	76
Afternoon	14	Ode to Jerusalem	76
Sunset	15	Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem	78
After Sunset	16	Jordan, the River	79
Twilight	16	Baptism of Christ	80
Evening Calm	18	The Cedars of Lebanon	81
Night	18	Mount Olivet	82
Moonrise	19	Tadmora of the Wilderness	82
The Opening Year	20	Palmyra	84
February	21	Siloam, the Pool of	84
March	22	Syrian Desert	85
April	23	Tyre (Soor)	86
May	24	Crete	87
June	25	Cyprus, the Island	87
July	25	Smyrna	88
August	26	Mesopotamia	89
September	28	Babylon	90
October	28	Bagdad	91
November in England	29	Jaffa	92
December	29	Euphrates, the River	92
The Seasons	30	Orfah	93
Winter	31	Arabia	93
A Winter Scene	32	Aden	94
The Rainbow	33	Medina	95
The Clouds	34	Turkestan	96
The Frost	34	Afghanistan	96
Beautiful Snow	35	Persia	97
The Snow Storm	36	Ispahan	98
Spring	37	Khorassan (Bactria)	99
Spring-Scene	37	Persian Gulf (Green Sea)	100
To Spring	39	Shiraz	100
Spring at Easter	39	India	101
The Return of Spring in Greece	40	Nirvana	102
Description of Spring	40	The Victim	103
Spring Evening	41	Hindustan	103
Spring Flowers	41	Himalaya, the Mountains	104
Summer	43	Siam	105
The Summer Months	44	Chinese Empire	106
Autumn	45	China	106
A Drop of Dew	46	Pekin	108
Wind and Cloud	47	Japan	110
Autumn Leaves	48	The Journey of Tonase and Konami from Kamakura to Yamashina	111
Falling Leaves	48	Africa	112
The Fading Year	49	Algeria	113
The Changing Year	49	Atlas, the Mountain	114
The Close of the Year	51	Carthage	115
New Year Chimes	51	Egypt	115
The Garden of Eden	51	The Pyramids	115
The Garden Seat	52	The Sphinx and the Pyramids	116
Paradise	53	The Colossi	117
Evening in Paradise	54	Snow in Abyssinia	117
Asia	56	Alexandria	117
The Poet in the East	57	Assouan (Syene)	119
Syria	58	Cairo	119
Palestine	59	Moses on the Nile	120
Syria—Acre (Ptolemais)	62	Thebes	120
Antioch	62	Sahara, the Great Desert	121
Baalbec	64	Cape of Good Hope	122
Bethany	65	Soudan	122
Lazarus and Mary	65	France	123
Bethlehem	65	Mary Stuart's Farewell	124
The Angel's Song	66	Bordeaux	124
The Shepherd's Song	67	The Chateaux d'If	125
The Star of Bethlehem	67	The Grande Chartreuse	126
The Three Kings	68	Marseilles	126
They Gave to Thee	68	Paris and Troy	127
Naomi	69		

INDEX.

	Page		Page
The Champs Elysees	128	Bosphorus	187
The Tuilleries	129	The Bosphorus Revisited	188
The Garden of the Palaise Royal	129	Dardanelles	189
The Morgue	130	Montenegro	190
To the River Rhone	131	Servia	191
Napoleon's Last Look	131	Denmark, Copenhagen	192
In High Savoy	132	Iceland	192
Mont Blanc	133	Scandinavia	193
Russia	133	Norway	193
Caucasus	134	Sweden	194
The Cossack	134	Switzerland	195
Sunset in Moscow	135	The Crystal Hunters	196
Odessa	136	Evening Among the Alps	197
The Division of Poland	136	Berne	197
Saint Petersburg	138	Scotland	198
Sevastopol	139	Holland	199
Austria	140	Amsterdam	199
Hungary	141	Glasgow	200
Moldavia, the River	142	Waterloo	200
Prague, Bohemia	142	Belgium	201
The Beleaguered City	143	Antwerp Cathedral	202
Salzburg	143	Brussels	203
Tokay, Hungary	144	Portugal	203
Trieste, Illyria	145	Lisbon (Lisboa)	204
Vienna	146	The Bridge of Alcantra	204
England	147	First Voyage of Columbus	204
The Lighthouse	147	Columbus and the Mayflower	205
Kensington Gardens	148	The Indian Burying Ground	206
Liverpool	149	America	207
London	149	The United States	207
Plymouth	150	The Emigrants	208
Salisbury Cathedral	151	Baltimore, Md.	208
The Frozen River	151	Boston, Mass.	209
Ireland	152	Brooklyn, N. Y.	210
Dublin	152	Chicago, Ill.	211
Cathal's Farewell to the Rye	153	Chicago	212
Germany	155	Cincinnati, Ohio	213
Berlin	155	Louisville, Ky.	214
Dannenberg	156	Madison, Wis.	215
Hamburg	157	Michigan	216
Lorraine	158	New York Harbor on a Calm Day	216
Not at Home	159	Philadelphia, Pa.	217
The Strasburg Clock	160	Pittsburg, Pa.	218
Italy	160	San Francisco, Cal.	218
Genoa	161	St. Louis	222
The Cathedral of Milan	162	St. Paul and St. George, and the Islands	222
Naples	162	Alaska	222
Rome	163	Washington (Spring at the Capital)	223
Rome Entered	164	Washington	224
The Coliseum	165	Springfield, Mass.	226
Rome, Churches of	166	Canada	226
Christmas Night in St. Peter's	167	Montreal, Canada	227
St. John Lateran	168	Ottawa, Canada	227
The Pantheon	170	Quebec, Canada	228
The Vatican	170	Lake of the Thousand Islands	229
The Campagna Seen from St. John Lateran	172	Danish America	230
Sicily	172	Greenland	230
Siena	172	Mexico	231
To the Tiber	173	Mexico	231
Venice	173	Central America	232
The Garden Scene	174	South America	233
Vesuvius, the Mountain	175	Brazil	234
Spain	175	Buenos Ayres	235
Barcelona	176	On a Headland in the Bay of Panama	235
Praise of Cordova	177	Rio Janeiro, Brazil	236
The Cathedral	177	West Indies	237
Epitaph	178	Havana, Cuba	238
Gibraltar	178	Jamaica, the Island	240
The Alhambra	178	Santa Cruz	240
The Cathedral	179	Oceania	242
Madrid	179	New Zealand	243
Mountains of Spain	180	Various Islands	244
Plasencia	180	Miscellaneous	244
Seville	181	Hymn to the North Star	245
Greece	182	Population of the World	247
Athens	183	Colonies of the World in 1904	248
Modern Athens	184	Great Cities of the World	249
A Night at Corfu	184	Territorial Growth of the United States	249
To Corinth	185	Population of the United States at each	
Sparta	185	Census (1850-1900)	250
Thebes	187	Facts about the Earth	251
Turkey in Europe and the Principalities	187	Length of the World's Principal Rivers	252

ILLUSTRATIONS.

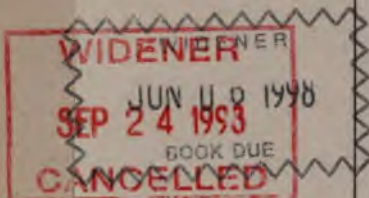
	Page		Page
V. B. Exarch John Haddad, D.D.	2	La Bourse	132
His Excellency Michael Haddad	6	Palace of Justice	132
La France Rose	13	Musee Des Pilotes	132
Flat Lily Bouquet	15	Exposition Maritime	132
Lily Bouquet	17	Hotel de Villa	132
Dahlia	19	Port Principal Exposition	132
Tube Rose and Bud	21	Polish College, Chicago	137
Tulip	21	St. Petersburg	139
Pond Lily	22	Budapest	140
Rose	24	Palmer House, Chicago	145
Bud Rose	24	Volgsgarten and Theseum, Vienna	146
Amaryllis	26	London	150
Wistaria	27	Mercy Academy, Chicago	154
Coleus	30	Berlin	156
Lily of Nazareth	32	St. Alphonsus School, Chicago	158
Narcissus	35	Emperor's Palace, Berlin	159
Urn	38	The Milan Cathedral, Italy	161
Easter Lilies	42	Victor Emanuel Arcade, Milan	162
Grape Bush	44	Milano	163
Pond Lilies	46	Roma	164
Royal Crown	46	St. Peter's, Rome	166
Notre Dame Academy	50	Alverno Academy	169
Cook County Hospital	53	Notre Dame University	171
Chicago Bush Temple of Music	53	St. Francis of Sales	174
Caldwell Hall, University of America	55	Humboldt Park Conservatory, Chicago	176
Church of St. George of Lydda	59	New Postoffice, Chicago	176
Convent of Saba	59	Puerto de Sol, Madrid, Spain	179
Convent of St. Elie	59	Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago	181
Russian Buildings	59	Modern Athens, Greece	183
The Tower of the Martyrs	59	Wells Building, Milwaukee	186
The Mosque of Omar El-Aska	59	Pabst Building, Milwaukee	186
S. J. College, Chicago	63	Plant of Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee	186
Acropolis of Baalbec, Syria	64	Constantinople and Bosphorus, Turkey	188
Church of Nativity	66	Constantinople	189
Damascus, Syria	71	Skutari	190
Lazariste College, Chicago	74	Stockholm	194
Notre Dame Academy, Ind.	77	Panorama of Stockholm, Sweden	195
Oriental University	81	Suisse	196
The Art Institute, Chicago	83	Quincy College	199
Palace of Manufactures, St. Louis World's Fair	85	Boulevard Auspach, Brussels, Belgium	201
Hotel Metropole, Santa Catalina Island, Cal.	85	Bruxelles	202
Hotel Green, Pasadena, Cal.	88	Hague	202
Liberal Arts Building, St. Louis World's Fair	88	Lisbon, Portugal	203
Montgomery Ward Building, Chicago	91	Whaleback Steamer, Chicago to Milwaukee	205
The Riosk of the Sultan	94	New York and Brooklyn Bridge	210
Siegel-Cooper Building, Chicago	97	Marshall Field Co., Chicago	211
Masonic Temple, Chicago	99	Martin Ryerson Chemical Laboratories, Chicago Univ., Chicago, Ill.	212
Rothschild & Co., Chicago	101	First National Bank Building, Chicago	213
Indian Palace	102	Milwaukee Sanitarium	215
Hull House, Chicago	104	Columbia University, New York	217
The Temple, Chicago	107	Education and Social Economy Building S. L. W. F.	219
The Merchant's Loan & Trust Co., Chicago	109	Potter Hotel, Santa Barbara, Cal.	219
Yokohama, Japan	110	V. R. Exarch J. Haddad	220
Grand Opera House, Paris	113	Panorama World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904	221
House of Parliament, London	114	St. Paul Seminary	223
Pyramids and Sphinx, Egypt	116	McMahon Hall, University of America	225
Statue of Mohammed	118	House of Parliament, Ottawa, Canada	228
Consul's Sq., Western Side	118	Panorama of City of Mexico	231
Kedive's Palace	118	Niagara College	233
Port Alexandria	118	St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago	234
Column of Pompey	118	Michigan Central Station, Chicago	237
Citadel, Cairo, Egypt	119	Evanston Academy	239
A Train	121	Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago	241
Paris	127	Town Hall and Square, Sydney, Australia	242
Auditorium, Chicago	129	Chicago	246



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